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VOL. 139 NO. 836

DECEMBER 1991

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Indian Reader's Digest is published by RDI Print & Publishing (P) Ltd. under a licence granted by the Reader's Digest Association, Inc., the proprietor of the name and trademark Reader's Digest.

Subscription: Rs.227.00 a year plus delivery charges
Enquiries: RDI Print & Publishing (P) Ltd. Mehra House, 250-C New Cross Road, Worli, Bombay-400025. Tel: 4932484/4930796. When notifying a change of address, please enclose the addressed portion of your magazine wrapper, and for subscription queries, the wrapper or a bill.

Reader's Digest Association, Inc., (USA)
Editor-in-Chief: Kenneth Y. Tomlinson
Executive Editor, International: Christopher Willcox
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The Reader's Digest is published in: ENGLISH (Indian, British, US, Canadian, Australian, South African, New Zealand, and Asian Editions); SPANISH (Latin American and Iberian Editions); PORTUGUESE (Portuguese and Brazilian Editions); SWEDISH; FINNISH; NORWEGIAN; DANISH; FRENCH (Canadian, Belgian, French and Swiss Editions); GERMAN (German and Swiss Editions); ITALIAN; DUTCH (Dutch and Belgian Editions); CHINESE; ARABIC; KOREAN; HINDI; RUSSIAN; HUNGARIAN.

Quotable Quotes

THOUGH it rains gold and silver in a foreign land and daggers and spears at home, yet it is better to be at home.

— *Malay Proverbs*, edited by Richard Winstedt

IF YOU have anything to tell me of importance, for God's sake begin at the end.

— Sara Jeannette Duncan, *The Imperialist*

THE WORLD is full of people looking for spectacular happiness while they snub contentment. — Doug Larson, United Features Syndicate

IN EVERY marriage more than a week old, there are grounds for divorce. The trick is to find, and continue to find, grounds for marriage. — Robert Anderson, *Solitaire & Double Solitaire*

FAIR PLAY is primarily not blaming others for anything that is wrong with us.

— Eric Hoffer, *Working and Thinking on the Waterfront*

MEMORY is a child walking along a seashore. You never can tell what small pebble it will pick up and store away among its treasured things.

— Pierce Harris in Atlanta *Journal*

TAKE CALCULATED risks. That is quite different from being rash. — General George Patton

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It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY NED HALLEY

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Nobel Laureate William Golding has been hailed as "the first lord of the English novel." The words below come from his famed tale of schoolboy savagery, *Lord of the Flies*, and the epic sea trilogy *Rites of Passage, Close Quarters* and *Fire Down Below*. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 6.

(1) **assimilate** (ass IM il ayt)—A: to attack. B: transfer. C: absorb. D: undertake.

(2) **rejoinder** (ri JOYN der)—A: warm welcome. B: sharp response. C: refusal. D: partial recovery.

(3) **evince** (i VINSS)—A: to show. B: recollect. C: avenge. D: disappear.

(4) **paltry** (PAWL tri, POL tri)—A: weak. B: ungenerous. C: worthless. D: innocent.

(5) **expatiation** (ex PAY she ay shun)—A: confession of guilt. B: surprise revelation. C: hasty departure. D: elaborate account.

(6) **sully**—A: to spoil. B: predict. C: conclude. D: threaten.

(7) **demeanour** (di MEEN er)—A: appetite. B: sentiment. C: behaviour. D: solemnity.

(8) **venial** (VEEN i ul)—A: corrupt. B: superficial. C: respected. D: pardonable.

(9) **festoon**—A: to rejoice. B: drift. C: shackle. D: decorate.

(10) **derision** (dir IZH 'n)—A: mockery. B: applause. C: neglect. D: interruption.

(11) **daunt** (dawnt)—A: to conceal. B: discourage. C: cheat. D: waste.

(12) **inherent** (in HEAR 'nt, in HERR 'nt)—A: dedicated. B: easy to understand. C: attractive. D: belonging naturally.

(13) **ebullience** (i BŬL i 'nss)—A: aggression. B: exuberance. C: tolerance. D: conceit.

(14) **dereliction** (deh rel IK shun)—A: expulsion. B: disturbance. C: neglect. D: decline.

(15) **crass**—A: crude. B: timid. C: cunning. D: wicked.

(16) **coign** (koyn)—A: badge of office. B: projectile. C: corner. D: stairway.

(17) **diatribe** (DY ă tribe)—A: verdict. B: controversial discussion. C: record. D: bitter criticism.

(18) **expostulate** (ex POSS tew layt)—A: to protest. B: explain. C: disclose. D: estimate.

(19) **corpulent** (KOR pew lnt)—A: thoughtful. B: hardy. C: convivial. D: fat.

(20) **denigrate** (DEN i grayt)—A: to belittle. B: disown. C: accuse. D: deprive.

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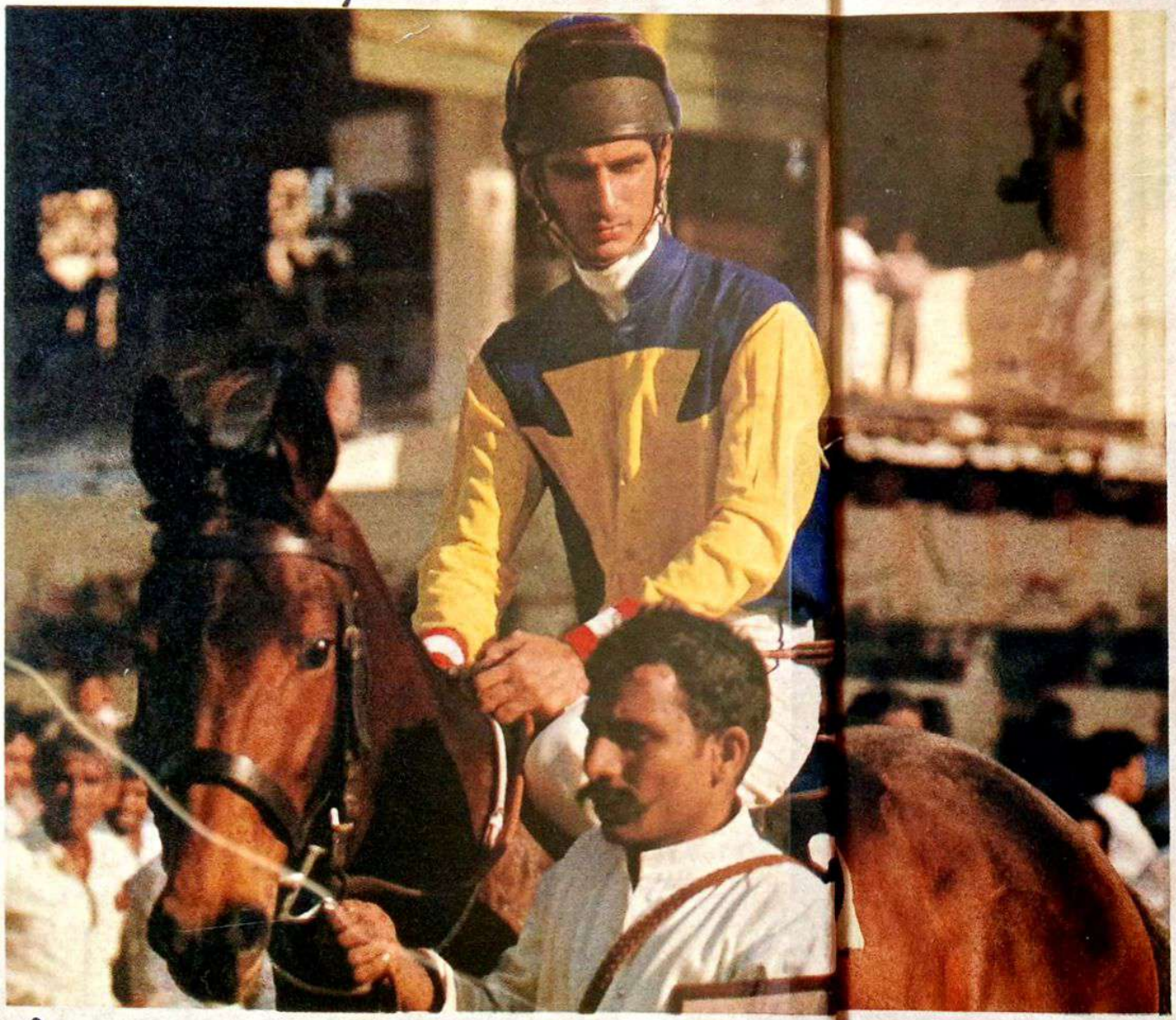

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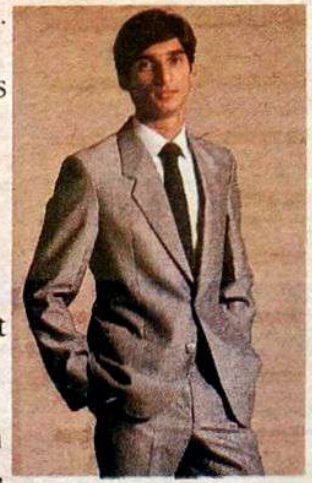

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Answers to

It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

(1) **assimilate**—C: To absorb; understand; as, "by the time I had *assimilated* all this information." Latin *assimilare* (to make one thing like another).

(2) **rejoinder**—B: Sharp response in conversation. "He is a master of the brutal and quelling *rejoinder*." Latin *re-* (again) and *jungere* (to join).

(3) **evince**—A: To show; indicate. "He saw me but *evinced* no great surprise to see how I was dressed." Latin *ex-* (out of) and *vincere* (to overcome).

(4) **paltry**—C: Worthless; contemptible. "Measured against you I am a *paltry* fellow." Low German *paltrig* (ragged).

(5) **expatiation**—D: Elaborate account or description. "This bids fair to be a lengthy *expatiation* on the subject of a young woman's appearance." Latin *ex-* and *spatiari* (to walk about).

(6) **sully**—A: To spoil or blemish. "We must not *sully* your reputation." Possibly French *souiller* (to soil).

(7) **demeanour**—C: Behaviour; outward manner. "His face was stony, but his whole *demeanour* that of an anxious and angry man." Old French *démener* (to behave).

(8) **venial**—B: Pardonable. "The sin was *venial* and quickly acknowledged and repented." Latin *venia* (forgiveness).

(9) **festoon**—D: To decorate with garlands or ribbons; as, "the creepers that *festooned* the dead or dying trees." Italian *festa* (feast).

(10) **derision**—A: Mockery; ridicule. "Piggy once more was the centre of social *derision*." Latin *de-* (down) and *ridere* (to laugh).

(11) **daunt**—B: To discourage; intimidate. "The prospect of the Southern Ocean *daunts* me!" Latin *domitare* (to tame).

(12) **inherent**—D: Belonging naturally; existing as a permanent part of; as, "all the brutal powers which are *inherent* in absolute command." Latin *in-* (in) and *haerere* (to stick).

(13) **ebullience**—B: Exuberance; excitement; as, "the senseless *ebullience* of the children." Latin *ex-* and *bullire* (to boil).

(14) **dereliction**—C: Neglect; failure; as, "a monstrous *dereliction* from duty." Latin *de-* (from) and *relinquere* (to leave).

(15) **crass**—A: Crude; gross. "I saw my efforts to talk as the seamen did as a *crass* affectation." Latin *crassus* (thick).

(16) **coign**—C: Corner. "Piggy had settled himself in a *coign* between two rocks." Latin *cuneus* (wedge).

(17) **diatribe**—B: Bitter criticism or denunciation; as, "Mr Prettiman's *diatribe* on what he called this survival of barbaric finery." Greek *dia* (through) and *tribo* (to rub).

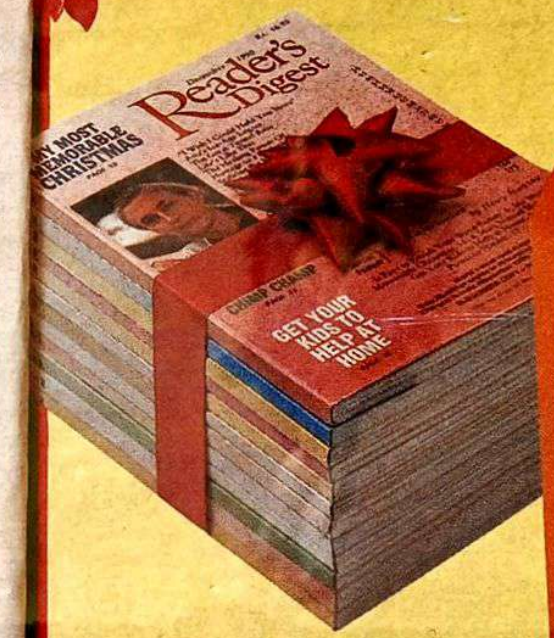
(18) **expostulate**—A: To protest; argue. "Before I could *expostulate* he had spoken again." Latin *ex-* and *postulare* (to demand).

(19) **corpulent**—D: Fat, bulky; as, "a large, florid and *corpulent* gentleman." Latin *corpus* (body) and *-ulentus* (abounding in).

(20) **denigrate**—A: To belittle; blacken. "I would not for the world *denigrate* that respectable lady." Latin *de-* (from) and *niger* (black).

Vocabulary Ratings

16 or more correct	excellent
15–12 correct	good
11–9 correct	fair



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America's King of Talk

By Thomas Meyer

Larry King once hung up the phone on my brother. It was 1980, and my brother, who was 14, called King's national radio talk show. When King picked up the line, he said, "Portland, Oregon. Hello."

"Hi, Larry," my brother said. "I was wondering what you think about Mount St Helens" — a reference to a volcano's sudden eruption that year.

King paused for a moment. "How can you have an opinion about a volcano?" And click — he was gone.

One night when I'm interviewing King, I tell him this story. "I hung up on him?" King asks, before I can finish. "And he hates me?"

I tell him the truth: my brother still listens to King every night.

In 34 years of broadcasting, King has hung up on thousands of callers, knocking them off like ducks at a shooting gallery. He has badgered countless more who have called to banter with his celebrity guests, upbraiding them with his trademark gravelly harangue: "What's the question, sir?" "Get to the question, please." "Do you have a question?"

And still, they listen. For one hour each night on weekdays, his television talk show, "Larry King Live," is broadcast across America and beamed to 122 countries, perennially earning the Cable News Network's (CNN)

highest ratings. "The Larry King Show," his three-hour nightly radio programme, has an audience of 3.5 million on more than 355 radio stations throughout North America. "Larry King's People," his weekly column in the newspaper *USA Today*, proffers nuggets like "Coffee tastes better in thick mugs."

In the United States, King is virtually inescapable. The kid who trained himself by announcing the names of passing cars from the porch of his family's New York City home has risen to become America's premier talker (the 1989 *Guinness Book of World Records* says he's the most-heard broadcaster in network radio history), earning more than $2 million annually for his mouth.

But his appeal is not limited to the US. On his TV show, callers phone nightly from places like London and Tokyo and Jidda, Saudi Arabia. "Hi, Larry," they say to preface their questions. "Love your show."

"I don't know why people like me," King says, contemplating his huge popularity. "I'm still amazed by it all."

His pre-eminence is difficult to fathom because he simply isn't like anyone else who has earned such stature. He was born Lawrence Harvey Zeiger on November 19, 1933, the son of poor Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe who ran a bar in New York. When Larry was ten, a heart attack killed his father. King, his younger brother and his mother spent a year living on the dole and his mother made extra money as a seamstress.

Regular Guy. At 23, he took a train to Miami where he did odd jobs at a small radio station. When the morning disc jockey quit, Larry took over. Half an hour before he was to go on the air, the station manager came to him and told him he needed a different name — Zeiger was "too Jewish" — and suggested King.

He moved up to a larger station where he was the host of a show at a restaurant, interviewing passing celebrities. Later he landed a newspaper column and a local television interview show.

The star status proved a bit much for King, who became a chronic gambler, going more than $300,000 into debt. In 1971 he was arrested for "the misuse of funds" involving a business associate. Charges were eventually dropped, but negative publicity kept him out of a steady job until 1975. Three years later, "The Larry King Show" — America's first successful national radio talk show — made its debut.

King's success seems to stem from an unaffected brand of populism. He has a face made for radio. Large black-framed glasses dominate his visage. His hair is well coiffed but thinning. His eyes are friendly but beady, his nose prominent. He is tall and slender, but standing, he tends to slouch. Sitting down, he hunches forward. He

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shuns suit jackets in favour of baggy shirts and suspenders. "He's pleasant to look at, but he's not handsome," says New York Governor Mario Cuomo. "He doesn't have that kind of perfection that everyone resents."

One Rule. Larry King doesn't pose as an intellectual, just as a regular guy who likes to ask questions. In a world that has grown sceptical of experts and suspicious of the media, King is Everyman with a microphone, the average guy with a talk show of his own.

Indeed, King's questions don't sound like anyone else's. When the Iraqi delegate to the United Nations appeared on a TV news interview show the moderator inundated him with detailed queries about United Nations politics and military aircraft. That same week on CNN, King asked the delegate what it was like living in a country at war with his own: "I mean, personally, is that hard?" With Lieutenant General Thomas Kelly, a key American officer in the Gulf War, King eschewed technical questions. "How early on did you know you wanted to be a general?" he asked.

King never prepares for an interview or writes questions in advance. He goes out of his way to avoid reading a book before he interviews its author. Critics blame this on lack of seriousness, but King wants to be on equal footing with the audience, starting out by asking, basically, "Why did you write

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this?" King has one rule: he never asks a question for which he knows the answer.

"SEE, THESE are the things I'd ask you," King says after a couple of hours of answering questions for me. "Say you're on my show, and you're doing this piece. I'm going to ask you, 'What surprises you?' That's what I'd be curious about."

I tell him what has struck me is that in person he is exactly as he seems on radio and television.

"I'm what you expected?" he asks.

"Yes."

"That's really nice."

It is easy to see why his guests like him so much. He pays attention. He listens. He's ingratiating without toadying. He has a good sense of humour, and he tells good stories. His best career advice, he says, came from Arthur Godfrey, the American radio and TV personality who was the Larry King of an earlier era. "Godfrey told me that the only secret is there's no secret," King says. "Just be you."

When Larry King is being himself, he is almost always talking. Driving down the street, he comments on everything he passes. Between observations, he tells dramatic stories about even the most mundane occurrences in his life: a plane delay; a dinner his daughter made.

King's stream of consciousness emerges fully in the last hour of his radio programme, during a regular segment called "Open Phone America." For an hour, King takes calls from housewives and truck drivers and college students, from all varieties of insomniacs who call to see what King thinks of their pet obsessions. As he has risen in stature, he hasn't changed his style or method. "I'm not any better than I was when I was 35," he says.

One afternoon in his living room, King is talking about many things — when he suddenly leans forward on the couch and takes in the tremendous view: the shining marble monuments, the green stretches of grass, the clear, crisp blue sky. "This view, it's fantastic," he says. "But to me, that building" — he points to the Lincoln Memorial — "that is *Lincoln*. And I think about things like, 'What would Lincoln think?' There had to be guys that knew him, right? Guys who were his friends?"

Much later that night, after King has finished another radio show, I follow him into the elevator. He is still talking, telling me about some wild parties in Miami. As I leave him in the lobby, he smiles and offers a parting shot: "Say hi to your brother."

CHRISTMAS is the day that holds time together. — Alexander Smith

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I drifted alone under
the dome of sky,
until the magic
of a midnight eclipse

Light After Dark

BY EDIE CLARK

NOT LONG ago, one August night, I was drawn outside to the brightness of the moon. Though it was almost ten o'clock, I could see the silvery silhouettes of the sheep in my field and the gauzy brilliance of zinnias and marigolds beside the stone wall. There was to be a total eclipse that night, one clearly to be seen. Using my torch I went down the path to the narrow wooden dock where I keep the rowboat.

It is something Paul and I would have done. Often we went out before sunrise, rowing through mist that rose from the water. We rowed until the sun popped up from behind the hills that rim this long thin lake.

I am just getting used to the boat's lightness with only one of us

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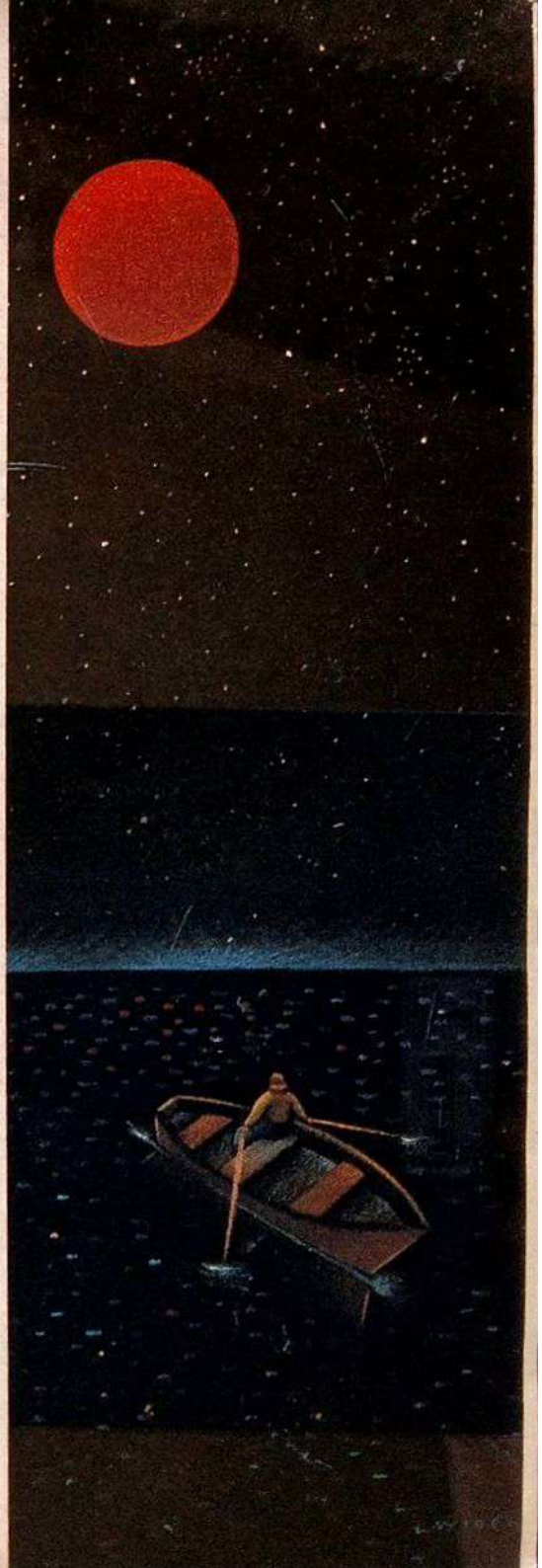


aboard. Finishing it was part of Paul's work during chemotherapy. He would come home from the hospital and plane and sandpaper the hull, then coat it, layer on layer, with high-sheen varnish.

The drugs made him sick, but he hid his discomfort and carried on as if nothing were happening. In three years he endured all that modern medicine had to offer. In 1988 he launched the boat and began rowing to build his strength, sucked from him by the chemicals and the cutting away of his lungs.

By the time I reached the middle of the lake, a good chunk of darkness had pushed its way into the moon. Yellow light poured through the windows of the shoreline cottages, wavering on the waters like banners. I shipped the oars and sat still.

All around I could hear doors slam and voices drift towards me. Others, too, wanted to see the eclipse. Behind me I heard laughter, and though I saw no lights, I knew a boat must be there. Darkness moved further into the moon.

My little boat drifted in a wide, slow circle. There had been a breeze when I started out, but it had died, and now the water stretched out flat beyond me, black as ink. I leaned back against the seat. High in the centre of the sky, the moon had gone blood-red. A hair-thin crescent of light remained. I watched it close shut — the moon was fully dark.

On shore a fire-cracker popped. A hoot, and then the voices faded, doors slammed, and one by one the cottages vanished into blackness. I snapped on the torch to read my watch: midnight.

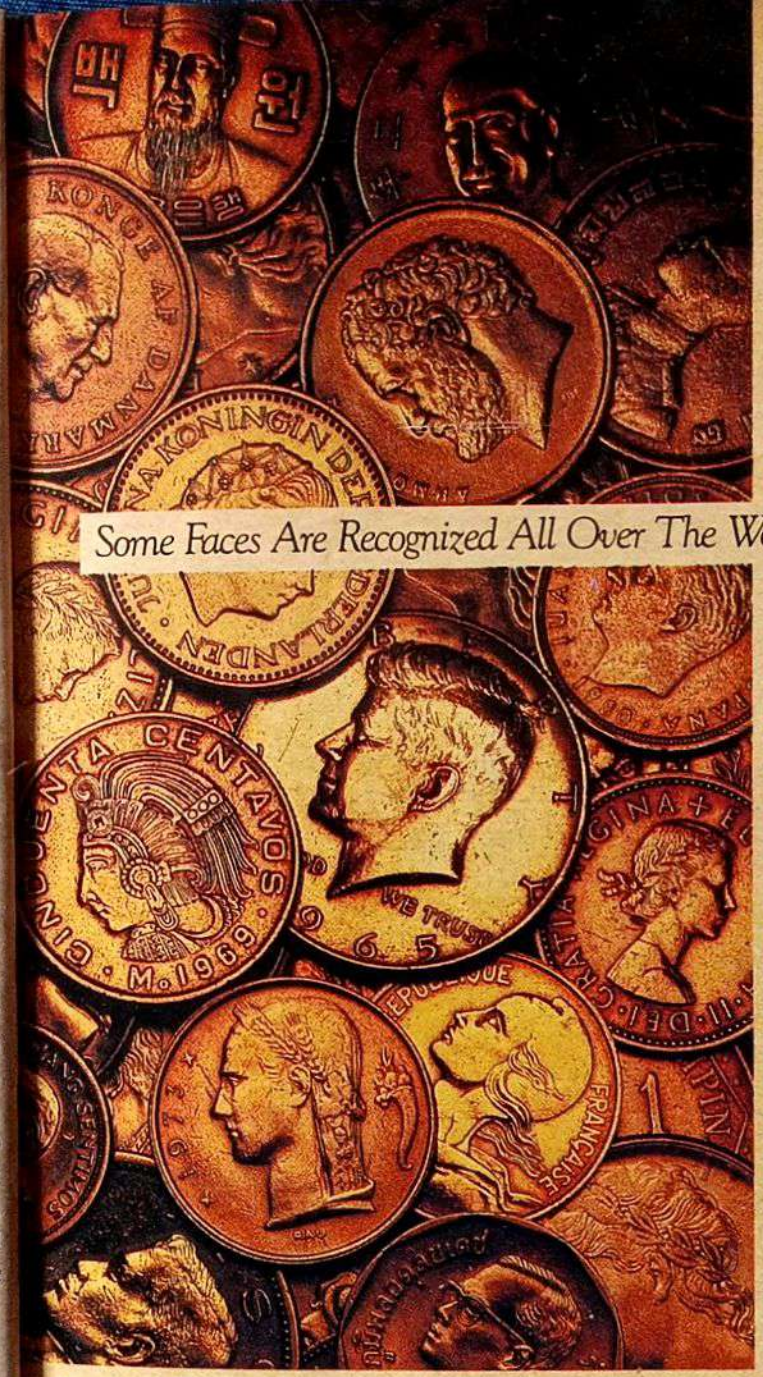
I lay back, face to the heavens. Paul had died almost three months before. He was only 39. Since his death there had been times when I felt this same kind of darkness, even on bright, sunlit days. Though I drifted alone in the boat, I felt the weight of him near me. I felt the pressure of his hand in mine.

Suddenly, a fish plopped. The air moved again and brought current back to the water, making tiny waves tap the boat gently. A thumbnail of light opened from the other side of the moon. It grew wider, and light fell back down onto the water with the glitter of stars dropped to earth.

I knew then why I had come. Not to see the earth go dark, but to see the light come back again. I sat up and set the oars into the water. With strong, sweeping strokes, I rowed back to the dock in the broadening light.

A COLLEAGUE has labelled his "In" and "Out" trays "Good Grief" and "Good Riddance." His "Pending" tray is appropriately tagged "Good Intentions."

— Gaetan Naudi



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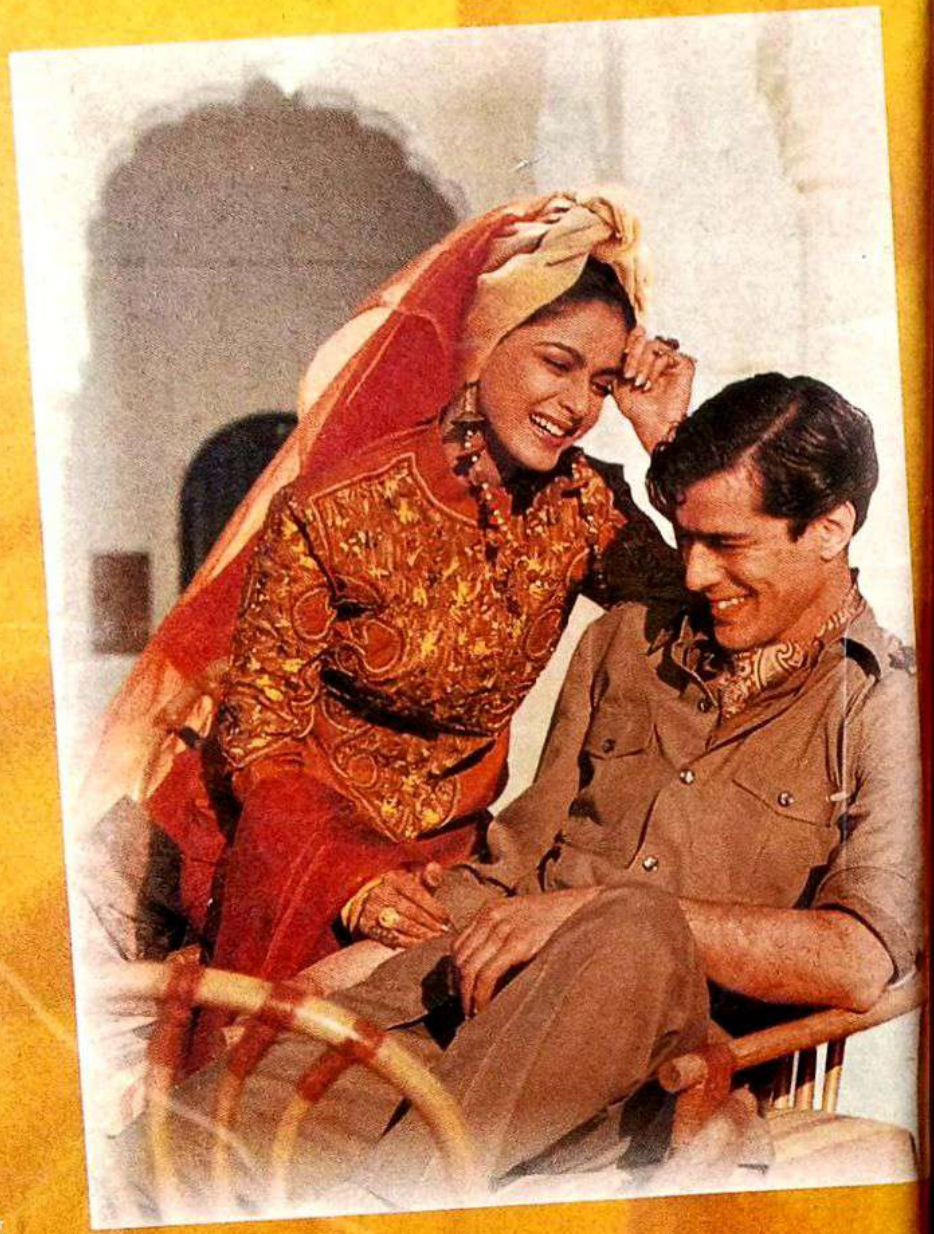

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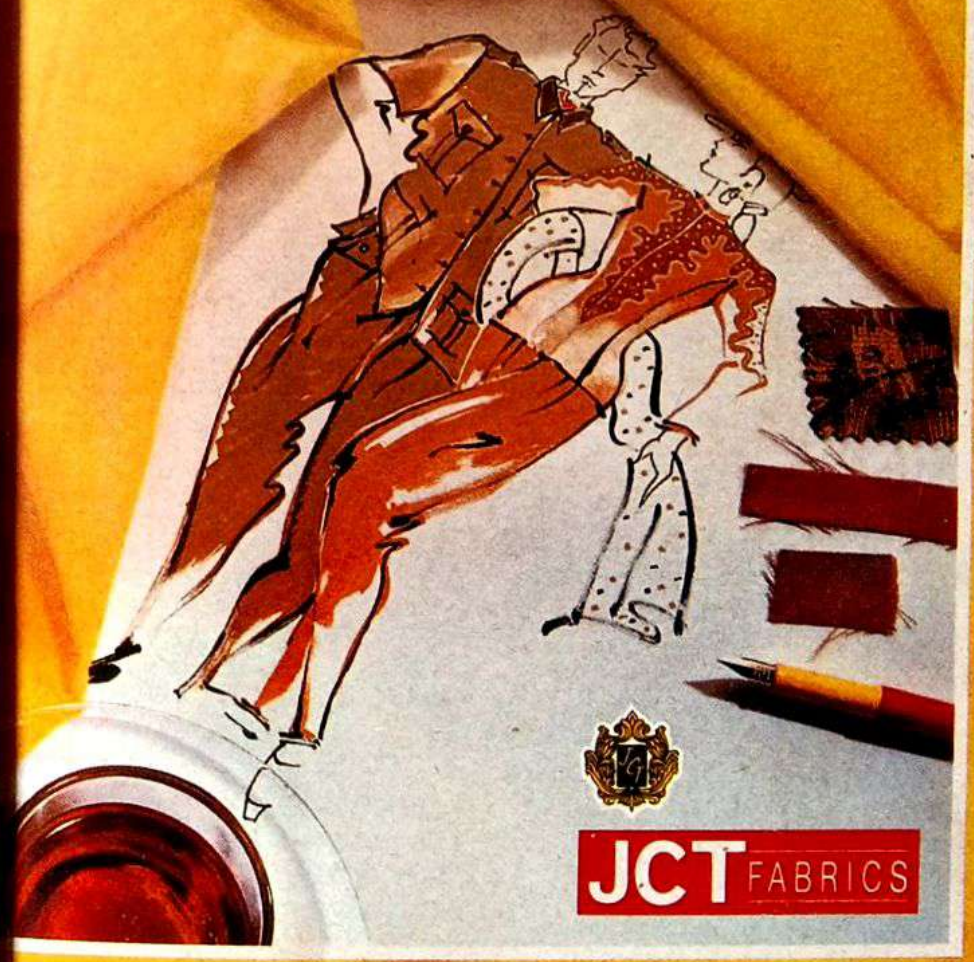

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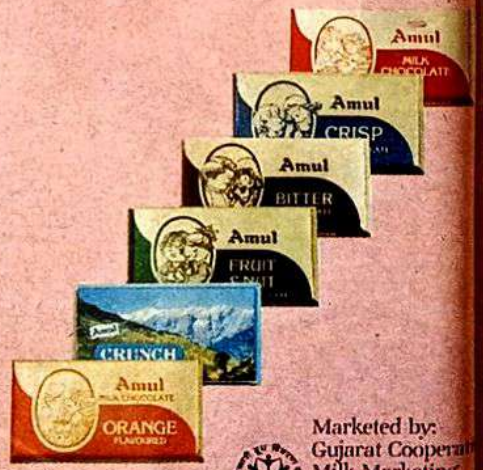

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Points to Ponder

PEGGY NOONAN:

I believe in miracles. The way I see it, life isn't flat and thin and "realistic"; it's rich and full of mystery and surprise. I think miracles exist in part as gifts and in part as clues that there is something beyond the flat world we see. I also think they happen every day, from the baby's perfect shoulder in the sonogram to saints performing wonders. — *What I Saw at the Revolution*

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM:

People are never so ready to believe you as when you say things in dispraise of yourself: and you are never so much annoyed as when they take you at your word.

— *A Writer's Notebook*

MALCOLM WELLS:

Last year, somewhere on the leaves of a forgotten sugar-cane plant, a bit of sunlight ended its eight-minute dash to earth. Somehow, the plant turned that sunlight into sugar. Somehow that sugar got into my morning tea. I sipped last year's sunshine at breakfast. Now it starts to feed these old muscles. It's dark now, and I start for home on my bicycle. The muscled sunlight suddenly becomes pedal-power, then chain-pull, wheel-spin, generator-whine, filament-heat, and finally — from the headlamp — light again!

— *Environmental Action Bulletin*

CHARLES KETTERING:

You can send a message around the world in one-fifth of a second, yet it may take years for it to get from the outside of a man's head to the inside.

ROBERT STERNBERT:

Stories are not just something we read to put ourselves and our children to sleep, nor just something we read in literature classes. Rather, they are the thing that lies at the heart of human intelligence. To understand intelligence, we need to understand stories: their structure, their acquisition, their retelling.

— New York *Times Book Review*

SPANISH columnist J. L. Martin Descalzo:

A student at work on his true vocation becomes creative and passionate. A professional whose work comes out of his very soul should almost have to pay instead of being paid for doing that which fills his life with light.

Doing things out of obligation, no matter how much effort you put into it, will always be like dragging a ball and chain. Because of this, every man should struggle to love what he does when he cannot do what he loves. — *Blanco y Negro*

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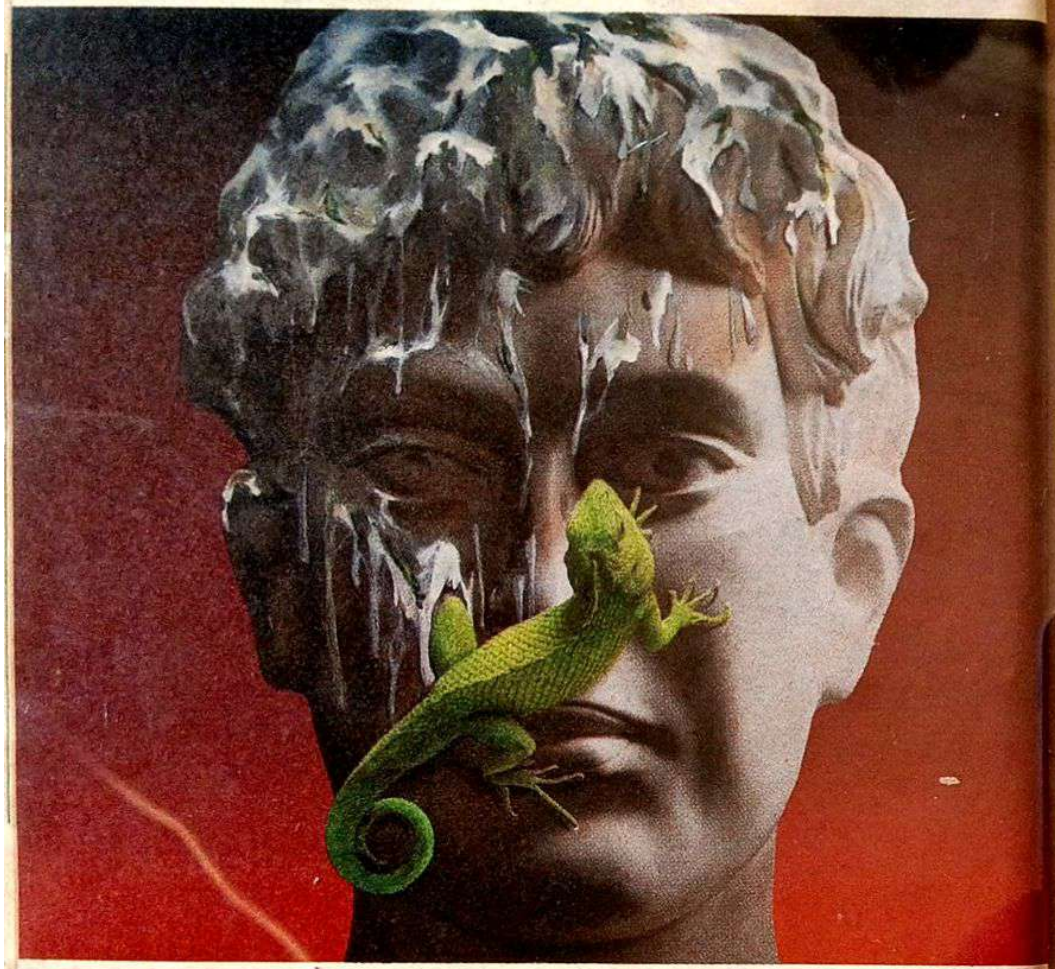

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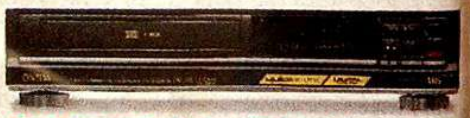

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Year after year, it bears the fruit of blind faith

My Apple Tree

BY RONALD JAGER

THAT JUNE evening I was about ten. As I stood on our front porch, my eye caught an unusual plant, not more than 15 centimetres high. It was the merest seedling, but my father identified it as a young apple tree. Immediately I adopted it. I would transplant it, care for it as my own, and it would thrive. When I was a man and farmed this land, it would bear good apples for me.

Dad proposed a spot between the driveway and garden, and that evening he dug up the sod for me. I planted my little tree there. In my innocence about fruit trees, I did not know that apple trees grown from seeds — rather than grafts like the trees in our orchard — are often barren or bear only inferior fruit. If my father knew it, he chose not to disturb my optimism.

I took a boy's care of my tree, alternately negligent and tenderly attentive. I cheered it on as it slowly prospered in the face of weeds and the regular predations of our workhorse Pearl, who was partial to its taste and tried to snatch a branch whenever she could.

Came the years when my tree

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had a few blossoms but no fruit. Later I read disquieting news in a school textbook: apple seed trees often produce a prehistoric crabbed and wizened apple. Had I only known! Still, it was a nice tree and I was fond of it, so I pruned it as recommended by the book. At least it would look good. Then I went off to college and forgot about my tree.

Shortly after it began to bear — slowly at first, then generously, then extravagantly — tasty and versatile apples. They were good for eating and for sauce, and more free of insects and disease than those from our orchard trees.

For 35 years now, my tree has poured forth its nearly flawless bounty. Four hundred kilos of apples is nothing for that tree. Every autumn, relatives and neighbours come to shake the branches and bear the surplus fruit away.

I had foreseen it all. This perpetual bounty is what I fully expected all those years when I didn't know what I was doing. With even a little learning in these matters, I would not have bothered to transplant or tend the tree. It was nurtured on blind faith, and the harvest that was all but impossible becomes now all but inevitable.

Home Truths

NOTHING seems to bring on an emergency as quickly as putting money aside in case of one. — Lynne Youdin

FROM A perplexed father: "I've got a TV, two phone lines, a phone in my car, a fax — and my kids tell me I'm out of touch." — "Kup's Column" in Chicago *Sun-Times*

IT ISN'T what a teenager knows that worries his parents. It's how he found out. — Ann Landers, Creators/Los Angeles Times Syndicate

MAYBE kids would have more respect for adults if they could ever teach one how to run a VCR. — Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate

THE AMOUNT you will hate a given piece of furniture is equal to its cost multiplied by the length of time, in months, it takes to arrive. — Dave Barry, *Homes and Other Black Holes*

THE AVERAGE time between throwing something away and needing it badly is about two weeks. — Norman Bell, quoted by Paul Dickson in *The Official Explanations*

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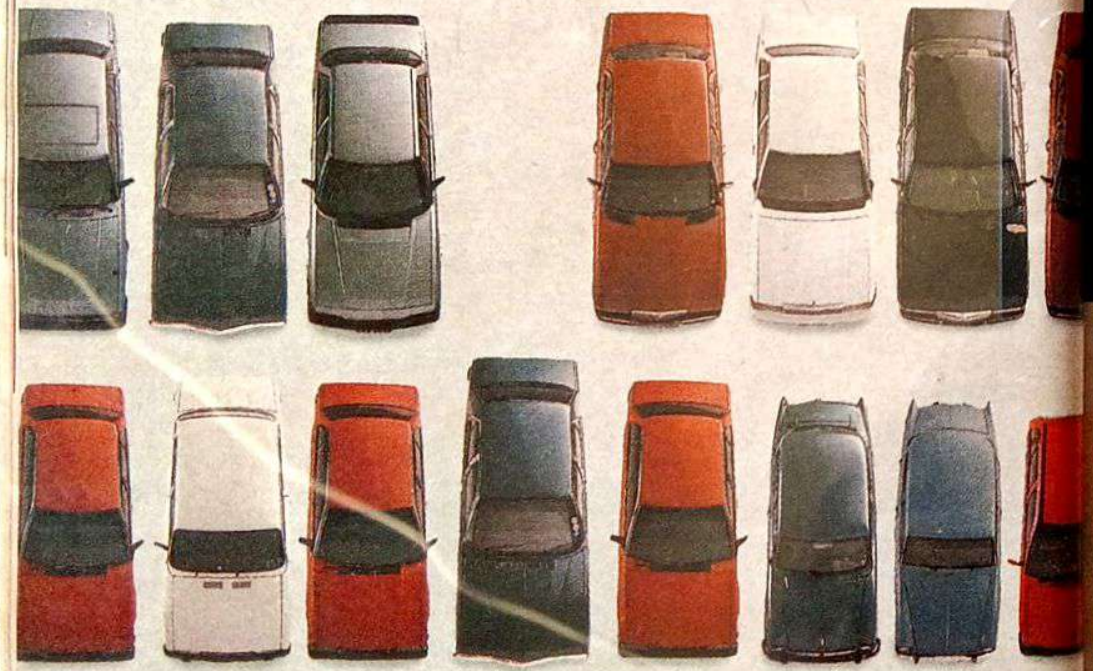

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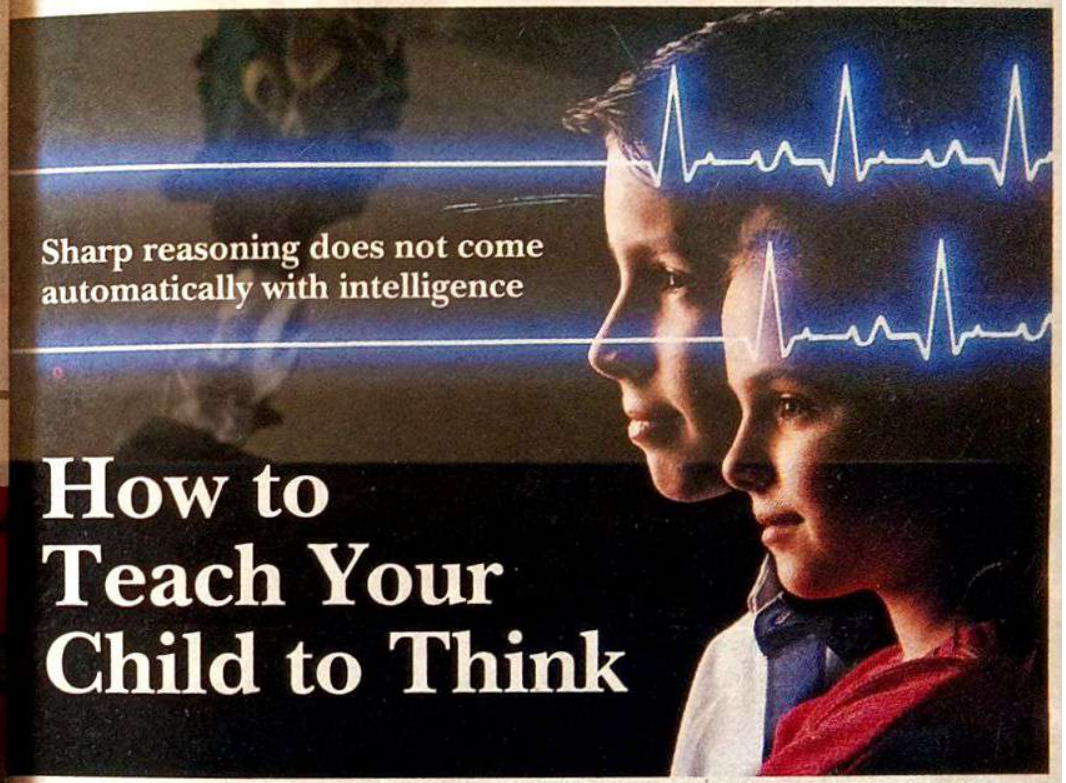


How to Teach Your Child to Think

BY EDWIN KIESTER, JR, AND SALLY VALENTE KIESTER

TRY THIS simple test on your child — and yourself. A laundry dryer contains ten black and eight navy blue socks. Without looking, how many socks must you take out to be sure you have a matched pair?

Or explain the meaning of this formula: 36b plus 52w = 88k.

In the first example, the correct answer is three. As for the second, look again: it's a shorthand description of a piano — 36 black keys plus 52 white.

Neither example calls for academic skills. Both demand the ability to think, to stretch the mind beyond the obvious. And thinking is an area where our children

PHOTO © AL FRANCEKEVICH

need help.

"We fill students full of data," says Richard Paul, director of a centre for critical thinking. "But the essence of education is to use information to address new situations and questions. We're neglecting that."

Consequently, Paul says, many kids can't apply reasonable thought to everyday situations. "A kid is much more likely to choose a bicycle by its colour or by what model a friend has than to think out more relevant considerations like price, durability or performance." More ominously, says educational psychologist Robert Sternberg, some problems, including drug use, may occur because young people have not learned to measure actions against consequences.

How can we nurture habits of serious, critical thought in our children? How can we help them sharpen their minds for a highly competitive future?

First, say experts, create a "thinking atmosphere" in your home. Here's how to begin:

Examine your own thinking about thinking. Don't make the mistake of believing that an intelligent child is automatically a good thinker. In fact, intelligent persons may be poor thinkers, or lazy ones, because they're able to give quick answers. Meanwhile, the slow, reflective child — the boy or girl teachers may chide for daydreaming — often produces deeper insights.

Start early. Teacher Brenda Richardson starts five-year-olds thinking by reading simple rhymes. Example: "If all the world were apple pie/And all the sea were ink/And all the trees were bread and cheese/What would we have to drink?"

Then she leads the children into other thought-provoking questions, such as: "If a sentence begins with *If,* does that mean it's not true?"

"You'd be surprised at the thoughts that bubble up," says Richardson. "The youngsters learn a way of reading and thinking that can last a lifetime."

Give children something to think about. Take your kids to museums, read together, watch TV side by side. Then talk about what you've seen and heard. "Don't just walk through a museum and admire the exhibits," psychologist Sternberg says. "Throw out questions. Challenge their imaginations. 'What might the earth be like if dinosaurs came back?' "

Involve the whole family. Good thinking habits can be learned best in a small group, with plenty of give and take. Even the youngest child has ideas that should be brought out and listened to. A formal curriculum isn't necessary. Dinner talk about happenings of the day can provide excellent opportunities for instruction. "Can you think of a different way you might have answered the teacher, Mike?"

Tell jokes. Humour can help

teach kids there's more than one way of looking at things. A pun, for instance, gets a laugh because it looks at words from a different perspective. "Bob Hope had a disappointing Christmas," goes an old joke. "He only got one golf club — and it didn't even have a swimming pool."

ONCE YOU'VE established a thinking atmosphere, it's time for step two — training your kids to use the following methods of critical thinking:

Look at all sides. One technique taught by Edward de Bono, founder of the Cognitive Research Trust programme (a widely used method of teaching thinking), is the "PMI." This involves looking for the Pluses, Minuses and Interesting points about any given question.

De Bono once asked a group of 30 ten-year-olds, "How would you like to receive $5 a week for attending school?" All 30 enthusiastically voted for the idea. Then he asked them to "do a PMI." After three minutes of listing pluses, minuses and interesting points about the proposal, 29 out of 30 had changed their minds. Among the minuses: "Our parents wouldn't give allowances" and "The school would raise prices for meals." Further and deeper thought had convinced the group that the obvious answer wasn't necessarily the best.

Find patterns and threads. "How does this relate to what I learned last week? How does it fit with questions coming up?"

Fitting bits of knowledge together is the foundation of education. By identifying patterns, we avoid having to learn the same lesson again and again. Once we recognize the pattern of choices in selecting a bicycle, we also know how to go about buying a pair of jeans or a watch.

"Even if it isn't broken, fix it." Reverse the old axiom. The story of human progress has been one of overturning accepted ideas. People were content to light their homes with oil lamps until Edison came along. Accountants added with pencil and paper until the adding machine and then the calculator revolutionized the process.

Less set in their ways, young people are more willing to question "the way it's always been done." Parents should encourage them to make this a lifelong habit.

Ask unconventional questions. Challenge your kids with thoughts like this: "Suppose all cars were painted yellow. What would be the pluses, minuses and interesting points?" (Plus: it would be cheaper to have your car painted. Minus: you couldn't find your vehicle in a car park.)

"The questions that help children think are not those with single answers, like 'When did Hannibal cross the Alps?' " says child-education expert Matthew Lipman. "They're the interesting, puzzling,

problematical ones. They're open-ended."

Say what you mean. Precise words not only prevent misinterpretations but also help sharpen ideas. Is the boy down the street your son's "friend" or merely an "acquaintance"? When classmates are called "weird," what does "weird" mean? Defining terms is tough mental discipline that can help your child clarify what he really thinks.

Play this game at home: Blindfold one child, then ask another to choose one of two similar pictures and describe it aloud. Remove the first child's blindfold and ask which picture has been described. "The words used are often so vague that the blindfolded one hasn't a clue," says Richard Paul, who developed the game. "The exercise not only shows the participant how to be more precise in speech, but also to be more careful in observations."

Seek a second opinion — and a third. Children will often state their own convictions, wait impatiently for another speaker to finish and then simply repeat what they said earlier. By not listening to others, they remain ignorant of ideas that could broaden their outlook.

Get them to consider other points of view. For instance, when your child describes a neighbourhood playmate as "dumb," ask a brother's or sister's opinion, which may open the first child's eyes to unthought-of possibilities. Similarly, watching and reading the news can teach the important lesson that identical bits of evidence may be interpreted in different ways.

Wear the other person's shoes. Urge your kids to try to understand how others think and feel. "That's not easy in personal matters," says Debbie Gershow, a school guidance counsellor. "It's one thing to say, 'Let's imagine how the British felt during the Independence movement,' and another to hear a counsellor say, 'How do you think your mother would feel if you were suspended from school?'"

Write it down. "I never know what I think," pioneer educational researcher Ralph Tyler once commented, "until I put it on paper." Encourage your child to keep a journal. "Writing is rigorous intellectual exercise," Sternberg says. "It's good practice for thinking. In fact, it is thinking."

Think ahead. Encourage children to consider short-term, mid-term and long-term outcomes. One of the most important questions a child can ask is "And then what?" Don't study for an exam—and then what? Keep making fun of a playmate—and then what? It's difficult for young people to think about tomorrow or next year. Yet what might happen tomorrow should affect actions and thoughts today.

Study. "Thinking is no substitute for information, and information is no substitute for thinking," de Bono says. "Both are necessary for intellectual development." You can't find a new application for quadratic equations if you haven't learned quadratic equations.

Keep at it. Young people don't develop the habits of logical thought overnight. "It's like tennis," Paul says. "The first time you play after lessons, you may forget all you've learned and just swing away. But eventually the lessons will become part of you.

"Thinking takes practice," he adds, "but it's worth it."

Devil In Disguise

THE DICTATOR decided to go to the cinema, donning a wig and dark glasses to keep himself from being recognized. He had no sooner sat down than a propaganda film started. There he was on the screen, waving to the crowd. Everyone in the cinema stood up and began to clap. Naturally, the disguised dictator remained seated, feeling very touched at the affection shown by the people. He was almost weeping with emotion when a fellow in the row behind tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Get up and clap, you fool, before the idiot on the screen has you shot!"

— *A Ponte,* Brazil

When the Chips are Down

MY HUSBAND had reserved a double room with a view, but when we arrived at the hotel, we discovered we had been given a single room with no view. He advised the front desk, then left to register for the convention he was attending. During his absence our room was changed.

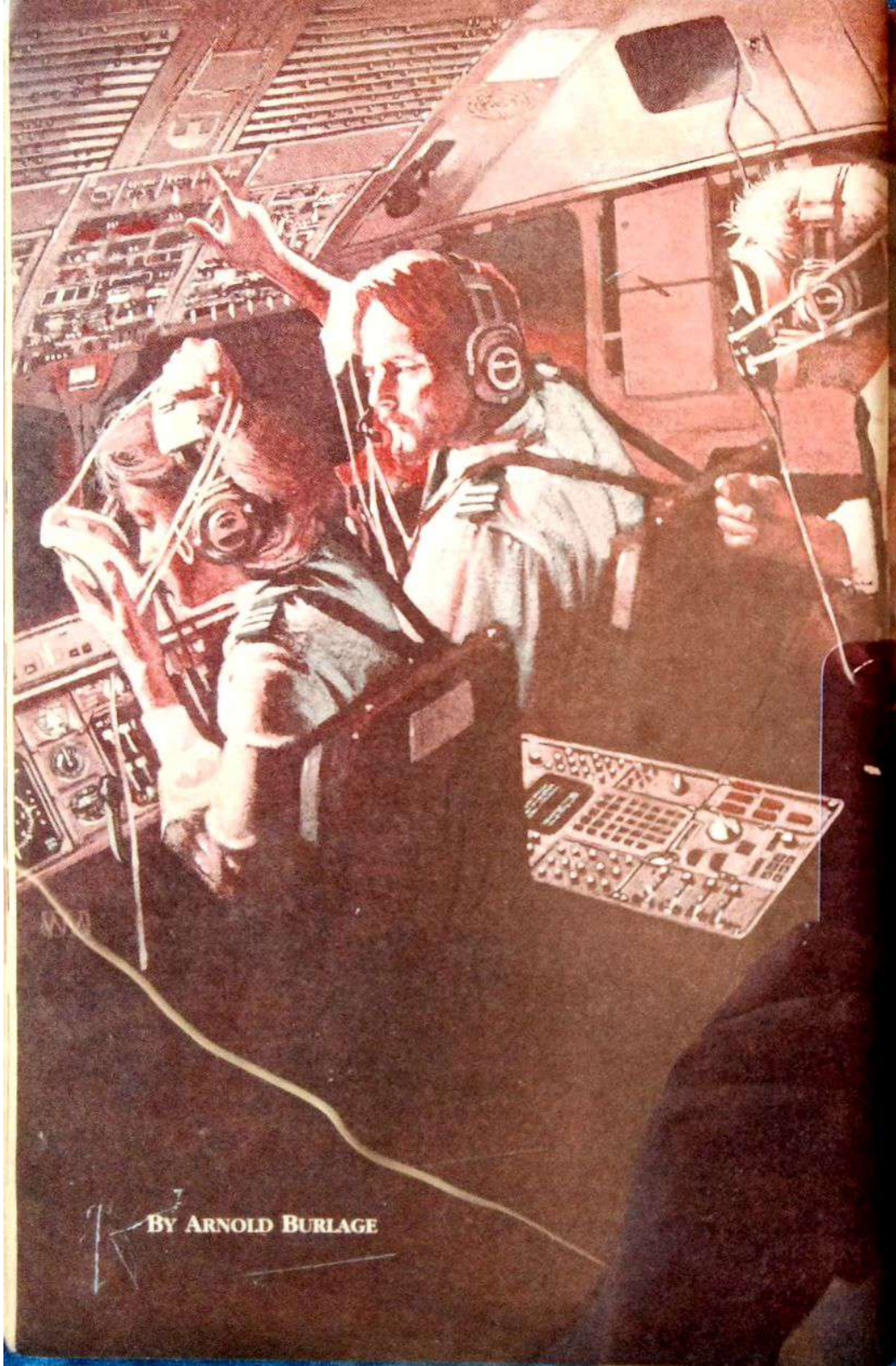
When he returned to the hotel, he asked the desk clerk for our new room assignment, but was told that the computers were down and there was no record of the change. Pondering this dilemma, he remembered something he had heard, took the lift to the 17th floor and knocked tentatively on the door of room 1711. When I opened the door he stood there, grinning.

"The hotel computers are down," he said. "No one knew where you were."

"Then how did you find me?" I asked.

"On my way through the lobby I overheard some bellboys talking," he explained. "One fellow said that he had moved a woman just before the computers were down — and that her husband would never find her in 1711."

— Dee Levac, Canada



"WE'VE LOST OUR ENGINES"

Disabled by volcanic ash, the giant jet glided powerlessly towards the icy, jagged peaks below

By Arnold Burlage

KLM FIRST officer Walter Vuurboom, 26, is sitting relaxed in the right-hand seat of the new Boeing 747-400 *City of Calgary*. Flight KL 867 from Amsterdam to Tokyo, eight hours after takeoff, is running smoothly. It's just after 11:30am on December 15, 1989, and in a few minutes Vuurboom will begin the descent for a landing at Anchorage, Alaska, where he and 13 other crew members will be relieved.

Captain Karel van der Elst, the KLM pilot in charge of this flight, is seated in the supervisory seat behind Vuurboom, enjoying the white landscape 12,000 metres below, with the snowy mountaintops gleaming in the bright sunlight. "What a glorious day," says the 51-year-old Van der Elst to Vuurboom and to pilot Imme Visscher, who at 27 is the first woman in the world to fly this newest version of the 747. Today, sitting in the left-hand seat, she is in charge of duties such as maintaining radio contact with Anchorage. "The weather is good," the control tower tells them. "Conditions are normal for your approach."

Meanwhile, the cabin crew is helping the 231 passengers get ready for landing. The ten stewardesses have collected the breakfast trays and stored the trolleys. Purser Jacques Notebaard passes along the rows of seats chatting with pas-

ILLUSTRATION: BILL MAUGHAN

sengers while making sure that all loose objects have been secured so they won't whirl around in the aircraft during the descent. "We are approaching Anchorage," Notebaard announces on the intercom. "Ladies and gentlemen, would you please return to your seats?" Notebaard is tired and is looking forward to a day of relaxation in Anchorage. *Maybe I can go skiing,* he thinks to himself.

In the cockpit the atmosphere is relaxed as the control tower gives flight KL 867 permission to descend to 7600 metres. The sky is still clear, and the crew can see the airport near Fairbanks, their alternate in case of emergency, as it slips away beneath them. Imme Visscher asks again for the latest weather, and Anchorage advises that visibility remains unlimited.

It is now a few seconds before 11:45am. In front of the double-decker aircraft a thin grey haze appears, apparently an altostratus cloud formation. Nothing unusual, the cockpit crew unanimously agree. At 8000 metres the *City of Calgary* dips into the cloud layer. Suddenly darkness envelops the plane. Showers of sparks bounce off the cockpit's windscreen. *This isn't the ice or water normal in altostratus,* Van der Elst thinks to himself. *It's ash!*

During the flight briefing prior to their departure from Amsterdam, the crew had been informed that a volcanic eruption from Mt Redoubt, 175 kilometres southwest of Anchorage airport, had spewed clouds of ash into the air. The Federal Aviation Administration had designated an area of 25 kilometres radius to a height of 18,000 metres around Mt Redoubt as off-limits for all aircraft. KLM station manager at Anchorage, Brian Hann, had reported by telex that some volcanic ash had come down west of Anchorage, far from the flight path of the KLM plane. "The airport isn't closing," he told them. "You should have a normal flight."

First Officer Vuurboom immediately gives all four engines maximum thrust in order to climb as quickly as possible above the pitch-black horror. The aircraft begins to ease upwards at an angle of eight degrees as Vuurboom searches frantically for daylight.

In the passenger cabin Frans Dessing, route manager for KLM's Maintenance Department in Europe, Africa and Asia, en route to Sydney, Australia, notices the plane's sudden acceleration and unexpected ascent. Looking out of his window, he sees that it is dark as night outside. The air around him is becoming cloudy, and his hair feels dusty to the touch. Clearly something unusual is happening.

Barely two minutes have passed since the jet first entered the cloud of ash. Van der Elst picks up the intercom microphone and speaks calmly to the passengers. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "we have

flown into a cloud of volcanic ash. We are doing everything we can to get out of it as quickly as possible."

Suddenly at 11:47am all four engines cut out. The ash has smothered the tremendous power of the huge turbines. Millions of silica particles have coated the interior of the engines with a glassy dust, which gives the safety-monitoring equipment the false message that the engines are overheating — and causes automatic shutdown.

Total Darkness. "We've lost our engines," shouts Vuurboom. Then the electric power cuts out too. Fuelled by the emergency power supply, the left-hand instrument panel remains lit. Imme Visscher reacts instantly. "I've got control," she says as she takes over. But because of the ash, the super-modern autopilot, which corrects engine function automatically, no longer works properly. Even the air-speed indicator appears to malfunction, showing a ridiculously low 60 knots, barely more than 100 kilometres per hour. The stall warning sounds, signalling that the jet's speed has dropped to 113 knots below which it will stall and fall from the sky, and the controls start to judder alarmingly. Barely hanging in the air, the aircraft is about to plummet like a stone towards the ground. Visscher eases the nose of the jumbo into a ten-degree dive to get back air speed and gliding capacity.

Dessing, seated towards the front of the lower deck, feels the sudden change in his stomach. But it affects passengers further back in the 70-metre-long plane more violently. Several of them, caught standing, can barely maintain their balance. In one of the restrooms in the tail, a Japanese mother is diapering her eight-month-old baby when the aircraft swerves. The infant is thrown into the air, screaming, and flung against the walls and ceiling. The mother manages to catch the child before it falls to the floor, and makes her way back to her seat in the total darkness.

As the passenger cabin fills with acrid fumes coming through the ventilation openings, Purser Notebaard fumbles through the gloom to reassure the passengers and check that they are safely belted in. *Thank God it isn't the smell of fire!* he thinks. Without the sounds of the engines or the air conditioning, the atmosphere in the cabin is eerie and ominous. Most passengers keep mouse-quiet. Many sit bolt upright as if in shock. A 20-year-old student, on his way home from university in London for a vacation with his parents in Anchorage, hears people sighing, groaning and being sick. *We're not going to make it,* he thinks. *This is the worst.* And clasping his hands, he prays.

Another penetrating signal sounds in the cockpit — the master-warning — and on the middle screen appear the words, "Fire in Forward Cargo Bay." Imme

Visscher switches on the extinguishing system. But Van der Elst, with 20 years of flying experience, says: "There's a ten-to-one chance it's only a reaction from a smoke sensor set off by the volcanic vapours. Put on your oxygen masks, and let's get the engines going again."

Much to the passengers' relief, the emergency lighting has come on. Karl Schnuerl, 66, is concerned to see that his wife, Maria, seems to be in shock. Her face is white and bloodless, and she mumbles repeatedly, "Terrible, just terrible." The couple are on their way from Vienna to visit their daughter in Anchorage. *We'll never see her again after all*, thinks Karl. *We are staring death in the face.*

Spark of Hope. In the cockpit all eyes are trained on the instrument panel. The three laser-controlled gyroscopes are still working and indicate the rate of descent: 450 metres per minute. Without engine power the jet is gliding towards the ground at 190 knots per hour. "Hold onto that descent velocity," Captain Van der Elst says to his two colleagues. "Make sure we stay in the air for as long as possible."

First Officer Vuurboom radios an SOS: "I have an emergency."

The captain is struggling to get the engines restarted — without success. Each time he goes through the whole procedure: throttles out, fuel jets at cut-off, ignition on and then turn the fuel-feed lines to "run." On the fourth attempt, the panel indicates a faint ignition. *Perhaps there's still a chance!* thinks Van der Elst.

This spark of hope is soon dashed. On the next two attempts, the pilots see the turbines' temperature increase to above 650 degrees Celsius with no indication of engine power. Their concern grows that the turbines themselves will fail if the temperature rises higher.

The aircraft has dropped to 5000 metres. Below lies a mountain range with peaks over 1000 metres high. Suddenly Vuurboom sees a faint light through the darkness. "If you steer to the right, we can get clean air and see what's going on," he says to Imme Visscher. She complies immediately, and seconds later they can remove their oxygen masks.

It is 11:53am. Now, on his eighth attempt, Captain Van der Elst manages to start the two engines on the left wing. The fresh air flowing through the engines has "dusted" the turbines. KL 867 is flying at 4000 metres, on an even keel once more. *Thank God!* the captain breathes silently. If the *City of Calgary* had been forced to glide for just two minutes longer, they would not have cleared the mountains below.

At 11:58 the captain succeeds in starting the engines on the right wing. Shortly thereafter Purser Notebaard appears in the cockpit and reports, "The passengers are all okay." The crew is greatly relieved.

"Tell the passengers we'll be making a normal landing in about 20 minutes," Van der Elst replies. "Everything's under control."

Since KLM procedure requires that the captain make the landing himself, he changes seats with Imme Visscher. Only a few of the vital instruments are working. The jumbo's ground speed now appears at the top of one of the screens. Using this information and the wind speed given by the control tower, they work out the true speed of the Boeing.

The *City of Calgary*, sandblasted by the volcanic ash, is positioned at a distance of 15 kilometres for a descent on runway 06 R. But the cockpit's windows have been so badly pitted that the pilots can't see through them. Only by peering around the windows' edges can they get a glimpse of the ground.

At 12:24, Flight KL 867 makes a perfect landing. The fire engines and other emergency vehicles lined up along the edge of the runway won't be needed after all. As the jet taxis to the terminal, a still-shaken Karl Schnuerl tells his wife Maria, "It's a miracle. It's really a miracle." Among the passengers, all looks speak as one: *Thank God we made it.*

That evening in the hotel, as the exhausted crew are relaxing, their final anxiety is relieved. The Japanese baby who had suddenly become "airborne" has been examined in Anchorage Hospital — and is all right!

CONGRATULATIONS to the crew for their expert handling of the emergency came from various sources. But what Captain Karel van der Elst will remember most is a drawing he received from a passenger. It depicted a man taking off his hat!

Ways and Means

A MAN handed a pair of trousers to the department-store clerk. "I'd like these altered, please," he said. The clerk asked for the sales receipt, but after searching his pockets, the man replied he had lost it. The clerk informed him that it was store policy not to do free alterations without a receipt.

"Okay, then," the man said, "I'd like to return the trousers." The clerk processed the return and gave him cash equalling the cost of the slacks.

The man pushed the money back across the counter. "Now I want to buy them," he said. The clerk rang up the sale, put the trousers in a bag and handed them to him with a receipt.

Triumphantly, he put the trousers and the receipt on the counter. "I'd like to have these altered, please."

— John Lawler

Life's Like That

I'D OFTEN go to the movies with my friends after office hours. Back home, I'd rate the film for my parents — "great" or "bad". Soon they would consult me before they went to any movie.

One day when Mum was keen on seeing a film, Dad hesitantly told her, "But Padma has not seen it."

"When I was young," Mum remarked exasperated, "my parents saw a movie first before allowing us to. Today, it's the kids who tell their parents what to see!"

— Padma Sastry, Secunderabad

WHILE on a car trip we stopped for lunch at a crowded café. A man, whom the waitress apparently knew, walked in and sat in a booth where the dirty dishes had not been removed. Upon seeing him, the waitress shouted, "You *would* have to take the one table that hasn't been cleared!"

Replied the man, "I just wanted to feel at home." — Dorothy Shrode

MY FORMER colleague's teenage daughter began dating around the same time she got her driver's licence. Her mother admitted she didn't know which worried her more.

She found out one Saturday night when her daughter returned from a swimming date at her boyfriend's house. The girl had driven to his house, and when she got home she was in tears, ignoring the dogged young man who followed her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've never done anything like that before, and it'll never happen again."

"What did he *do?*" my friend exclaimed.

"Oh, Mum," her daughter wailed, "while I had the car door open, he backed his car down the driveway and demolished my door!"

Her mother heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank God," she said.

— Charlotte Guest

I WAS transferred to a small town and discovered we would need an outside aerial for our television. One bitterly cold, windy afternoon, I climbed a ladder and secured the antenna to the wooden gable above our house. Then I called out to my wife inside and asked her to switch the television on to check the reception. "Nothing at all, it's blank," she replied.

I swivelled the antenna around slightly and asked her to look again. "It's still blank," she yelled.

Repeating this several times to no avail, I became frustrated. It was freezing cold, and the whole exercise had taken about half an hour. "Come on now," I said to my wife, "there must be *something* on the screen."

"Nothing at all," she said, obviously getting irritated at my continuous shouting. "But hang on, it's coming now," she exclaimed, "...normal transmission will be resumed as soon as possible." — W. Milne, South Africa

WHILE MY father-in-law was in the hospital, he considered each meal a culinary adventure. One day he was given a hot beverage that he found particularly pleasant. He tried to identify the flavour, but finally admitted defeat and hailed a passing nurse. After singing the praises of the wonderful drink, he asked what it was. Nonplussed, the nurse pointed to the tea bag on his tray and replied, "It's hot water, Mr Stuart."

— Diane Stuart, Canada

ALTHOUGH I have three sons, it's my daughter who helps me with chores around the house. When it comes time to wash the car, mow the lawn or wallpaper the kitchen, she's always there.

One hot and humid day, we decided to install ceiling fans in the bedrooms. We thought it would take about an hour, but the task turned into a full day's work. "Thanks, sweetie," I said, grateful that she had stuck it out with me.

"No problem," she replied as she put the tools away. "Just consider me the son you never had."

— E. R. Taylor

A FRIEND's elderly maiden aunt was on the balcony when she suddenly uttered a shriek and hastily retired inside. My friend asked what had happened, and the woman said, quite shaken, that she had seen a naked person on the balcony of the house across the street.

"Was it a man or a woman?" asked my friend.

"How could I tell? The person had no clothes on!"

— Margarida Borges, Portugal

MY FRIEND and I were driving near a high school at dismissal time and saw several boys armed with snowballs, eyes focused on our car. As we approached them, my friend rolled down her window and asked, "How's your mother?" There were puzzled looks, and finally one boy answered, "She's okay."

"Who was that?" I asked as we drove off.

"I don't know," she replied, "but it works every time."

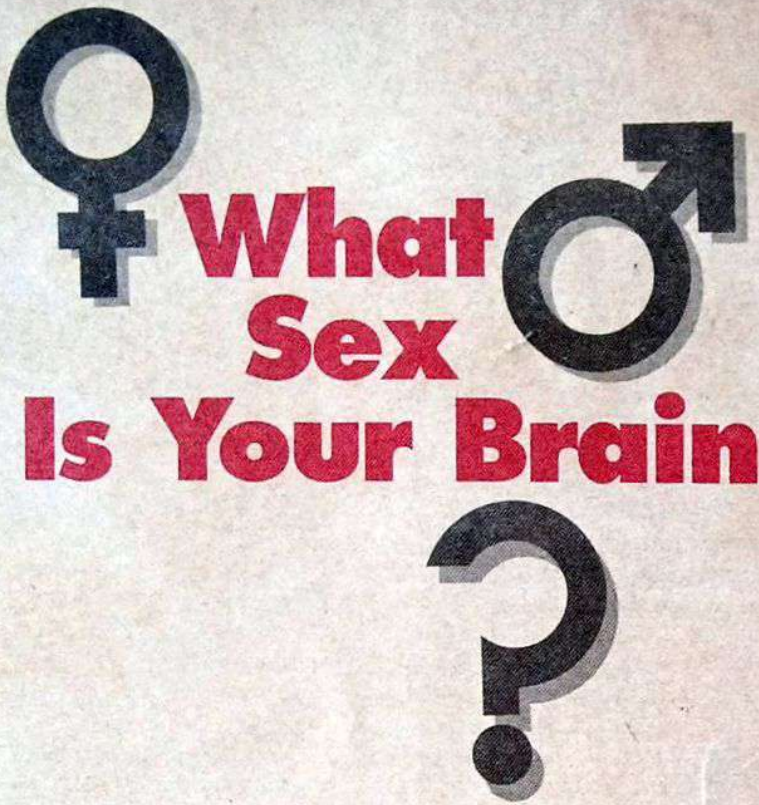
— Marjorie Olsen, Canada

DURING the summer in Nova Scotia, moths known locally as "millers" cluster around outdoor lights. At my cottage one week-end, my friend Theresa and I were becoming annoyed at the number of insects the kids were letting inside.

When we heard our husbands' footsteps on the porch, Theresa called out sharply: "Get in quick and close the door! Those darn millers will come in, and we won't be able to get rid of them."

As she spoke, our husbands entered, followed by four people she had never met. There was an awkward silence until one of the visitors exclaimed, "Too late! We're already in."

Theresa was introduced to Bruce Miller, his brother Lee, Bruce's stepdaughter, Denise, and her fiancé, Wayne Miller. — Claudia Burrows



What Sex Is Your Brain

By Anne Moir and David Jessel

"WHY CAN'T a woman be more like a man?" goes the exasperated lament. Science is searching for an answer, and researchers have presented some intriguing possibilities. Men and women are different, they theorize, because the slight differences in the way their brains are constructed lead the sexes to process information in subtly different ways.

That might be why men generally do better than women in tests of spatial ability — being able to picture objects' shapes, positions and proportions accurately in the mind's eye. Similarly, boys tend to outperform girls in mathematics involving abstract concepts of space, relationships and theory.

On the other hand, girls usually say their first words and learn to speak in sentences earlier than boys. Some studies have found that women speak in longer, more complex sentences than men. Also, boys outnumber girls in remedial reading classes. Stuttering and other speech defects occur more frequently among males.

What are the anatomical differences in the brains of men and women that might cause these variations? In tests on brains obtained after autopsy, some researchers have found that in women part of the corpus callosum, the bundle of fibres linking the left and right hemispheres, is bigger in relation to overall brain weight than in men. This might allow more information to be exchanged between the two sides.

If so, perhaps it accords with the theory that in men the left hemisphere of the brain is more specialized for verbal abilities than it is in women. And men seem to use the right side of their brain when working on an abstract problem, while women use both sides.

How this might influence masculine and feminine modes of thinking science doesn't yet know. We do know, though, that brain development in the foetus is affected by hormones as well as genetics. And most of us grow up to think at least a little like the opposite sex.

The following quiz, based on surveys of some 2000 people, could help you find out how male or female *your* brain is:

1. You hear an indistinct meow. Without looking around, how well can you place the cat?
(a) If you think about it, you can point to it.
(b) You can point straight to it.
(c) You don't know if you can point to it.

2. How good are you at remembering a song you've just heard?
(a) You find it easy, and you can sing part of it in tune.
(b) You can do it only if it's simple and rhythmical.
(c) You find it difficult.

3. A person you've met a few times telephones you. How easy is it for you to recognize that voice in the few seconds before the person identifies himself?
(a) You find it quite easy.
(b) You recognize the voice at least half the time.
(c) You recognize the voice less than half the time.

4. You're with a group of married friends. Two of them are having an affair. Would you detect this?
(a) Nearly always.
(b) Half the time.
(c) Seldom.

5. You're introduced to five strangers at a large social gathering. If their names are mentioned the following day, how easy is it for you to picture their faces?
(a) You remember most of them.
(b) You remember a few of them.
(c) You seldom remember any of them.

6. In your early school days, how easy was spelling and the writing of essays?
(a) Both were quite easy.
(b) One was easy.
(c) Neither was easy.

7. You spot a parking place, but you must reverse into it — and it's going to be a fairly tight squeeze:
(a) You look for another space.
(b) You back into it — carefully.
(c) You reverse into it without much thought.

8. You've spent three days in an unfamiliar village and someone asks you which way is north:

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(a) You're unlikely to know.
(b) You're not sure, but given a moment you can work it out.
(c) You point north.

9. You're in a dentist's waiting room. How close can you sit to people of the same sex as yourself without feeling uncomfortable?
(a) Less than 15 centimetres.
(b) Fifteen centimetres to 60 centimetres.
(c) Over 60 centimetres.

10. You're visiting your new neighbour, and the two of you are talking. There's a tap dripping in the background. Otherwise the room is quiet:
(a) You notice the dripping sound immediately and try to ignore it.
(b) If you notice it, you probably mention it.
(c) It doesn't bother you at all.

Scoring the Test

Males:

For each (a) answer, give 10 points. For each (b) answer, give 5 points. For each (c) answer, give -5 points.

Females:

For each (a) answer, give 15 points. For each (b) answer, give 5 points. For each (c) answer, give -5 points.

Unanswered questions count 5 points.

Most males will score between zero and 60. Most females will score between 50 and 100. The overlap — scores between 50 and 60 — indicates a thought compatibility between the sexes.

Male scores below zero and female scores above 100 point to a brain very differently "wired" from that of the opposite sex. Male scores above 60 *may* show a bias to female mental attributes. Females who score below 50 *may* show a brain bias to the male thought processes.

Did You Know ...

... that wealthy industrialist J. Paul Getty had a pay telephone installed in his English country house so he couldn't be charged for his guests' calls?

... that Louis Pasteur is reported to have had such an irrational fear of dirt and infection he refused to shake hands?

... that sensitive little Leo Tolstoy was called "Lyova Ryova" — Russian for "Leo Cry Baby"?

... that US President and Mrs Benjamin Harrison were so intimidated by the newfangled electricity installed in the White House they didn't dare touch the switches? If there were no servants around to turn off the lights when the Harrisons went to bed, they slept with them on.

— Jane Goodsell, *Not a Good Word About Anybody*

Almost 30 years after his death, I was at last able to say ...

A Final Good-bye to My Father

BY HARRY RUDOLPH AS TOLD TO MARTIN MENSING

I HAD been walking for ten days in pouring rain and up to my knees in mud through the dark tropical forest of upland New Guinea. My destination seemed as unattainable as ever, but the end of my food rations drew menacingly near. Again I seriously considered abandoning my mission. And again a vision of my father, Frans Rudolph, rose before me and urged me on.

Suddenly 15 naked men blocked the path before me. They were Papuans, decked out with bright feathers in their curly hair and armed with bows and arrows and machetes. With a shiver, I realized

ILLUSTRATION: EDWIN MERKS

that this confrontation might signify the end of my rash adventure.

For the warlike Papuans, the encounter with an unknown jungle-walker must have been equally disconcerting. The days of intense effort in the gloom of the forest had taken their toll: my body was covered with bloody wounds I had received from sharp stones and branches. My legs, eyes and ears were puffy and swollen from the bites of greedy mosquitoes and leeches and the painful stings of wasps and scorpions.

Exhausted, I sank onto a large boulder and joined my hands behind my head as a sign that I intended no harm. As I sat there scared, my mind flooded once more with memories of my father. These thoughts had not only pressed me to undertake this lonely journey, but had given me the strength to withstand its many torments.

ON JUNE 28, 1962, the Dutch were still fighting fiercely with Indonesia concerning their rival claims to New Guinea. That afternoon my father, a flight engineer for the Dutch Royal Air Force, four other crew members and three civilian passengers had taken off in a Dakota C-47, carrying the registration number X-11, from Merauke. To reach its destination, Biak, the military plane had to fly over the jagged 5000-metre-high peaks of the Carsten Mountains. Eight years later, aerial photographs revealed that it had run into a rockface halfway through its journey. The thought of my father's remains lying abandoned and uncared for was intolerable for our family.

I was 12 when I last saw my father. I remember him as a sturdy, self-assured military man who was devoted to his wife and four children. He spent as much time as possible with us — walking in the woods and sharing his greatest passion, repairing cars. He owned a 1947 Peugeot, and we spent hours together working on it.

In the nearly 30 years since his disappearance at the age of 39, our feelings for him had grown stronger, and our resentment at the fate that had befallen him and the other crew members had become more intense. In 1974 the dossier of the X-11 had been closed because, authorities explained, it wasn't possible to reach the wrecked plane or to rescue the dead. That was when I began to form my plan to look for his body myself. *After all these years,* I thought, *the man deserves a worthy resting place.* To make my trip possible, my family and I had to spend about 50,000 guilders (about Rs6 lakhs).

"FATHER JOS," I asked, as we sat in his office, "what kind of people are the Papuans?"

The missionary's face lit up with a smile. "They are friendly, helpful and hospitable," he replied. Father

Wreckage from the crashed X-11

Jos had spent his entire life among the Papuans in the tropical forests of Irian Jaya, a territory that until 1962 was part of the Dutch East Indies. "But the jungle is barely passable because of the continuous rain and the swampy soil, and it's teeming with an endless variety of poisonous snakes and spiders, leeches and other vermin. And don't expect to find anything edible there. It's madness for you to go on your own!"

For more information I went to the Royal Tropical Institute in Amsterdam, where I pored over maps of Papua New Guinea. Even on paper the trip looked formidable. So, in preparation, I subjected myself to two weeks of intensive training on the Indonesian island of Java, climbing the volcano near Bandung 25 times, spending nights in the open and testing to see how long I could hold out without food.

Then I assembled my supplies and, on October 25, 1989, began my expedition in Timuka, on the south coast of Irian Jaya. A missionary living there introduced me to a Papuan who had once belonged to a mountain tribe. He drew me a map of the route I should take to his village and estimated the trip would take me four days. His optimism contrasted sharply with reality. My journey took considerably longer and was absolute hell.

For days on end the rain poured incessantly from the dense canopy

PHOTO: HARRY RUDOLPH

of trees sometimes as tall as 50 metres. Only in infrequent clearings could I distinguish between day and night. My sole comfort in this wilderness, my compass, seemed to conspire against me by invariably pointing the way through fallen trees or into some unfathomable swamp.

Black wasps swarmed about me, sometimes carrying out mass attacks against which my clothing offered little protection. They got at nearly every part of my body, and their vicious stings led to painful infections. An army of bloodsucking leeches, monstrous beasts almost 2½ centimetres long, clamped onto me everywhere, even managing to get through the holes of my shoelaces. I noticed the bites only when I took my shoes off in the evening and saw my feet dyed red with streams of my own blood.

Here and there six-metre-long pythons lay napping. I knew they could effortlessly envelop a wild pig in their crushing coils, let alone a defenceless forest-walker.

High above my head, birds of paradise accompanied my lumbering progress with their frequent calls. At night their noisy chorus gave way to the ominous rustling of snakes, spiders and scorpions, invisible enemies, while I tried to sleep despite the dreadful aching of my wounds and the pain of my swollen feet.

The jungle was a merciless enemy. *Just a little over four days to get there...* The estimate of the mountain man in Timuka rang in my ears as I entered the tenth day of my journey. So, in a way, the confrontation with those 15 black warriors unexpectedly in my path seemed more a deliverance than a threat.

They are friendly people. Father Jos's description of the Papuans flashed through my mind as the men opposite me engaged in a vigorous discussion. With my last remaining energy, I kept holding my hands behind my head as a sign of surrender. Finally an old man approached cautiously to inspect my scant belongings.

My Papuan adviser in Timuka had written a simple letter of introduction for the village chieftain. "Good guy" must have been the message, for now one of the warriors smiled broadly, and the others stopped pointing their weapons at me.

One man who spoke a little Malay served as an interpreter. I told him I was looking for the remains of my father, who had crashed in a plane in the Carsten Mountains. He passed this on to the chieftain and came back with the answer: "Our chief says you can spend the night with us in our encampment."

Hospitable people. Father Jos was right. Seldom have I made friends as swiftly as in that settlement, where the Papuans looked after me in every way. From their round

huts, spread out over the hilly terrain like giant mushrooms, I was greeted with friendly smiles, once the village elder explained I was a "good guy." To my amazement, the photo of the X-11, which I showed them to indicate the object of my strange pilgrimage, aroused signs of recognition among some of the warriors. The village elder pointed to the mountains, looming tall in the distance.

For two days I was the guest of the cheerful Papuans, after which I had recovered my strength sufficiently to continue my journey. A number of sinewy warriors escorted me for several days. Slowly the rain forest gave way to towering rocks. Visibility was often limited by ribbons of cloud, blown down over me by ice-cold winds. As my compass no longer read true due to numerous ore deposits in the region, I frequently had to shelter for hours beneath immense rocks to wait for improved conditions.

The goal of my journey, which I reached 16 days after leaving Timuka, resembled a sinister lunar landscape surrounded by great crags rising into the thin air. On one slope, at an altitude of 4500 metres, lay the Dakota's tail, grey emblazoned with the red, white and blue emblem of the Dutch air force. This was the picture that had haunted me.

I SPENT two terrible days among the sad remnants of the shattered plane. Spread over a wide area were splinters of torn aluminium from the fuselage, battered motors with bent propellers, a shoe, a doll and a pair of socks. But there was no trace of the people I had wanted to honour with a last ceremony in that desolate mountain region. What could have happened to their remains?

I learned from some miners at the copper mine near the wreck that a group of Indonesian students had visited the crash site in 1981. Maybe they could give me some answers. With the help of Indonesian friends in Bandung, I contacted three of them. They confirmed that they had stumbled across the remnants of the X-11. "The crash had been so violent," one of them said with a shiver, "that debris was virtually everywhere."

They stayed at the spot for about a month and searched the site daily. "We found an Uzi submachine gun, a baby carriage, clothes and a diary," said the student. That diary, stored at the university, turned out to be my father's. The students carefully gathered the human remains they found, placed them in a box and buried them under a pile of rocks. They gave me a picture that showed the gravesite. Finally, after almost 30 years, I had tangible evidence of my father's fate.

Last January, 14 months after my rash journey, the Dutch Royal Air Force, which had come under pressure to do something about the X-

11, sent an expedition of five men to recover the human remains. I was permitted to come along. We were transported to the site by helicopter. After setting up camp, we carefully combed the area. There, under that pile of rocks in the student's photo, we found the box containing the human remains. To me, it was a moment of deep emotion and great satisfaction. My task was completed. My father was finally coming home.

ON FEBRUARY 19, 1991, the mortal remains of all the victims were taken back to Holland to be buried with military honours by their relatives. High in the Carsten Mountains, only the remnants of the wrecked plane and a plaque placed there by the expedition members in memory of the disaster testify to the crash.

Double Check

THE GUEST paid his bill at the resort hotel and, as he departed, noticed a sign saying, "Have You Left Anything?"

The man went back and spoke to the desk clerk. "That sign is wrong," he said. "It should read, 'Have You Anything Left?'"

— Sam Ewing in *The Wall Street Journal*

Sign Language

DRIVING along a California highway one day, I saw a neatly dressed young man, who looked like a hitch-hiking college student, holding a sign that read: "Stop at Joe's 100 metres ahead."

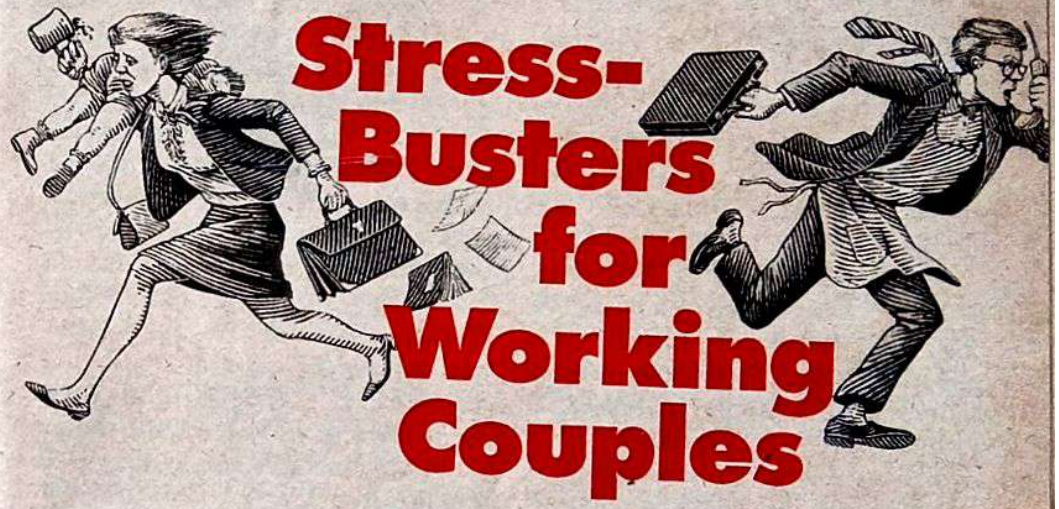
Another young man stood at about that distance further on. He displayed a large sign that read: "Joe's." — Lloyd Reynolds

WORKING at a college with a preponderance of non-English-speaking students, my sister sometimes had difficulty in communicating with the newly arrived. Once as she was enrolling a young man, she reached a standstill at the question of birth date. No matter what words or motions she used, the young man remained puzzled. Finally, a Chinese student standing nearby asked my sister, "What do you need to know?" After my sister explained, the Chinese woman turned to the young man and hummed the first few bars of "Happy Birthday to You."

His eyes lit up in recognition as he exclaimed, "May 12, 1955." The helpful student shrugged and said, "Same song, every country."

— Susan Berringer

The maid has quit, the kids have flu,
and you and your spouse have to go to the office early.
Don't panic — here are six ...



Stress-Busters for Working Couples

BY MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

"I HAVE a good job, a strong marriage and wonderful children," says Amy Fillen. "But our family life is barely under control. We're all scheduled so tightly, everything is in danger of collapsing."

Amy, a 41-year-old schoolteacher, lives with her husband, Don, a 42-year-old lawyer, and their two children — David, eight, and Catherine, three. When things run smoothly, Amy wakes her husband after showering, pours coffee into her flask and dashes out by 7:20. Don gets the kids up, makes their breakfast and drops them at school, then goes to work.

After school, Amy picks up the kids, drops David at his athletics coaching programme and goes home to make dinner. Then it's back to collect David. She keeps dinner warm until her husband arrives, or until David and Catherine get hungry. By the time the kids are asleep, Amy and Don are too tired to do more than collapse into bed.

Of course, things don't always run smoothly. With maddening frequency, one of the kids gets sick, a meeting runs late, or there is a mammoth traffic jam. And every

The names of the Fillen family have been changed to protect their privacy.

CONDENSED FROM PREVENTION (JUNE '91), © 1991 BY RODALE PRESS, INC. EMMAUS, PA. WITH ADDITIONS BY THE AUTHOR. ILLUSTRATION: GREG DEARTH

time, both Amy and Don must juggle their schedules and suffer two-career-couple distress. Sometimes they take out their frustrations on each other.

"We try not to let stress interfere with our relationship," Don says. "But it's impossible to excel at your job and be a good parent and spouse all at once. Sometimes the tension overwhelms us, and we snap."

Stress takes its toll on everyone, but two-career couples must contend with pressures unheard of a generation ago. It's difficult to have a home and a family *without* two incomes. Both people must work and share parental responsibilities. The collision of these dual commitments would challenge the coping skills of a saint — and most of us aren't saints.

Alan Elkin, director of a stress management and counselling centre, says some two-career couples he works with talk only 15 minutes a day, mostly about such domestic issues as expenses and child care. "They're so exhausted," he says, "they stop planning the things that make their relationship fun."

Less sex is often the first sign of distress two-career couples *notice*, but other symptoms precede it: irritability, impatience, loss of humour, sleep problems, increased use of alcohol or drugs, and a general feeling that life just isn't enjoyable anymore. "If you don't have fun out of bed," Elkin explains, "it's difficult to have fun in bed."

So what's an overstressed couple to do? Here's what experts suggest:

1. Make a list. "Most people think they know what bothers their spouse," Elkin says, "but often they don't." Take a half-hour to list the things that upset you. Then compare lists. You might be surprised. Next, divide your lists in two — things you can change and things you can't. If you're bothered by phone calls during dinner, buy an answering machine and record your messages. Above all, remember the prayer used at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings: God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

2. Review your budget. How much money do you really need? "Maybe both of you *don't* have to work full time," says stress-management-specialist Richard Friedman. "You might not be able to buy that new car or exotic vacation. But it's quite possible you'll both feel happier."

Debbie Schuster, a 30-year-old attorney, found that attending law college for a postgraduate degree left her too little time with her husband, Dan, and their infant son, Jamie. So after passing out, she opted to work part time. "I still wish I could see Jamie more," she says, "but part-time employment works for us financially, and it's the best compromise between family

and career."

What if both spouses must work full time to make ends meet? Keeping a record of expenditures can provide significant stress relief. Karen Hammer, a 47-year-old swimming instructor, pays the family's bills, but her husband, Frank, gets tense unless he knows where the money goes. In a simple notebook, Karen lists all their monthly outlays, from fuel and clothes bills to gifts and eating out. "It helps to see how the money's spent," she says. "We feel less anxious."

3. Set priorities. Suppose you have planned to see a movie with a friend, but your spouse asks you to stay at home with the kids because she was invited unexpectedly to an office dinner. Whose activity is more important? "Any scheduling change is stressful," Friedman says, "but changes don't cause stress when both of you agree on priorities. Problems arise when reasons are left vague — when one spouse tells the other, 'Something's come up. Change your plans.' Who wouldn't resent being ordered around like that?"

Professional responsibilities often take precedence, but it's crucial to give highest priority to each other's crises. "A key function of relationships is mutual support," says psychiatry and behavioural sciences professor C. David Jenkins. "Tell co-workers if your spouse calls and says 'It's important' to interrupt you no matter what."

4. Re-evaluate your responsibilities. Take a hard look at work, family and outside commitments. What can you drop, share or delegate? Perhaps a colleague can compile part of the report that you're working on. Maybe you can car-pool so you don't have to drive the kids to every soccer practice. And how about reconsidering that committee chairmanship?

Be especially fair about distributing household chores. List everything that needs to be accomplished, then negotiate a division you both agree is equitable.

"Time at home is precious to two-career couples. Try not to get bogged down in drudgery," Friedman advises. "Hire help."

5. Carve out time for closeness. "Spouses often give each other the dregs of the day," Elkin says. "Get together when you have energy to spare."

If you're tired in the evening, plan to meet for lunch. Check cinema and concert listings, and buy tickets in advance. Plan days off together.

Make exercise a regular part of your routine. Take a walk together. Exercise produces changes in the body that elevate mood and relieve stress.

Most important, plan for sex. It's a myth that the "best" sex is spontaneous. Besides, many two-career couples are so busy they can't do *anything* spontaneously. If they

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Most important, plan for sex. It's a myth that the "best" sex is spontaneous. Besides, many two-career couples are so busy they can't do *anything* spontaneously. If they

don't make sex dates, they don't make love. "Planning usually *improves* the experience," says therapist Louanne Cole. "It creates time for mood-enhancing things like bathing together or giving each other massages."

6. *Do the unexpected.* Couples often fall into a rut and don't take the initiative to improve things. "I frequently ask," Elkin explains, "'What could you do right now that your spouse would really appreciate?' When they tell me, I urge them to do it. Nice surprises are always a step in the right direction."

"Surprise" means breaking the mould. If you typically mark special occasions with a restaurant dinner, leave work early and cook a fancy meal at home. Or astonish your spouse by doing something she says you "never do."

Who knows? Once you've reinforced your relationship to withstand the two-career hurricane, you may be able to juggle crises at work, battle rush-hour traffic, arrive at home to find a bounced cheque and cranky children — and still have enough energy to crack jokes and suggest an intimate interlude with that special someone who's also had a long and trying day.

Don't Ask!

- Are you asleep?
- Now what's the matter?
- Have I kept you waiting?
- You don't remember me, do you?
- Will you promise not to get angry if I ask you something?

— Jane Goodsell, Press Associates

The Work of Christmas

WHEN THE song of the angels is stilled,
When the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home,
When the shepherds are back with their flock,
The work of Christmas begins:
To find the lost,
To heal the broken,
To feed the hungry,
To release the prisoner,
To rebuild the nations,
To bring peace among brothers,
To make music in the heart. — Howard Thurman, *The Mood of Christmas*

Armed with the talents of a great general, a gifted actor and an ingenious criminal, this Belgian doctor played a major role in one of the unheralded victories of the Second World War

The Extraordinary Exploits *of* Albert Guérisse

BY ROBERT WERNICK

SS OFFICER Heinrich Hornetz strode angrily up to the line of hungry prisoners at the Neue Bremm camp in Germany and stopped in front of Lieutenant Commander Patrick O'Leary of the Royal Navy. "You," he shouted, "are an English officer. You English swine bombed Hamburg last night, killing women and children. What do you call that?"

O'Leary angrily replied: "I call it *Conventrieren*" (to do a Coventry, the English city destroyed by Hitler's Luftwaffe two and a half

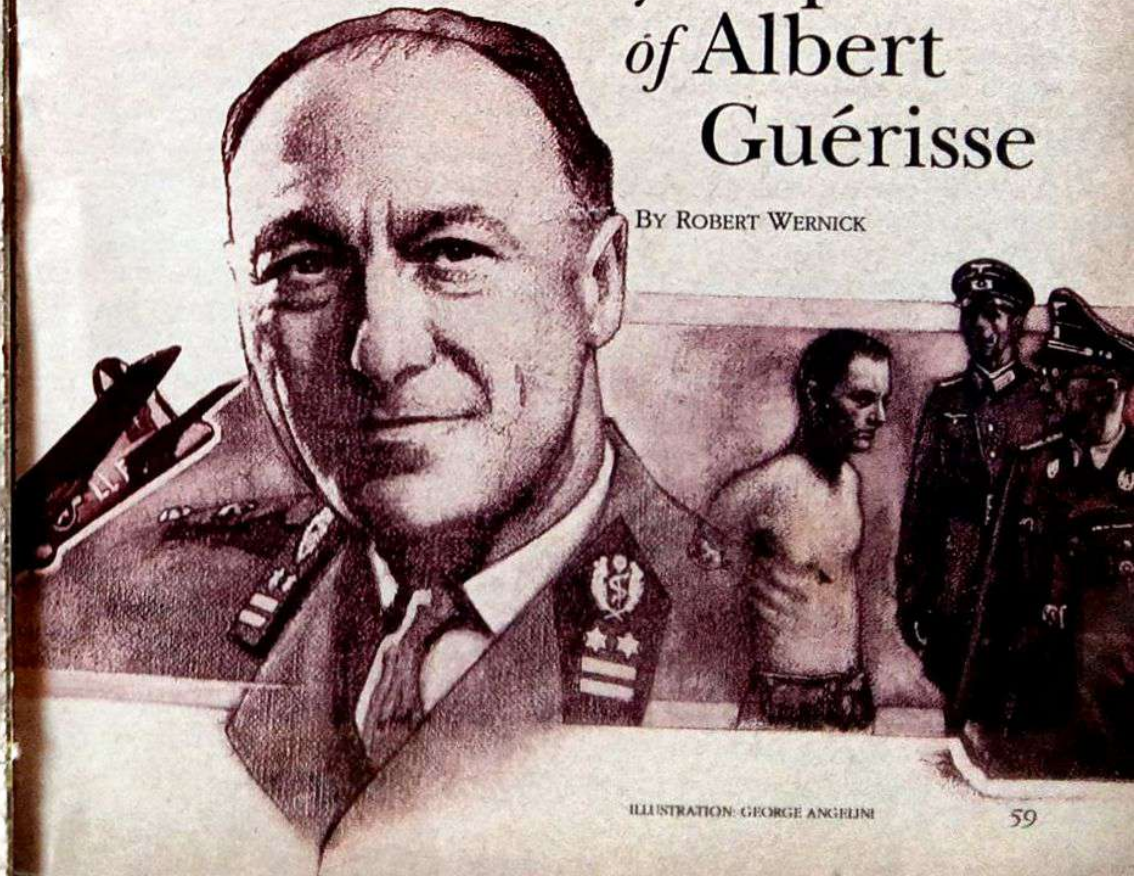


ILLUSTRATION: GEORGE ANGELINI

years earlier).

There was a moment of stunned silence. Then Hornetz pulled O'Leary out of line and kicked and beat him until he was a mass of bleeding flesh, finally tossing him into a hut where the prisoners slept on planks with a single filthy blanket for three. "Pat O'Leary was the bravest man I ever met," says Ian Hopper, a British resistance fighter who shared a plank with him.

O'Leary survived the beating at Neue Bremm and two more years at Mauthausen, Natzweiler and Dachau. "The aim of these camps," says Brian Stonehouse, a British secret agent and fellow prisoner, "was to reduce us all to the level of animals, so we would maul each other like a pack of dogs to get at a scrap of bread. But through the misery and degradation, Pat O'Leary was always a gentleman."

Superhuman Role. In addition to strength and courage, Pat needed some luck to survive. Had the Germans ever discovered O'Leary's true identity, neither he nor any member of his family would have lived very long. For Pat was not a British officer, as his papers said, but a Belgian doctor named Albert-Marie Guérisse, who had played a major role in one of the great, though largely unheralded, Allied victories of the Second World War.

In the unprecedented air war of 1939-45, thousands of warplanes were shot down behind enemy lines on both sides, and thousands of airmen managed to parachute or walk away from their crashed planes. Yet of all the Luftwaffe fliers shot down over the British Isles, only one made it back to Germany. But in Nazi-occupied territories, thousands of civilians risked their lives by giving Allied aviators food, lodging or guidance through the Continent's police controls. And they sent thousands of skilled men back to fly and fight again. One of the first to utilize this immense reservoir of goodwill and devotion to rescue these aviators was Albert Guérisse.

There was nothing in Guérisse's past to fit him for this almost superhuman role. In 1940 he was a 29-year-old medical officer to the 1st Regiment of Lancers quartered in the quiet Belgian resort of Spa, supplementing his pay by visiting private patients all over the countryside. He was a dynamic, good-looking young man, fond of fun and adventure. And he hated the mindless brutality he saw proliferating in Nazi Germany. "No man must be compelled," he once declared, and was willing to fight for his beliefs.

Exceptional Man. When the Belgian army surrendered in May 1940, Guérisse joined the evacuating French, British and Belgian troops around Dunkirk. Soon after the French surrendered, he joined the crew of a runaway French merchant ship, the *Rhin*, whose commander was determined to go on fighting.

The *Rhin* was eventually taken into the Royal Navy, renamed *HMS Fidelity* and converted for work in enemy waters. Also taken into the Royal Navy, Guérisse assumed the name of an old Canadian University chum, O'Leary, and took Patrick as a first name. He sailed with *HMS Fidelity* on her first mission to drop off secret agents on the French Mediterranean coast. But something went wrong, and as Pat was going ashore in a dinghy, he was arrested by a police patrol of the French collaborationist Vichy government. He tried to run away, was caught and jailed, then engineered an escape. In June 1941 he made his way to Marseilles, where he met Captain Ian Garrow of the Seaforth Highlanders, who had set up a rudimentary organization for slipping Allied soldiers on the loose across the Pyrenees. Garrow was a heroic figure but unsuited for underground work — he strode around the streets of Marseilles, tall, erect, every inch a British officer.

Unlike Garrow, Pat did not stand out in a crowd. He was fairly slight and ordinary looking. "It was only in private, when the time had come to speak or act, that everyone became aware of his exceptional personality," says Robert Sheppard, a sabotage instructor parachuted into France who became a close friend of O'Leary in concentration camp. "He was always solid, sensible, precise and steadfast in adversity." Garrow recognized in Pat O'Leary the kind of mind and character that could run an escape operation effectively. After Garrow's arrest by the Vichy police in October 1941, O'Leary took over.

Trustworthy Helpers. To keep the Allied aviators concealed, disguised and moving, Pat had to combine the talents of a great general with those of a great actor and a great criminal. He had to maintain tight control over several hundred agents who became known as the Pat line. He had to make sure the "safe houses" where escaping fliers (known as "parcels") might have to hide for days and weeks were really safe, and had to recruit the guides who would shepherd the parcels past enemy soldiers, spies and double agents. How, for instance, did you get a bomber crew composed of 1.8-metre-tall, red-headed Texans speaking not a word of French through a French railway station? One way was to choose attractive and spirited girls as the guides; they could flirt with the policemen and border guards and distract them from asking embarrassing questions.

Needing a variety of disguises, he found Paul Ulmann, a Jewish tailor in Toulouse who could produce, say, a French policeman's uniform in a couple of days. He had to find skilled forgers to produce identity papers and passes; his best

was a priest in Abbeville, Father Pierre Carpentier, who, like many others, was finally betrayed to the Gestapo and killed.

O'Leary found trustworthy helpers in all walks of life: policemen, smugglers, noblemen, underworld characters, railway workers, housewives. They were people like Françoise Dissart, a woman who lived alone with her cat near the Gestapo headquarters in Toulouse. The Gestapo men never suspected her, although she opened her door to a steady stream of British and American aviators.

His Finest Hour. O'Leary supervised, and often personally conducted, the escape of over 400 Allied aviators, plus a number of Belgian and French patriots anxious to get to London to join the fighting. He did it against tremendous odds, for he was usually short of money and supplies. In the early days he did not even have a radio operator, and sometimes his messages had to be squeezed into toothpaste tubes and smuggled out of France, across Spain to a British intelligence station in Gibraltar. Yet the Pat line grew so efficient that once an aviator shot down in France was back with his squadron in England within two weeks.

But Pat's finest hour was his elaborate plan to rescue Garrow, who after his arrest had been sent to the prison camp of Meauzac. Shortly before Garrow was scheduled to be deported to Germany, Pat bribed a guard to smuggle a guard's uniform into the barracks. At dawn Garrow began walking out through the main gate with the night shift going off duty. Outside Pat and two agents waited in the shadows with pistols, ready to shoot it out with the two machine-guns at the entrance.

The gate was brilliantly lit, and Garrow looked more than ever the British officer as he strode out stiffly and gave a smart salute. One of the French sentries gave him a curious look, and he had to stop while the two men in front of him lingered for a brief chat. Finally Garrow made it to a waiting car — which would not start. Any minute the alarm might be given, and the noise of the sputtering starter sounded deafening. At last the driver cranked up the car, and they rattled off to a friendly farmhouse 30 kilometres away.

Caught and Tortured. Though weakened by months of confinement, Garrow made it through three weeks of dodging and hiding, via Françoise Dissart's flat in Toulouse, to the Pyrenees, where Pat saw him safely over the peaks. His last words to Garrow were, "Can this go on much longer?"

Pat knew it probably could not, for the Germans were getting closer to breaking into the escape network. Then one day in March 1943, O'Leary and Ulmann went to a café in Toulouse to meet Roger, an agent working in northern France, who had indicated he knew something about the arrest of one of Pat's top lieutenants. "Do you know who has been giving us away in Paris?" asked Pat. The next moment there was the touch of cold steel on his neck. He was caught.

The Gestapo tortured O'Leary for days. They beat him, broke his bones, shut him in a refrigerated room for hours on end until he could see the sweat turn to frost on his naked body. They could make him talk, but he would give only false or misleading information. "Where is Françoise?" they kept asking. "I know no Françoise," he kept answering. They never suspected that Françoise Dissart, living close by, would pick up the pieces of the broken Pat line and send some 300 more parcels to freedom, operating right up to the day the Germans left Toulouse.

Even in the concentration camps O'Leary never gave up. In Dachau, with the Americans approaching and the guards getting panicky, representatives of 16 nationalities in the prisoner population secretly met, creating an international committee. Pat headed the committee as it drew up plans to avoid a possible massacre of all 35,000 prisoners by the SS guards before the Americans' arrival. He got a handsome friend, Tom Groome, to flirt with a girl on the camp staff and get her to steal a revolver. On the day American troops burst through the gate, Pat O'Leary and other committee members were in charge, rallying the prisoners on their day of freedom.

Chestful of Medals. The nightmare was over, and O'Leary became Dr Albert Guérisse again. He married a beautiful English girl, Sylvia Cooper-Smith, who as secretary to his contact in London had often typed out his secret messages. He went back to the 1st Regiment of Lancers, and took up his old round of medical visits around Spa. Meanwhile, so many medals poured in — the George Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, the French Legion of Honour, the Belgian order of Leopold, the American Medal of Freedom, the Polish Military Cross — that they covered his chest when he wore them on rare occasions.

If ever a man had the right to settle down to a quiet life with his wife and baby son, it was Guérisse. But when the North Koreans stormed into South Korea in 1950, an international army fought to hold them back. The battalion of Belgian volunteers needed a medical officer, and Guérisse stepped forward.

He served with distinction in the front lines for 15 months and came back to Belgium with a few more medals. He paid little heed to them, however, any more than to the title of Count the king bestowed on him in 1986. "This comes too late for Sylvia, who would really have enjoyed being a countess," he said (she had died two and a

half years earlier).

For the last 25 years of his life, Guérisse took his post as president of International Dachau Committee very seriously, using all his prestige to persuade the Bavarian government to build a permanent memorial at Dachau. He hoped it would prevent younger generations from forgetting what had happened there.

His last request before he died on March 26, 1989, was that the news not be made public before he was buried. He did not want a special fuss made about a man who, as he said, "only did what needed to be done."

All the Better to See You

IF YOU are meeting Paul Newman for the first time, he will have on his sunglasses. As he gets to know you, he will peek over the rims occasionally. As he gets to trust you, he will let the glasses hang from his left ear. The next time you meet, he will take them off.

To the public, the actor's cerulean eyes have become a symbol of his stardom. To Newman, they are a symbol of his long struggle to be thought of as a craftsman. "To work as hard as I've worked to accomplish anything and then have some yo-yo come up and say, 'Take off those dark glasses and let's have a look at those blue eyes' is really discouraging. Usually, I just say, 'I would take off my sunglasses, but my pants would fall down.'" — Maureen Dowd in *Observer Magazine*, England

Dead Right

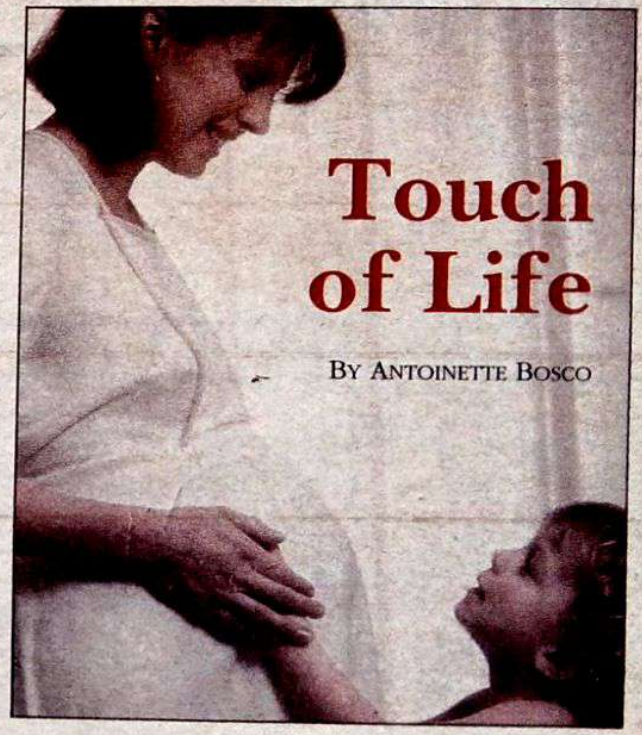
IN THE afterlife Brezhnev meets Nicholas II, former Russian Tsar, who is eager to receive news about his country. "Is Russia still a great power?" "Certainly," replies Brezhnev. "Does it have a strong army?" "Very strong indeed." "Are political agitators still sent to Siberia?" "Invariably." "Do Russians still drink vodka?" "They still drink it." "And does vodka still contain 38 per cent alcohol?" "No, the percentage has gone up to 40." "In that case," concludes Nicholas II, "was it really necessary to have a revolution for that extra two per cent?" — Enrico Basile, *Le voci del Palazzo*

A LAWYER cross-examined a pathologist, trying to establish a time frame of the death and post-mortem. The pathologist said the examination took place in the evening. "And the victim was dead at the time, is that correct?" asked the lawyer.

"No," answered the pathologist straight-faced. "He was just sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy on him."

— James "Doc" Blakely, Joe Griffith, Robert Henry, Jeanne Robertson, *How the Platform Professionals Keep 'em Laughin'*

Fate deals a strange hand sometimes



Touch of Life

BY ANTOINETTE BOSCO

WHEN I was 11 years old, we lived in Albany, New York, where my parents rented the top floor of a three-storey house. The owners, an older Italian couple, lived in the basement. One of their sons had recently married, and he and his wife lived in the middle flat.

My job that summer was to take care of my three-year-old brother, Joey. There wasn't much to do, so one thing that helped relieve the boredom was spending time with my neighbour on the first floor, a young mother-to-be.

They called her Catuzza, which was Sicilian for "sweet little Catherine." Catuzza was well into her pregnancy, and happy though she was, she was also lonely much of the time. She knew very little English, and during the day she missed her husband a great deal. He was a shoemaker and worked long hours to support his budding family.

Catuzza enjoyed the company that Joey and I provided. My brother had golden curls that she would twine around her fingers. Her smile always made me feel that she was wondering about her own small child in her womb. Sometimes when the baby kicked, she would let me touch her stomach. Once, when Joey was close by, he too felt the baby kick.

After that summer, my family moved to another part of the city, where Joey and I spent the rest of our childhood. I went on to finish

CONDENSED FROM LITCHFIELD COUNTY TIMES (MAY 11, '90). © 1990 BY THE LITCHFIELD COUNTY TIMES, NEW MILFORD, CONN. PHOTO: © MEDICHROME

school and become a writer. My brother Joe grew up to join the army, go to college, establish a career with the New York State Labour Department — and, suddenly, discover at 35 that he had leukaemia. Doctors removed his spleen and, considering the degree of malignancy, didn't give him much hope.

However, Joe was determined to live, and he drew strength from the physician he eventually found — a respected haematologist at the local hospital in Albany. This doctor would keep Joe alive until he received the new miracle drug that finally put him into remission: interferon. The doctor's name, Joe told me when I visited him in the hospital, was Frank Lizzi.

"Lizzi?" I asked. "That's a familiar name. When we were small and lived on Irving Street, our landlord was named Lizzi."

Joe knew that from family talk and already had mentioned it to Dr Lizzi. "In fact," Joe said, "our one-time landlord was Dr Lizzi's grandfather."

"Was Dr Lizzi's father a shoemaker and his mother named Catuzza?"

"That's right," Joe answered. "What's more, we're not far apart in age. Dr Lizzi is just three years younger than I am."

Only then did the realization hit me. The unborn baby who had kicked inside Catuzza all those years before on Irving Street had grown up to be the doctor who saved my brother's life.

Not long ago, I watched Joe and Dr Lizzi as they participated in a marathon TV fund-raiser for leukaemia research. At one point, however, what I saw was not a doctor and his patient. I saw a golden-haired child, his hand on the tummy of a blushing mother-to-be, and I marvelled at the mystery of connections. Never would any of us have imagined that this unborn baby would one day return that touch, carrying with it the same miracle of life itself.

Zoo Stories

PAUL WENT to the zoo with his father. "Buy an animal for me," he begged.

"Where would we get his food?" asked the father.

The boy replied, "Buy one of those where it says on the cage 'No feeding.'" — C.Z.

ON A trip to the zoo, I made a casual stroll by the cage of a laughing hyena. A young man was leaning over the bar at the edge of the cage, whispering something in the animal's direction. As I stepped closer, I heard him say, "Did you hear the one about..." — Dom Moncrief

TOWARDS MORE PICTURESQUE SPEECH

How Do You Feel?
Neil Armstrong: Over the moon
Vasco da Gama: At sea
James Watt: Out of steam
Sir Edmund Hillary: At my peak
Thomas Edison: Aglow
— Priya Pillai, Bhopal

Worry Words
Fear of giants: fee-fie-fo-bia
— Virginia Ebright

Bad actor's memory lapse: hamnesia
— Shelby Friedman

Allergy to enemies: foebia
— Merry Browne

Unconscious stringing of paper clips: clipnosis — G. Bresnahan in *Quill Pen Pal*

Fear of furry sweaters: angoraphobia
— Brian Todd Simmons

Ever Notice...
...that promises are like babies — easy to make, but tough to deliver
— Los Angeles Times Syndicate

...that when two egotists get together, it's an I for an I?
— *Approved Crossword Puzzles*

...that blunt people make the most pointed remarks?
— Mary Waldrip in *Advertiser and News*

Just Kidding
Twins in diapers: just one damp thing after another — Doug Larson

Brothers and sisters playing happily together: sibling revelry
— P. J. Eggerman

Partying Is Such Sweet Sorrow
The host who asks, "What's your hurry?"
Means it, I've come to know,
Just about as much as the guest
Who says, "I really ought to go"
— Gail Cooke in *The Wall Street Journal*

Star Quiz
How can Harrison 'Ford his lifestyle?
Leander Paes good attention to his tennis, right?
Did John Major in Political Science?
Is it true that Brooke Shields her private life? — Dipli Saikia, Bangalore

Glass Balls, Birds and Silvery Chains

Over the centuries Christmas-tree decorations have become more and more diverse

Left: Traditional Christmas tree; children take goodies from the tree, circa 1900. Far left: Christmas-tree balls, circa 1850

PHOTOS: SIEGFRIED GRAGNATO/IWZ; CLAUS HANSMANN; URSULA PFISTERMEISTER

BY EVA STADLER

"THE LARGE Christmas tree was hung with many gold and silver apples. Sugar almonds, colourful bonbons and other wonderful sweets sprouted like buds and blossoms on all the branches." Thus German writer E.T.A. Hoffmann described the Christmas tree in his 1816 story "The Nutcracker and the Mouse King." Back then the practice of decorating a tree for Christmas was still new.

In the late Middle Ages in Europe, people embellished their rooms with evergreen boughs though "the forest-harmful chopping down of Christmas boughs" was repeatedly prohibited by the authorities. And the church considered the bundles of twigs that were supposed to scare off demons an un-Christian habit. But the Christmas tree, which believers also interpreted to be the tree of paradise, became more and more popular.

At first only edible decorations were hung; fruit, sweets and nuts dangled next to eggs and wafers. From the 17th century on, people handcrafted more festive decorations: gold-painted fir cones, blown-out eggs covered with thinly hammered brass. There were paper flowers and artful cotton creations. From hard-sheet brass, Christmas-tree fairies emerged.

Wires made of tin could be rolled, wound in spirals, wrinkled or pressed into silver tinsel. Silver foil was used to create delicate stars, butterflies and blossoms.

In 1848, artisans in the German town of Lauscha developed Christmas-tree balls. The shiny balls were made of clear or coloured glass, the inside coated with lead and the outside embellished with glitter. Until then the glass blowers had produced drinking vessels, bull's-eye windowpanes and, above all, necklaces made of glass pearls filled with wax. As they were subject to fashion, new products had to be developed, and

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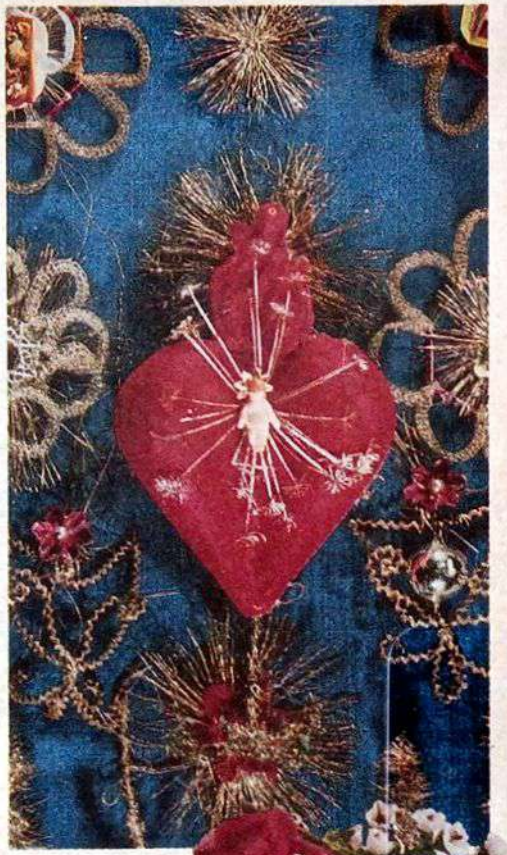


Above: Late 19th-century Christmas-tree decorations made of paper and cardboard.
Right: 90-year-old waxen heart and ornamental figures made of braided threads
Below: Ostrich-drawn carriage of stamped silver cardboard, 19th century

PHOTOS: URSULA PFISTERMEISTER, CLAUS HANSMANN

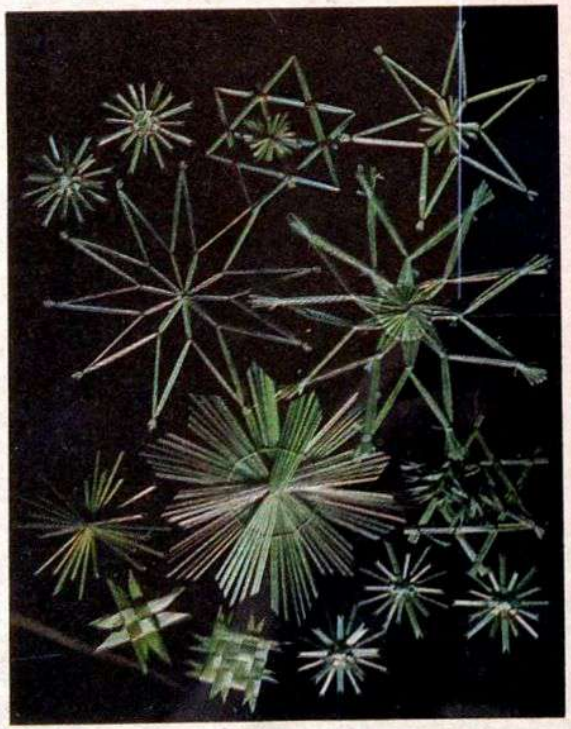
Above: From the last century, a glass zeppelin wrapped in tin wires.
Left: A circus rider and her horse of cardboard laminated with silver.
Below: Straw figures

PHOTOS: URSULA PFISTERMEISTER, NILSON/ANTHONY

Above: A small angel, a chubby-cheeked wind player, created from wax around 1900
Right: A delicate amphora, blown free-style and painted, 19th century

PHOTOS SIEGFRIED GRAGNATO/JWZ, URSULA PFISTERMEISTER

Right: Glass figures sparkle between fresh fir sprigs. Below: Wax castings of the Virgin Mary and Joseph (18th century) and the adoration of the Magi (17th century)
PHOTOS: NILSON/ANTHONY, CLAUS HANSMANN



Above: A cluster of straw stars
PHOTO: NILSON/ANTHONY

Christmas decorations promised to be profitable.

After Lauscha's gasworks opened in 1867, artisans could blow large, thin-walled balls with the help of a very hot, adjustable gas flame. Soon silver nitrate replaced the unhealthy lead reflector coating, and today's Christmas-tree ball was born.

There was no limit to the glass blowers' fantasies: they created birds, Santa Clauses and grapes in ceramic moulds and produced other objects free-style, such as jugs, delicate amphorae and trumpets that could even emit sounds. Women and children painted the artistic creations with gold and silver dust, or decorated them with tiny glass balls called "Venetian dew" or with silk strands and tassels.

For decades Lauscha maintained its position as the world's main producer of Christmas-tree decorations. In the 1920s Gablonz in Bohemia and the Japanese joined the industry, to be followed in the 1930s by Poland and eventually by the United States.

It may be hard to believe, but Christmas-tree decorations were subject to the rules of fashion. The colourful, heavily decorated fir tree that enthralled families before 1900 was considered bad taste around the turn of the century, and replaced by the silver-white "styled tree." Later the trend returned to the simple tree with straw stars and figures made of paper and cardboard.

At first people cut out the figures at home, but then here too an industry developed. Factories in and around Dresden and Leipzig specialized in hollow-stamping gold and silver cardboard into figures that seemed pressed out of metal sheets. Decorations from Dresden were hand-painted by home workers and particularly diverse. In addition to musical instruments, there were technical objects such as spinning wheels, horse-drawn carriages, paddle steamers and zeppelins and, of course, animals. Frogs, storks, pheasants, bears and elephants all populated Christmas-tree branches. Wooden Christmas-tree decorations belong primarily to the 20th century. Colourful angels and finely carved toys are but a few examples.

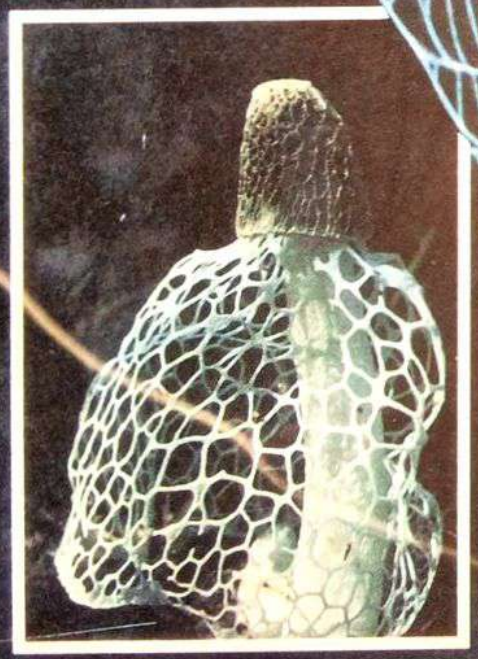
Today's magnificently decorated Christmas trees are a joy to behold. And the festive season would lose much of its sparkle without the presence of a well-trimmed tree.

AFTER I waxed eloquent about all we could buy with a windfall we hoped to get, my practical husband promptly brought me down to earth. "Don't count your cheques," he said, "before they are cashed!"

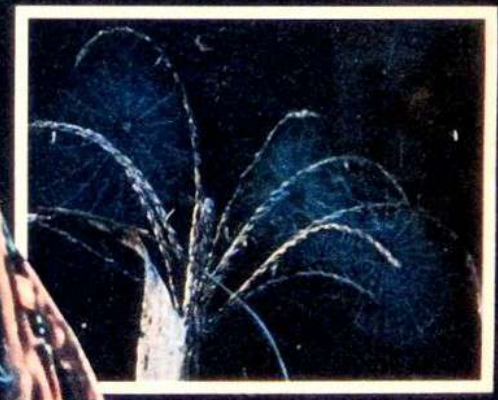
— Yasmeen Contractor, Raigad

"NATURE IS MY ART"

EVERY day, all over the world, forests are destroyed by urban sprawl, and innumerable plants and animals are eliminated by man — all in the name of progress. This terrible destruction in Brazil is poignantly illustrated by the photography of Polish immigrant Frans Krajcberg. His outstanding contribution to the cause of conservation is made possible by his sensitivity to the hidden marvels around us and by his genius for capturing on film the splendours of Nature — the minutiae of



Three close-ups taken in the Amazon forest: a fungus of the Ascomycetes class and two spider webs, beautiful traps for small insects



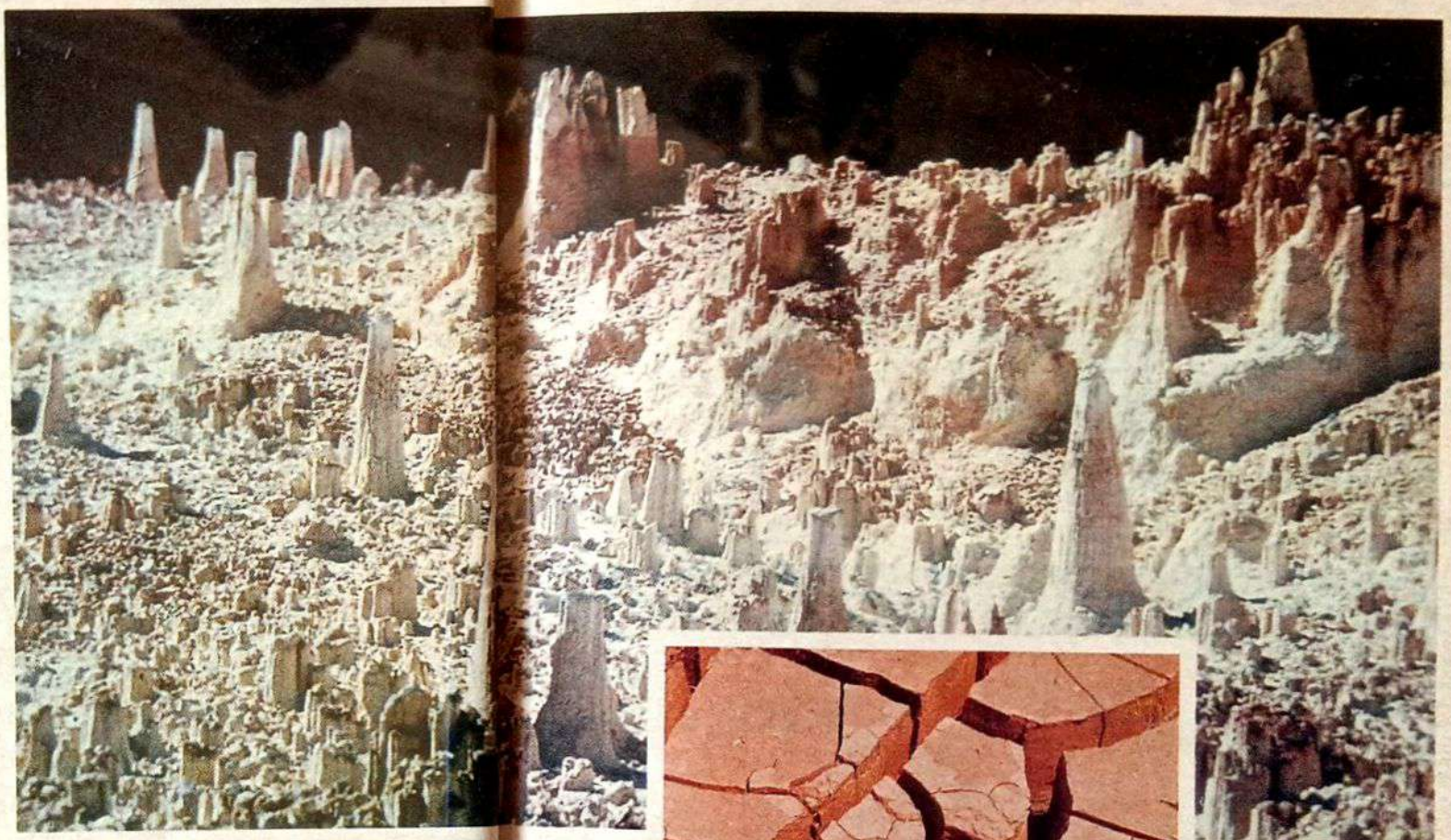
a simple leaf, the exoticism of an insect, the wild opulence of a tropical forest. — Ibsen de Gusmao Câmara

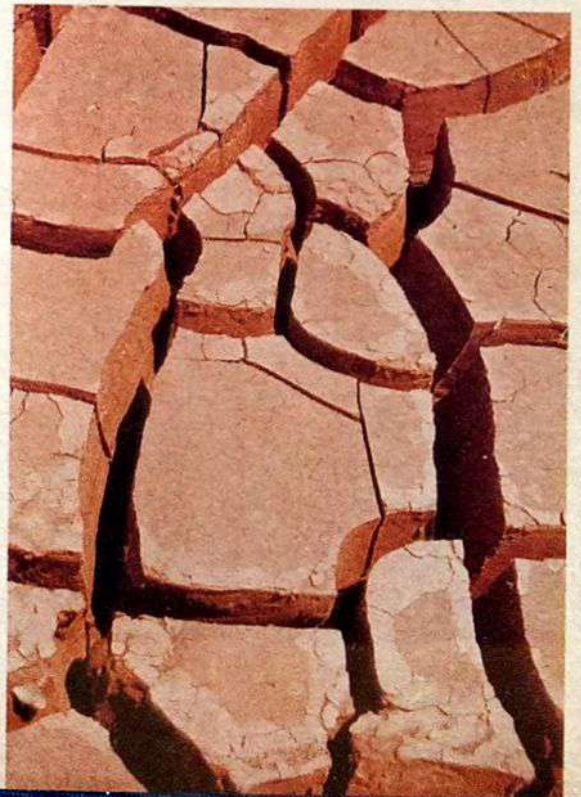
IN 1948, one of thousands of European immigrants seeking a new life, Polish painter Krajcberg arrived in Brazil. Lasar Segall, also a painter and an immigrant, found him work building schools, bridges, houses in the new colonization areas in the forests of West Paraná. There Krajcberg built a cabin in the woods, painted pictures in which nature is the motif, worked in ceramics and grew orchids. In 1953 President Getúlio Vargas visited Krajcberg's orchid collection, the largest in Brazil at that time.

At the 1957 São Paulo Biennial, when Krajcberg received the award for Best Brazilian Painter, he commented: "I do not belong to movements. The only movements that sway me are the stars, the tides, the winds. Nature is my art."

During the 1960s the artist spent a few years in Paris. He developed health problems due to the paint fumes, took up sculpture and received the City of Venice Award for sculpture at the 1964 Venice Biennial. It was then that he began taking black-and-white photographs to record his work.

He also tried working with stone and soil in Ibiza (Spain) and Minas Gerais (Brazil). But the result didn't please him. "What I find in Nature is much lovelier," he says. "Nature





Details of the ground: ferrous soil (far left) and red clay (left) of Itabirito, in Minas Gerais. Above: in the Amazon, a burned-out forest looks like a lunar landscape

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES: JOAO MEIRELLES FILHO
PHOTOS: FRANS KRAJCBERG

Details of Amazonian flora. Above: a plant belonging to the family Begoniaceae. Right: a plant of the Angiospermae class, subclass Dicotyledonae

is infinitely more prodigious than the human imagination."

KRAJCBERG knows how to select from Nature the whole or the detail. By making these choices, he establishes a relationship of love, of learning, of reverence, of ecstacy, and makes himself an interpreter and messenger of life. He makes us see, comprehend and love Nature, with suffering because his photography denounces the outrages we inflict upon life, daily and systematically; with emotion because his work communicates the beauty contained in the coherence and harmony of Nature; and with passion because we become involved as he is with passion for life.

— Antônio Houaiss

IN 1970 Krajcberg discovered the South of Bahia, Nova Viçosa. His plot of land, "Natura," was the only one in Nova Viçosa on which the original vegetation was intact. He enriched it by planting peroba trees, bromelia, fruit trees and Brazilwood trees. "Nature is my culture. The plants are my family," he says. "Frequently, communication with Nature is more rewarding than with men."

Then Krajcberg began travelling through Hileia, the Amazon region, and discovered the river-worlds: Solimões, Amazonas, Purus, Negros. The Amazon fascinated

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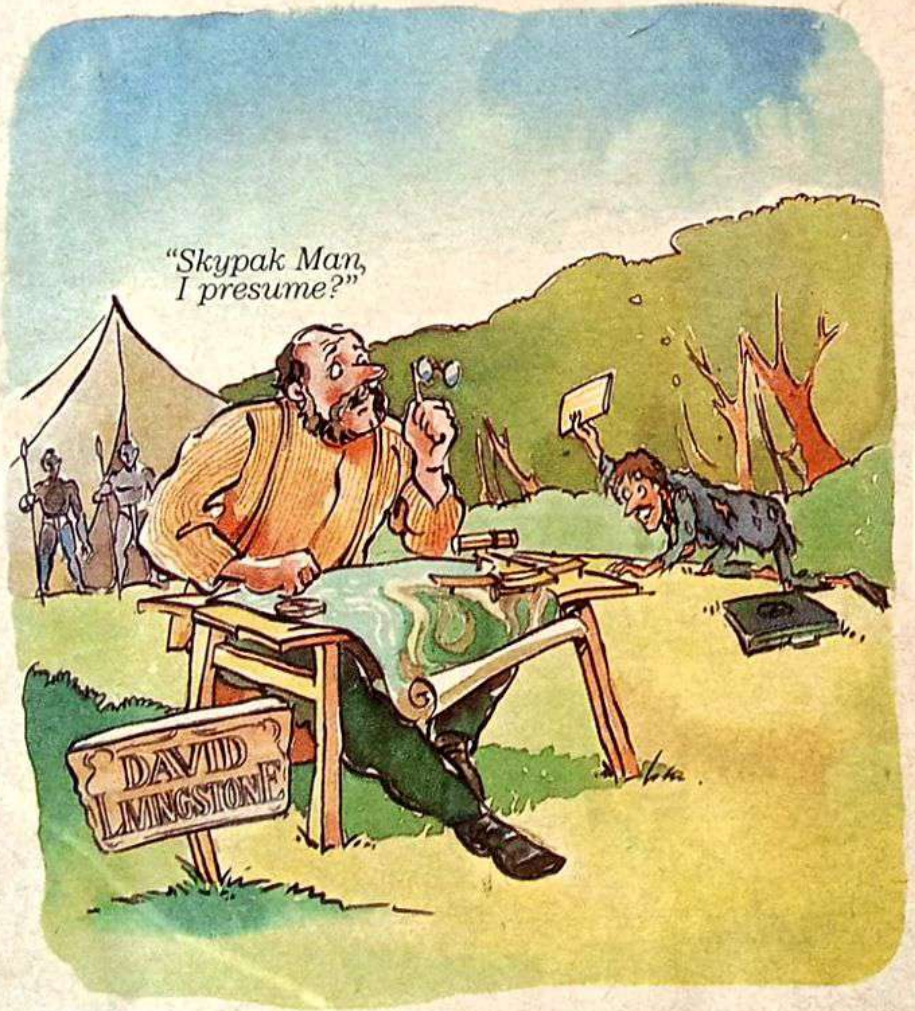

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him. He took thousands of photos. "With photography," he says, "I have begun to discover another Nature that the eye cannot perceive. This has given me the certainty that Nature is extremely generous."

WE TRAVELLED together throughout the Upper Negro River Basin, the North-west of the Amazon. From the bow of our boat, Frans captured the fantastic compositions of the setting sun on the water. I understood then the role of photography for him. The images that appear through his lenses are not just rare flowers, startling patches of sky or strange fragments of erupting rocks and fine sand; they are moments of pure emotion, moments of surprise and wonder for the artist as Nature captured his heart.

— Pierre Restany

THROUGH photography Krajcberg shows us his private world: ferrous ground in Itabirito, micrometry of Purus Algae, the marshes in Vicosa, the sands of Morro Branco, erosion in Manaus. He's a natural photographer, without tricks, filters, studios, capturing the beauty of the spontaneous.

In the Amazon, his photos record a forest that is disappearing, an old flowering *ipê* tree that next morning will be a log shipped out on a truck. "I want men to recognize the trees, the animals, the sands as our culture. Each moment of life should be enriched and

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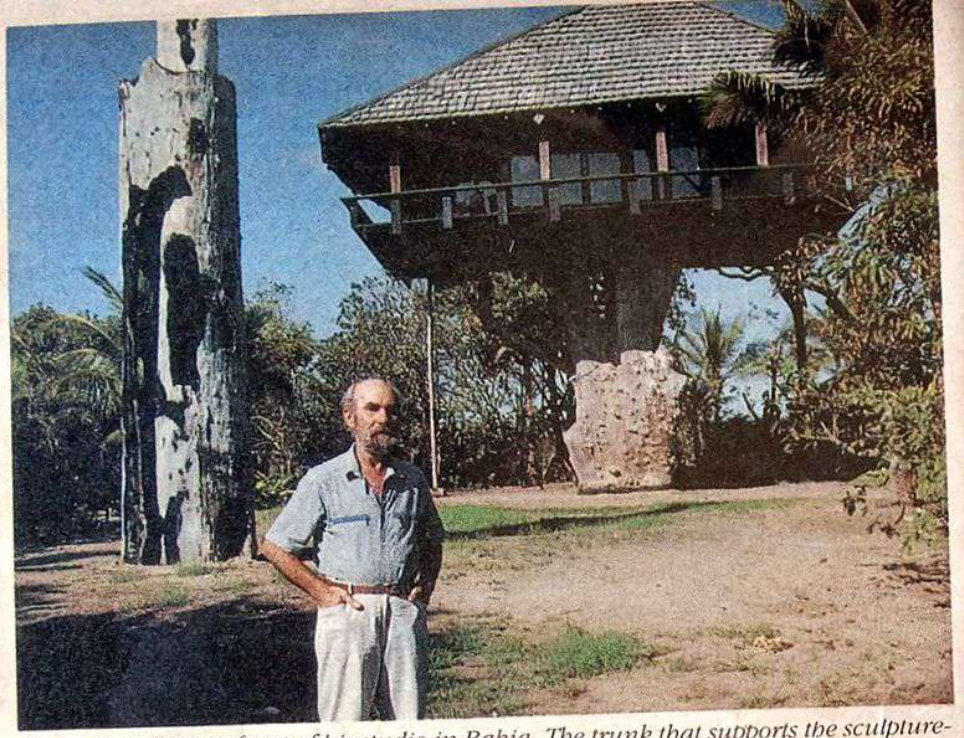


Frans Krajcberg in front of his studio in Bahia. The trunk that supports the sculpture-house weighs 40 tonnes, is 12 metres high and has a diameter of three metres

beautified by Nature."

KRAJCBERG portrays Brazil in its purest state and points out the mindless aggression practised by those who fail to respect the laws of Nature. Throughout his work and his life, Krajcberg has demonstrated his concern, his hope for a better future. He shows that we must preserve Nature at all costs, that this beauty must not become just part of a sad scrapbook of memories. — Alfredo Salazar, Jr

Food For Thought

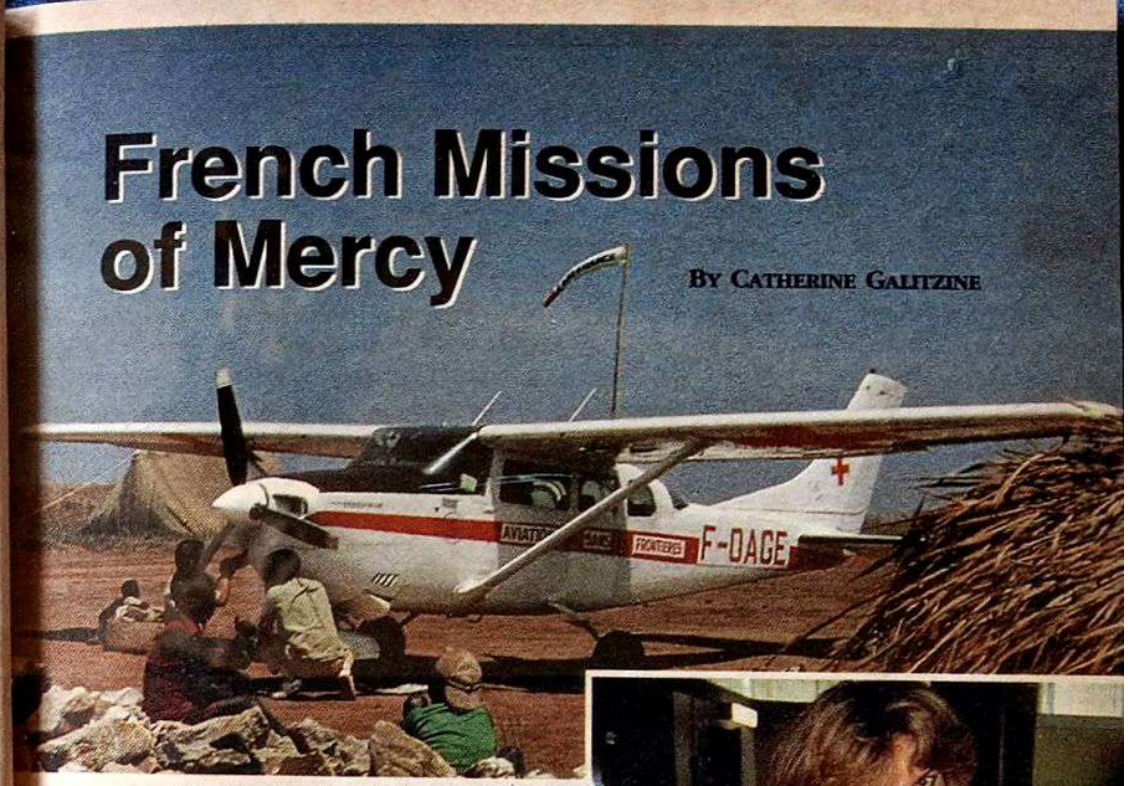
ON A call to service a well pump, I ran into every plumber's nightmare. The water continued to drip, making it impossible to solder the pipe. I recalled a trick my mentor had taught me: insert a piece of bread into the pipe to momentarily stop the water flow. The pipe can then be repaired, and the bread will dissolve.

So I asked the customer if I could have a piece of bread. A little later she returned and, saying that would not be enough for a hard-working man of my size, handed me a plate of sandwiches and a glass of milk.

— Wes Thoms, Canada

French Missions of Mercy

BY CATHERINE GALITZINE



The Cessna, bought in 1981, on a mission in Zaire. Right, a volunteer with two of her African charges

For more than a decade, Aviation Sans Frontières has offered solace and support to countless disaster victims all over the world

AT LUGAJOLE, Guinea-Bissau, Dr Ricardo Marquès enters a hut in the Portuguese medical outpost to examine a middle-aged African woman curled up in silent agony on a stretcher. Marquès gently prods her abdomen. His diagnosis is instantaneous: "Acute peritonitis. If she's not operated on immediately, she's had it."

He turns to another man in the hut: "I'm not equipped to do it here, Bernard. You'll have to take her to Bissau. Now!"

"Okay, we're on our way," replies Bernard Chauvreau, a 61-year-old French pilot who had arrived in Lugajole two days earlier in a small plane loaded with medicines.

After a 90-minute drive through

PHOTOS: ARCHIVES AVIATION SANS FRONTIÈRES

the bush to reach his plane, and an hour's flight, Chauvreau lands in Bissau, the country's capital. His passenger has lapsed into a semi-coma. The ambulance that is supposed to meet them is nowhere in sight, so he hails the driver of a fuel truck and persuades him to take them aboard. Then, at the hospital, no doctors are available. "You can leave," a nurse tells him. "We'll take care of her."

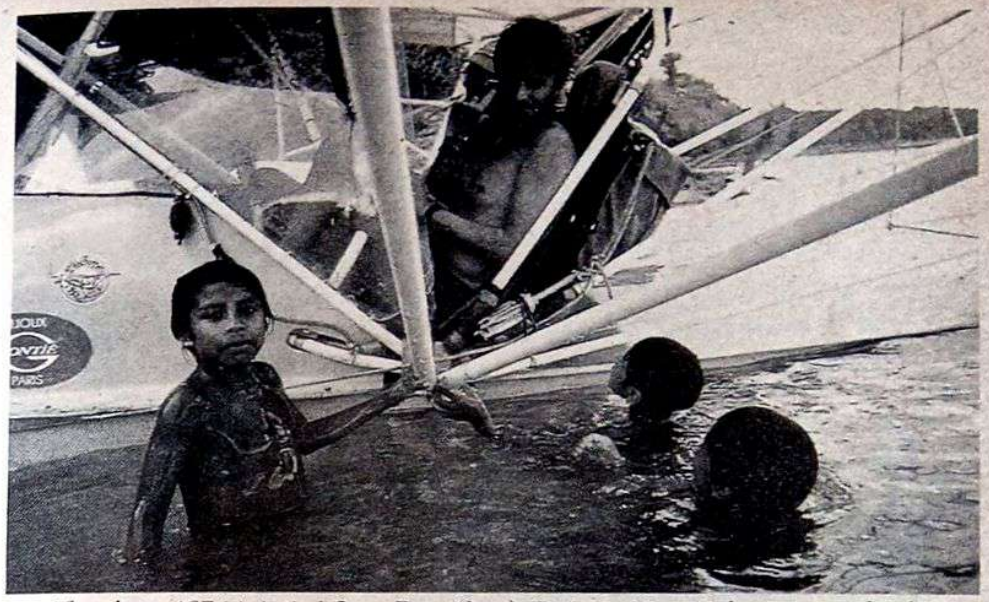
Pinning the woman's medical history to her robe, Chauvreau departs, feeling depressed at how slim her chances are. But three months later, on another errand in Guinea, Bernard learns with delight that the patient is alive and well and back in Lugajole.

Bernard Chauvreau is a member of Aviation Sans Frontières (ASF), a humanitarian organization founded by French airline pilots. For the past ten years pilots, mechanics, radio men and other ASF volunteers have provided air links for humanitarian organizations operating in the poorest and most inaccessible areas on earth. And during disasters, such as wars, famine, floods, earthquakes, they have flown hundreds of thousands of kilometres, carting tonnes of food and medicine, ferrying medical teams in and victims out, saving countless lives. "The volunteers of Aviation Sans Frontières enable humanitarian organizations everywhere to work efficiently without bankrupting themselves," says Rony Brauman, president of Médecins Sans Frontières (MSF). "In countries at war, our operation is completely dependent on their participation."

For example, in 1988 MSF set up five surgery-equipped field hospitals in the Sudan, where Muslims, animists and Christians have been at war for years. The organization's objective was to aid thousands of Dinka tribespeople who were trapped by the fighting and dying of hunger. Because the roads leading to the hospitals were mined, the medical teams asked ASF for help.

The small ASF plane began flying its shuttle in April 1989. In the first nine months, five French pilots and ten mechanics airlifted 432 Dinkas to safety and transported 24 tonnes of food and medicine into the area to help those still trapped. The operation continued until December 12, when veteran pilot Yvan Feliot's plane was shot down by a missile near Aweil, and Feliot, two MSF doctors and a World Food Programme official were killed. Without logistical support, MSF had to evacuate its medical team a few days later. "But for nine months we helped tens of thousands of people survive," says ASF's Patrick Moreau, in charge of light-plane missions.

Mutual support and generosity are aviation traditions. For example, in 1968 Boeing 707 pilot André Gréard had organized an airlift to ferry food to the people of Biafra. Soon after, Captain Georges Clerc did the same in the Sahel region of



Thanks to ASF (Aviation Sans Frontières), Dr Jean-Marc Fisher now makes his rounds in the Colombian jungle in an ultralight plane

the Sahara. So in 1979 Gérald Similowski, an Airbus pilot for Air France, went to Gréard with a plan. "Let's incorporate individual efforts into a single organization that would increase their effectiveness," he suggested. "All the humanitarian organizations face the same problem," he continued. "Transporting goods and equipment is time-consuming, costly and dangerous. Since we are transportation experts, why don't we work together to help them?"

To find out how many airline people would support him, Similowski sent out a questionnaire. He received over 1000 favourable replies from French flight crews. With this kind of backing, Aviation Sans Frontières was founded in March 1980. In May came the first call for help: to fly 22 tonnes of food and medicine to isolated groups in Chad on behalf of Médecins Sans Frontières and the aid organization Secours Populaire.

The ASF pioneers borrowed two aircraft from the French Postal Ministry. Piloted by volunteers, the planes carried out the operation on weekends. Other missions followed. When a severe famine hit Uganda, ASF promised to find a plane and furnish pilots and mechanics to help MSF medical teams stranded in remote areas by bad weather, primitive roads, mechanical breakdowns and murderous ambushes.

At first the association rented a five-seater wood-and-canvas aircraft for a nominal fee. Then, in April 1981, ASF acquired its own

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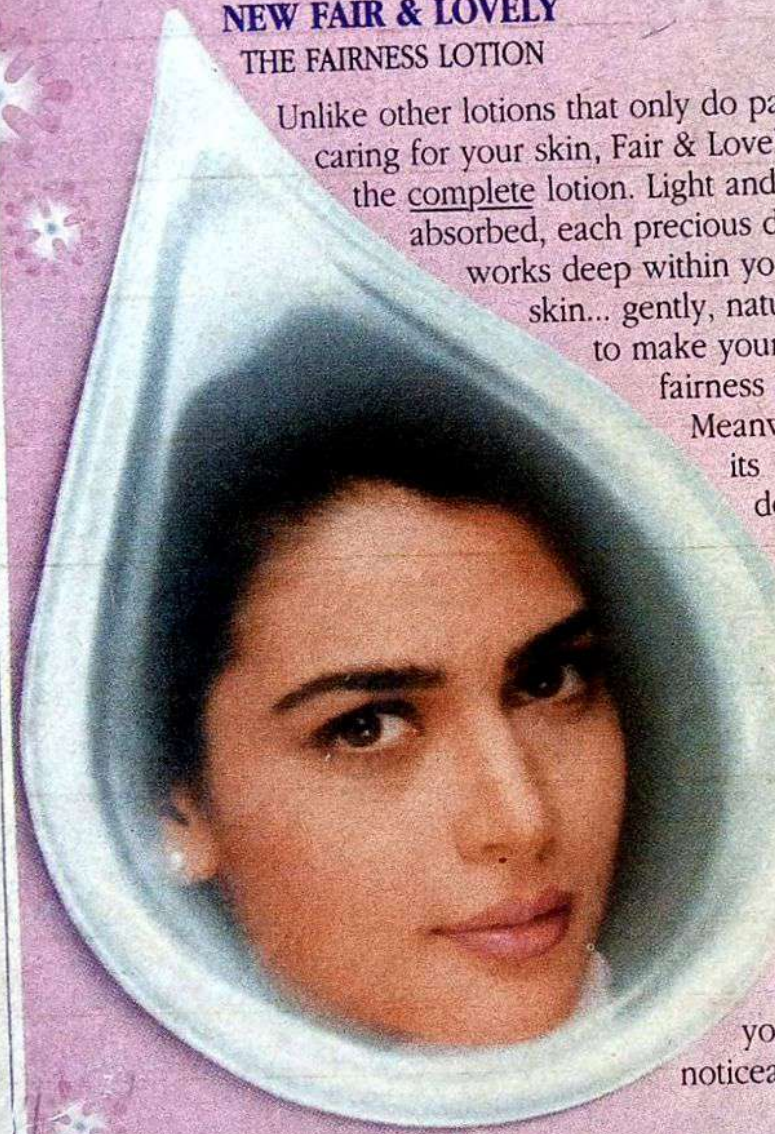

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plane, a second-hand Cessna bought in the United States, dismantled and shipped in a cargo plane that Boeing was selling to a French domestic airline. Two more planes joined the ASF fleet during the two years the association worked in Uganda aiding MSF and 14 other humanitarian groups.

In 1982 Similowski and his friends organized another kind of mission: aerial babysitting. Each year squadrons of Third World children come to Europe to join foster parents or for surgery. Because of their age and/or physical condition, they cannot travel alone. So why not place them in the care of flight attendants and nurses travelling for little or no fare on scheduled flights?

"Our volunteers go to fetch sick or undernourished children, many of whom have no family and speak no French," says Similowski. On May 12, 1990, for example, the phone rang in the ASF office at Orly Airport. "This is Chantal at la Chaîne de l'Espoir," said the caller. "We're bringing in two children with heart problems from Bucharest, Romania, for surgery. Can you find someone to accompany them?"

Two dozen phone calls later, former flight attendant Anne-Marie Bardon, in charge of medical convoys for the association, found an available Air France steward, Frank Ellena. He began immediately to organize the trip — obtaining his visa, reserving plane tickets, collecting the children's files and contacting

the temporary foster families who would shelter the children during their stay in France.

Frank met his two charges and their parents at Bucharest airport on Monday, May 28. He tried to get as much information about the children as he could to pass on to their foster families. Marius, a six-year-old with big, black, helpless-looking eyes, could not be persuaded to say a word. His 13-year-old friend, Théodore, who managed a few words of English, served as interpreter. That night at Orly, when the time came for Frank to turn them over to their foster parents, the children clung to him, reluctant to leave the last link with their past.

Steady Flow. Frank promised to phone them. It was 1:30 in the morning when he reached home — with just enough time for a shower and a quick nap before reporting for 4am duty at Charles de Gaulle airport. "We share an ideal at Aviation Sans Frontières," he says. "It's not hard to make an effort when you believe in something."

ASF people make 150 trips like this each year for such groups as Médecins sans Frontières, Terre des Hommes and la Chaîne de l'Espoir. Says Michel Hoffman, head of the Terre des Hommes programme in Geneva, "The money saved by sending an ASF escort to, say, Madagascar can be used towards the cost of open-heart surgery."

A third area in which ASF operates is "package routing" — the transport of packages containing ten kilos or less of medicines on regular airline flights. For example, in Bucharest a young man is badly burned in an explosion. His doctor calls Paris for a medication unavailable in Romania. As soon as retired radio officer Jean Clozier receives the package, he gives it to an ASF member who takes it to Charles de Gaulle Airport and locates a crew member aboard a flight for Bucharest willing to deliver the package to the airport manager on arrival. More than 17,000 packages so far have been passed along in this manner. "Compared to the volume of aid extended by governments or major organizations, what we do is small potatoes," Captain Similowski concedes. "But these shipments have a symbolic importance. They maintain a steady flow, and the people out there in the corners of Europe know they haven't been forgotten."

Today ASF has nearly 1200 members, of whom some 200 are willing to undertake missions for the group. They are people like Damien Chapuis, an Air France steward who every month gives Anne-Marie Bardon a list of the dates on which he is available to escort children. Or like André Fournerat, a 747 skipper who flies missions such as one in April 1990 to Romania to pick up 200 children and carry them back to vacations in France. Or like airline pilot Michel Bouchareine who operated a "bush taxi" for roving surgical teams in Chad.

Some of these people come to ASF in search of freedom, others out of love of Africa, still others to manifest their brotherhood. "We are neither heroes nor adventurers," Similowski insists. "But we are enterprising. And we bring to humanitarian work the seriousness, discipline and precision required in aviation."

ASF's Apaporis mission illustrates this professionalism. In December 1987 Patrick Moreau received a letter from a Dr Jean-Marc Fisher, a French physician who for years had provided medical care for the Macuna Indians deep in the Amazon jungle. "At present," he wrote, "I make my rounds in a motorized outrigger. Could they be made in an ultralight plane?"

Moreau immediately consulted Michel Barry, an engineer and an expert on Ultra Light Motorized planes (ULMs), who endorsed the idea — and Project Apaporis (named for the river that crosses Macuna tribal lands) was born. ASF found three sponsors for the operation, one of them an ULM maker who supplied a machine. Association mechanics Christian Hervé, René Ruet and Yves Bellanger equipped it with pontoons so it could land on the river and, at the age of 68, retired 747 captain Alain Castelnau learned to fly his first ULM. Moreau went to the Amazon to prepare the Indians for the craft's

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arrival and build a landing strip.

In October 1989 the dismantled machine was shipped to Colombia, where Bellanger and Castelnau reassembled it. And on December 7 Castelnau flew the aircraft into the jungle, setting it gently down on the river. The next job was to train Dr Fisher to pilot the craft. "We won't leave Fisher on his own," Moreau says, "until he can ride his ULM as easily as he does a moped."

Many pilots, flight attendants and mechanics who come to ASF for specific missions during their vacations end up enlisting for good. Project Apaporis mechanic Hervé, for example, returned to help Dr Fisher build a field hospital. "I see the volunteers before and after their missions," says Moreau. "When they return they are changed people. Seeing a kid with a swollen stomach dying of hunger on television is one thing. Holding him in your arms is something else again."

Adds Gérald Similowski, "Giving is not a purely material act. It demands compassion for the suffering of others. Whereas government humanitarian efforts are often short-lived, ours go on, and our solidarity with those affected is more human. We have created a network that brings hope to thousands of disaster victims all over the world."

Kid Sense

TWO LITTLE girls from the neighbourhood stopped by with a wagon-load of rocks and asked if I'd like to buy one. They were so excited about earning their own money that I purchased a few. As they were leaving, I heard one say to the other, "See, I told you. People will buy anything."

— Judy Wray

No Dog's Life!

OUR TWO dogs, a pointer and a mongrel, were missing. We had looked everywhere, but finally I had to go to work. I was a hotel porter, so dressed in my dark-blue uniform and white shirt, I left in my car, a large sedan.

On my way, I spotted our dogs sitting by a bus stop where some 20 people stood. I stopped the car, got out and held the passenger door open. The dogs climbed into the front seat. I then closed the door, got back in and drove off.

I'll never forget the faces of those people waiting for their bus, taking in the spectacle of two dogs, fetched by a uniformed chauffeur in a big car.

— H. Geertsma

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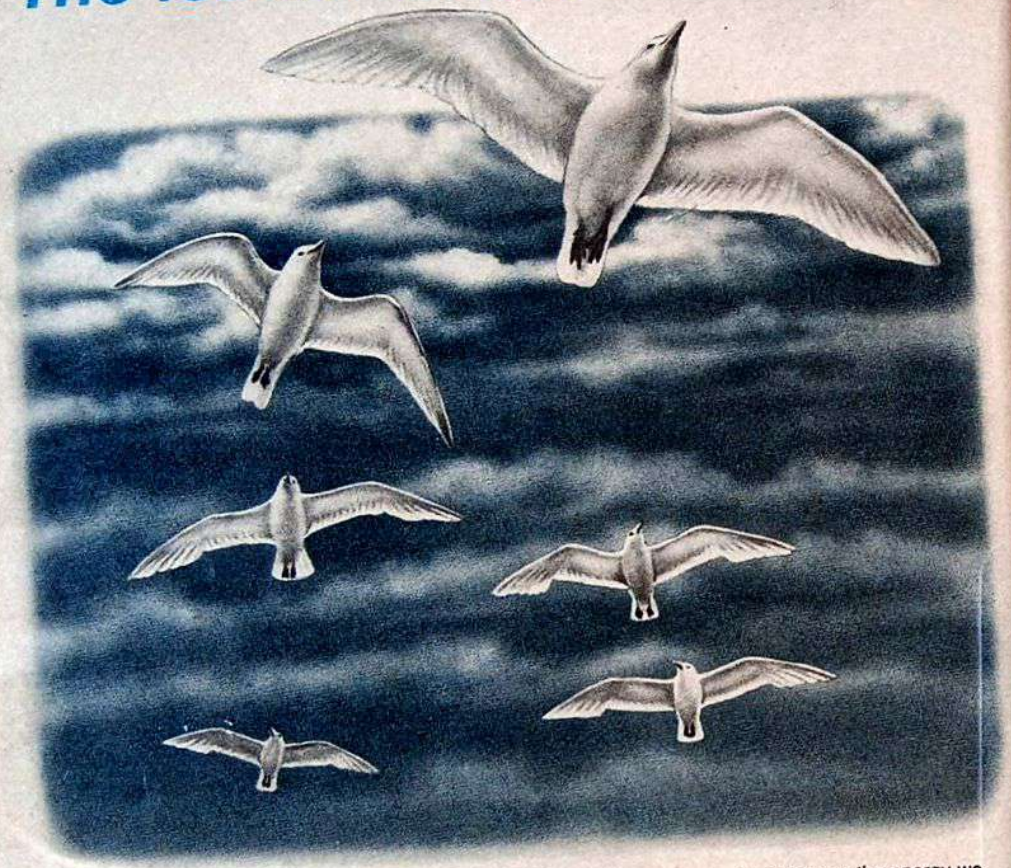

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Born A Leader, Always Ahead

Any job interview ultimately comes down to eight basic questions — and the right answers

Words That Get You Hired

BY DONALD AND DIANA STROETZEL

AT THE age of 44, with no job, two kids in college and a third about to start, Jim Day had fallen on rough times. Dismissed by his employer in a major cutback, Day had talked with nearly 200 people in his search for another management position. As he arrived for his first interview with a large glass company, however, he was smiling and confident. This time, he felt, he had a job-winning strategy.

In preparation, Day had listed questions that kept coming up in earlier, unsuccessful interviews. Then he had a friend ask him the questions in front of a home video camera. *Would I hire this person?* Day wondered as he watched himself on playback. No, he decided. "I sat sternly with arms folded — like a kid called to the principal's office. I rambled. What I thought was self-confidence came across as arrogance."

After more practice, Day knew he was ready. And sure enough, the glass company soon hired him as a regional vice president.

The same approach that helped Jim Day triumph over mid-life unemployment can work for others. "What you want to do is simply highlight your strong points," says Anne Weinstock, vice president of a firm that coaches people who've been fired in job-finding techniques. "Almost anyone can learn to carry off a good interview," adds placement consultant Evelyn Davis. "You may not be a salesperson, but

PHOTO: ERNEST COPPOLINO

you have a huge advantage. You know the product — yourself — better than anyone else."

Among applicants of equal ability, what any successful interview ultimately comes down to is giving the right answers to the right questions. In talks with job interviewers we pinpointed eight key questions that, in one form or another, almost every good interviewer asks:

1. "Who are you, really?" That's what your questioner wants to know when he or she greets you with "Tell me about yourself." The interviewer has already noted whether you arrived on time and are appropriately dressed. Now you have to make sure your first words impress favourably. In a concise, two-minute reply, you might talk about your education and work experience, bridging into why you're right for the job.

You should include a sentence that will make you memorable. For one winner, it was: "I graduated from an undistinguished college, but look at my job progression in ten years." That marked him as clever and hard-driving, and helped him outpace elite-school competitors.

Don't fudge facts. Attempting to disguise his age, the front-runner for a human-resources vice presidency said he'd graduated from college five years later than he really had. But his attempt to be taken for 52, not 57, backfired when the interviewer checked on his grades. He was instantly ruled out for lack of integrity.

2. "Why are you on the job market?" The interviewer will be alert for deceptions. Be direct and quick. Never breaking eye contact, Jim Day said with a chuckle, "I was the victim of a downsizing plan I designed myself." A simple, straightforward answer can also work: "I had philosophical differences with a new group of bosses." Another readily understood explanation is: "The job they put me in wasn't the one I was hired for and didn't suit me."

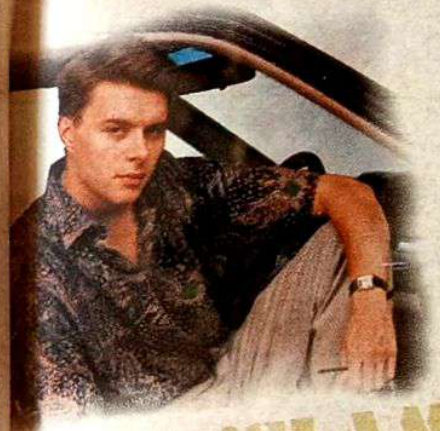
Even if you were fired, "your best answer is always the honest one," notes veteran interviewer Thomas Fay, a corporate senior vice president. "There's also much more tolerance of job hopping — once frowned upon."

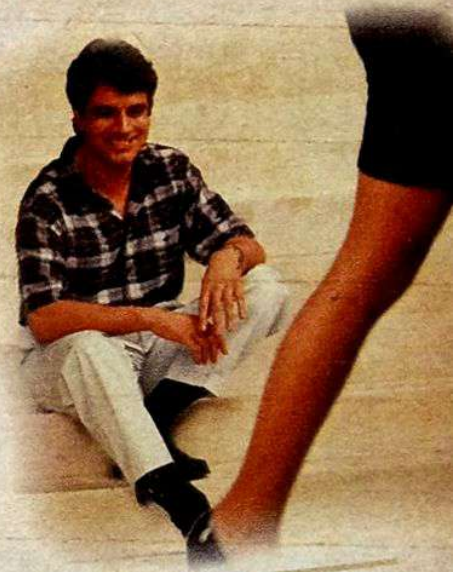
3. "What can you do for us?" The interviewer is seeking evidence that you researched his company. In a survey of 320 company recruiters, placement director Victor Lindquist found that "lack of knowledge about the company and industry" ranked with "arrogance/cockiness" and "poor oral communication" as principal job-interview turnoffs. "Failure to prepare tells me the person lacks discipline and doesn't care," says human-resources director Janet Sansone.

4. "What are your strengths?" High energy level? Enthusiasm? Assertiveness? Decisive-

EUROPE WEARS ZODIAC

HOW ABOUT YOU ?





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ness? Maturity? Social sensitivity? Results? Tough-mindedness? "We look for all of the above," says Patricia Coyle, a senior vice president of a banking group. Back your assertions with concrete examples from work or college. "I sold more tickets for the college play than any other student" would be good evidence for a recent graduate.

Don't say "I can do anything you need." The interviewer wants more focus. But don't define your scope too narrowly. "We don't want people to be just underwriters, claims adjusters or marketers," says insurance-company recruiting director Toni Nabholz. "They must also demonstrate computer literacy and ability to communicate — skills that will help them grow."

"With managers pressed to do more with less, the age of specialization is over," notes executive recruiter Barth Holohan. "Interviewers want a new hand to be adaptable to a fast-changing world."

5. "What are your weaknesses?" Probing for candour, honesty and good psychological balance, executive recruiter Robert Heidrick often says, "Tell me about one of your failures." The wrong answer: "I can't think of any." It's an unrealistic egocentric who is above flopping once in a while. "But don't go to the opposite extreme and lift up the hair looking for warts," counsels Weinstock.

Safe ground is the "weakness" that is really overuse of a strength. Example: "Sometimes people mistake my decisiveness for impatience, but I have learned to watch how I express things."

Always try to show you profited from your mistake. One young engineering student, on a wrestling scholarship, nearly flunked out of university after partying through his first year. But during interviews in his final year, he told recruiters: "I bounced back by applying the same quality — tenacity — that I needed to pin an opponent." He received multiple job offers.

6. "What type of boss do you like?" Forget the wisecrack like "One I see once a year." And don't knock your last boss. The interviewer is probing for whether you're likely to have boss conflicts.

Here's the ideal boss as defined by one successful executive: "A competent and strong leader I can learn from, who will let me take chances, coach me and be critical of me when I need it."

7. "What are your most significant accomplishments?" Some bosses never hire anyone who can't list at least one outstanding achievement. Write down what made you proudest in each of the past five years. Wherever possible, provide numbers to show scope: "By introducing computerized typesetting, I saved my company Rs5 lakhs a year."

8. "What salary are you looking for?" Don't bring up pay in an initial interview. Your prospective

employer will typically talk compensation in the second or third interview, just before making an offer. If pressed, don't quote a low figure, revealing lack of confidence in your worth, or ask for too much maybe scaring off the prospect. Give a range.

Job interviews often close with a question such as "Is there anything you'd like to bring up that we haven't talked about?" This is a good time to ask about job content, the boss's expectations, and why the last person who had the job left. Intelligent questions impress, reminding the interviewer that you have to be satisfied too.

As parting words, summarize why you'd be right for the job. After practising, the correct comment should come easily — and help get you hired over candidates less prepared for winning interviews.

Foot in Mouth

A YOUNG mother enlisted the help of a friend in taking her infant identical twins to the doctor. Since the waiting area was full, the two women, each with a twin, were seated on opposite sides of the room. After a few minutes someone commented, "It's amazing how much those two babies look alike!"

The friend was quick to reply, "Well, they should. They have the same father."

— Peggy Spalding

Facing Facts

YOU'D THINK that grown-ups would have settled long ago on a standard explanation to young children's Big Question: "How do babies get started?" It could be printed in several languages on small cards and, say, tucked into people's electric bills every month. The time always comes — as it did recently in our house — when the Big Question must be met directly. "Well, uh, a baby starts from a tiny, tiny egg, much smaller than the eggs in the refrigerator, uh, uh." Because of our explanation's incomplete nature, the Big Question is going to come up again, probably sooner than we expect, and while wrestling with the Big Question we realize how unbelievable the Big Answer is. The way plants get started is fairly plausible; the way people get started is not. It sounds like science fiction. And the most remarkable thing about it is that you scarcely have a chance to catch your breath before the result of it is cornering you in the kitchen and asking you to explain the trick.

— David Owen in *The Atlantic*

What's so great about my room ? It's maha –cool ! I share it with Madonna, Snoopy, comics, junk and zappy colours. See my walls ? Horizon Blue. Rose Neyron. Julia Green. Special Brick. Radiance. Superlac's Super shades. Real neat. Check it out !

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Notes From All Over

FOR 364 days a year, Kilpisjarvi, Finland, is just a remote town in the far northern reaches of Arctic Lapland, whose main inhabitants are reindeer and, in summer, swarms of bloodthirsty insects that rise from the boggy tundra. On the last Sunday in July, however, the whine of bugs is joined by the polyglot babble of paddlers who've arrived to enter the seven-day Arctic Canoe Race.

The event is advertised as the world's toughest canoe race. For stamina, this 537-kilometre odyssey ranks with such gruelling races as the Tour de France and the Iditarod. For challenge, it has nasty, changeable weather and dangerous, boat-demolishing rapids rated Class IV and even Class V, which is the second most difficult navigable white-water rating. The race has never had more than a hundred entrants, and no one has ever died while participating. But those who finish emerge bruised, bitten, stiff, chafed, blistered and tendinitized. — Andrew Nemethy in *Outside*

THOUSANDS of free-roaming pets in Johannesburg are put down by the SPCA each year because the animals carry no form of identification, but a new system may solve this problem. A tiny microchip is injected into the animal with a pre-programmed number that can be recovered with scanning equipment. The procedure is painless and costs about R50 (Rs450).
— Monica Nicolson in *The Star*, Johannesburg

THROUGHOUT Eastern Serbia, some newly rich peasants with hefty consumer appetites and a thriving cult of the dead have been building houses on the graves of their relatives, as a show of respect. Some people have even furnished their grave houses with stoves, refrigerators, televisions, video recorders and other appurtenances that they are sure their relatives' spirits will enjoy in the afterlife. According to an old Slavic belief, if a dead man's relatives neglect or forget him, his spirit will return to cause crop failure and family ruin.

The people who build the grave houses are mostly those who profited handsomely by selling produce in Belgrade's farm markets and by working abroad for hard currency, says Ivan Kovacevic, a Belgrade University professor of cultural anthropology. "They have so much money that they are eager to spend, and there is no other way to invest it," reports Kovacevic. Other anthropologists say that the grave-house phenomenon would fade away as Yugoslavia adopts a market-based economy that would give people the opportunity to invest in more practical ways.

— Chuck Sudetic in New York *Times*

THE OMAN government is so fussy that citizens can be fined for driving a dirty car or leaving a building unpainted. Air conditioners must be concealed by wooden lattices; construction sites and laundry lines must be shielded from view. Such a passion for the pristine wouldn't seem shocking in Scandinavia. But in a region renowned for dust and discord, this small Arab nation is a blinding oasis of order.

When Qaboos bin Said seized power in 1970, he set about prettifying his kingdom. All new structures — even bus shelters — must incorporate Islamic architectural features. Homes can be painted only in traditional pastel colours. To ensure that his edicts are obeyed, Sultan Qaboos surreptitiously tours his realm, checking roadside decorations and ordering eyesores demolished. Litterbugs, of course, are harshly punished: a $50 fine on a first offence, imprisonment on the second.

— Tony Horowitz in *The Wall Street Journal*

ARE EXTRATERRESTRIALS sending us signals? NASA wants to know. It plans to launch a ten-year search for extraterrestrial intelligence — or SETI — in October 1992, 500 years after Christopher Columbus arrived in the New World. The SETI programme will be the largest such investigation ever, involving scientists worldwide. Part of the search will focus on some 800 sun-like stars, and another segment will scan the entire sky. Computers will tune in to as many as 30 million radio channels at once.

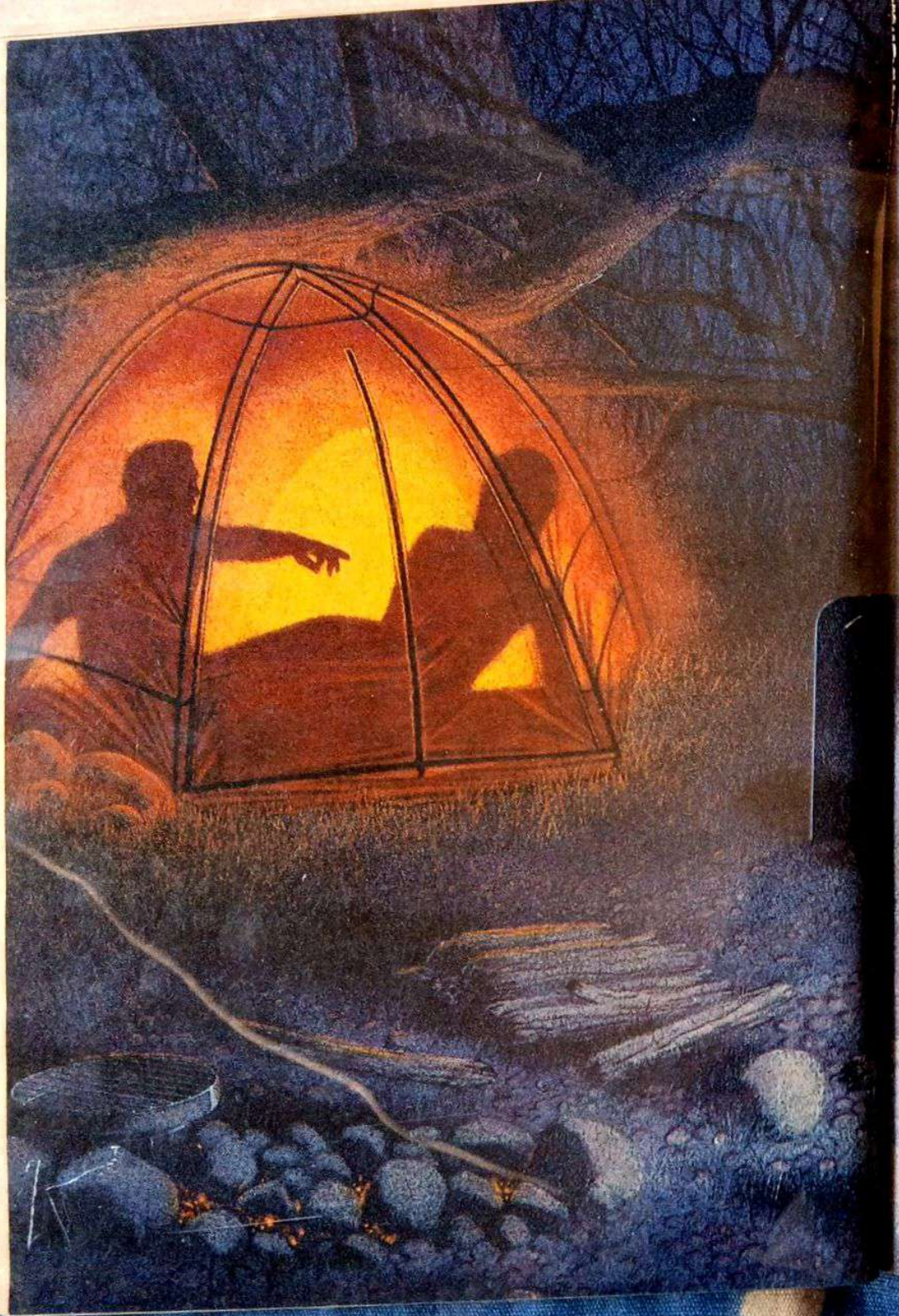
Scientists will try only to receive signals, not send them. Any extraterrestrials that are already communicating probably use methods more developed than ours. "We would be the technological infants," says NASA astronomer Michael Klein. "It makes more sense for us to listen."

— *National Geographic World*

THE NEW $250,000 sculpture decorating the courtyard at Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) headquarters contains a secret message so difficult to unscramble that it is spooking the spy agency's cleverest code-busters. The 2000-letter encrypted brain teaser's meaning is known only to sculptor Jim Sanborn and the CIA's director.

The work, "Kryptos," erected outside the employee cafeteria, offers a tantalizing challenge to the lunchtime crowd. "Everyone wants to break the code," says Sanborn. "They're out there, down on their knees, trying to figure it out. Some take photographs. One guy copied the whole thing on paper." A "friend of a friend" told Sanborn that frustrated CIA operatives sent a copy of the message to their arch-rivals at the National Security Agency to run through their supercomputer. "The last I heard," he relayed, "they hadn't got very far."

— AP



Drama in Real Life

"I'm a bloodhound," he told her. "You can't get away from me"

TERROR IN THE NIGHT

BY DAVE SHIFLETT

FOR A city girl like Tracy Andrews, camping near Arizona's Superstition Mountains promised the adventure of a lifetime. Jutting fiercely out of the desert, the Superstitions offered the 19-year-old the appeal of a wilderness she had known only through books and movies.

Tracy and her boyfriend, Rick Brough, 24, drove a truck to the Burnt Corral campground and had just pitched their tent when Larry Pritchard, another camper, stopped by. The 1.82-metre, 135-kilo fount of friendliness had come to make sure the city dwellers were settling in comfortably. Pritchard was something of an invalid, but he hobbled around with his cane and pet dog, Molly. His presence reassured Tracy. "Larry's the kind of guy I would like to have for a neighbour," she said.

Everyone seemed friendly, including the stranger in the blue truck who ambled up as Rick and Tracy sat around their campfire the second night. "Knock, knock," he said. "My name's Robert, and this is my son Mitchell." Tall, lean and carrying a drink, Robert Comer was slightly tipsy. "Your friend's up at our place partying," he continued. "Come on over."

Tracy and Rick declined the invitation, but welcomed Comer again when he and the eight-year-old boy returned later. "Mitchell and I like to cut wood," Comer explained as he dropped a night's

ILLUSTRATION: DAVID BECK

supply beside the fire. The daytime temperature was about 15 degrees, but the February nights were really cold.

"OKAY, EVERYBODY up!" Tracy and Rick sat bolt upright in their sleeping bags. The campsite was flooded by headlight beams; someone was screaming at them from outside the tent.

"Get out of there or I'll blow your heads off! This is the police, and this is a raid!"

Confused, Rick and Tracy stumbled towards the bright lights. As Rick got out of the tent, he was pushed face-first into the dirt. Tracy recognized the man: Robert Comer. Beside him stood a stocky woman, pointing a rifle at them.

"I'll blow you sky-high!" Comer shouted. "I'm your worst nightmare!" Turning to the woman, he shouted, "Get me the handcuffs!"

Tracy and Rick had heard stories of rural police officers who roughed up suspected drug smugglers. And the intruders had flashed a badge of some kind.

Knowing they'd done no wrong, Rick and Tracy sat passively as Comer bound their wrists and ankles, then wrapped tape around their heads, partially covering their mouths. Comer shoved Rick and Tracy into their vehicle, leaving the woman behind.

Down the road, Comer pulled into a dry creek bed. "It's a long way to jail," he said. "If you've got to go to the bathroom, now's the time."

As Comer led Tracy from the truck, a new wave of panic struck her. Comer first lashed Rick to the truck's bumper. Then he drew a 30-centimetre-long knife, slashed Tracy's long underwear, and in the glare of the headlights raped her — right next to Rick.

Afterwards, putting his pistol to Rick's head, Comer turned to Tracy and said, "You know I have to kill him."

"Please, don't do that!" Tracy pleaded. "He won't do anything." Comer put away his gun, tied up Rick, covered him with a blanket and kicked him into the brush. "You try to rescue her and I'll kill her," he promised. Then he drove off with Tracy into the starless night. It was 2:30am.

SENSELESS violence had been a way of life for Comer. During a late-1970s spree, he'd raped a young girl and less than 24 hours later stabbed a stranger in the back at a fast-food restaurant. His trip to the Burnt Corral campground had begun weeks before in Sacramento County, California, where authorities claim he murdered a man and then stole his vehicle. Travelling east with his girlfriend, Juneva Willis, and her two small children — Mitchell and ten-year-old Sarah — Comer, 30, was suspected of pulling an armed robbery in Salt Lake City and breaking into cabins in Colorado

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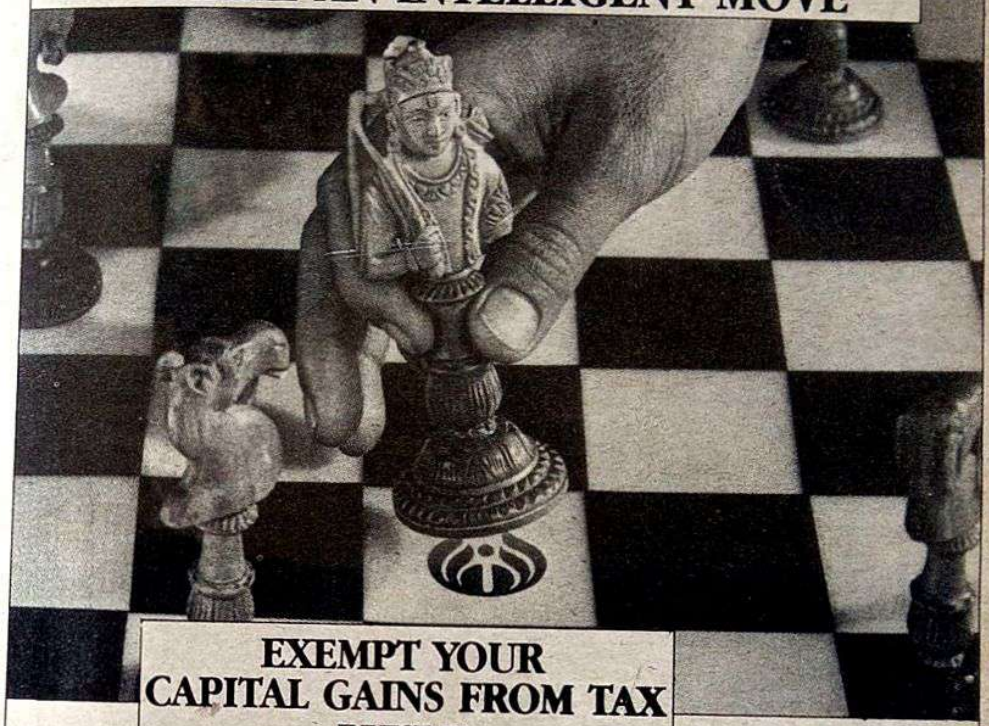

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to steal food and guns.

CLAD ONLY in a sweat suit and socks, Rick lay beneath the blanket, shaking with cold and thinking, *Can this really be happening?* He started praying.

As he prayed for a miracle, Rick squirmed uncomfortably: Comer had left him lying on top of a rock — one with a razor-sharp edge. Rick cut his bonds and began making his way towards what he thought was the road. Unable to see in the pitch blackness, he stepped into a mass of thorns. *Wait until there's light,* he thought, wrapping himself in the blanket.

AS THE truck bounced up the steep mountain road, Tracy also prayed silently. Comer had ditched her truck and dragged Tracy into his vehicle, where Juneva Willis was waiting. Learning that Rick had been left alive, Willis asked Comer, "Why didn't you kill him?"

Tracy made two disturbing discoveries: Mitchell and Sarah were in the back of the truck, under a tarpaulin. And on the floor was Molly, Larry Pritchard's dog. Only one

thing could explain Molly's presence: Comer must have killed Pritchard.

Comer drove through the night, crossing into the rugged Mazatzal Mountains. Stopping occasionally, he warned Tracy, "Remember, city girl, if you try to get away, I'll shoot you in the kneecaps and leave you for the wolves." To emphasize his point, Comer tossed a piece of mouldy sausage in front of the truck, and when Molly dashed to retrieve it, he shot and killed her.

At the top of a peak, after five hours of driving, the truck ran out of petrol. Comer cut Tracy's bonds, forced her into the woods and raped her again.

AS THE sun rose, Rick walked back to the camp, where he met two hunters who drove him 11 kilometres to a phone. At the campsite, officers discovered Larry Pritchard's body beneath a pile of firewood. He had been shot through the head, and his throat was cut. *My God,* Rick thought, *Tracy is with a homicidal maniac.*

Assisted by military helicopters, authorities began scouring the area. Their overriding fear: Tracy would not be found alive.

TRACY wanted to make breakfast for the children. Looking at them broke her heart: dirty faces, matted hair, the girl with a large burn across her leg. But Comer ordered they were to have no breakfast.

Though terrified of Comer, the children quickly warmed to Tracy. Now, they told her, she could live with them too. "Mother will make you moccasins like she will for us." Tracy looked down to see the children's toes sticking out of their ill-fitting shoes.

Even Willis had moments of seeming friendliness. Occasionally, she would touch Tracy's arm and whisper, "It's going to be okay."

Apparently believing he had intimidated Tracy into submission, Comer turned to chopping firewood. "If you're going to go," Willis confided to Tracy, "you better go now. This is the busiest he'll ever get, and he'll never let you go."

"I can't take you with me," Tracy said softly to the children. "But if he comes, don't tell him what direction I went in."

Tracy glanced at the clock in the truck. It was 7:59am. Then she ran, with no idea where she was going, with no shoes, only socks, crashing through snow and rocks, cactuses and thorns. She gave herself a stern order: *You will not feel the pain. You will not give up.*

Only minutes later, Comer returned and noticed Tracy had vanished. "Which way did she go?" he shouted. Willis pointed in the direction she had told Tracy to flee. Grabbing his rifle, Comer fired several shots into the brush.

THE FOUR peaks area of the Mazatzal Mountains is character-

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ized by steep, soaring slopes and narrow valleys. Its desert plants are covered with thorns and spines. Tracy, praying the snow would numb her feet, was propelled by the fear that Comer was right behind her. "I'm a bloodhound," he had told her. "You can't get away from me."

As she ran, Tracy discovered strengths. For 13 years she had been a figure skater, and she was in excellent physical shape. Cutting through the savage brush, she tried to calm herself by recalling the music that had accompanied her as she glided across the ice: Ravel, Mozart, Tchaikovsky.

She also developed an alter ego modelled after her demanding schoolteachers. Whenever she slowed, this new, strong voice chided her: *Get going, you sissy.*

She reminded herself, as well, of her "three miracles." The first was being adopted by loving parents. The second was meeting Rick. The third was in the making: *I will survive this.*

As Tracy ran through the snow and cactuses, she thought, *I have been visited by angels before. They will not abandon me now.*

Before long, Tracy's feet were totally numb. Long spines from a big cactus drove deep into her thighs.

At midday she came upon a waterfall that blocked her escape.

Could she double back? No — she might run into Comer. Edging her way out onto the slick rocks, Tracy lost her footing and dropped through the torrent, smashing her head on a rock and knocking herself unconscious. Mercifully, the shock of the freezing water quickly revived her, and she struggled to the bank.

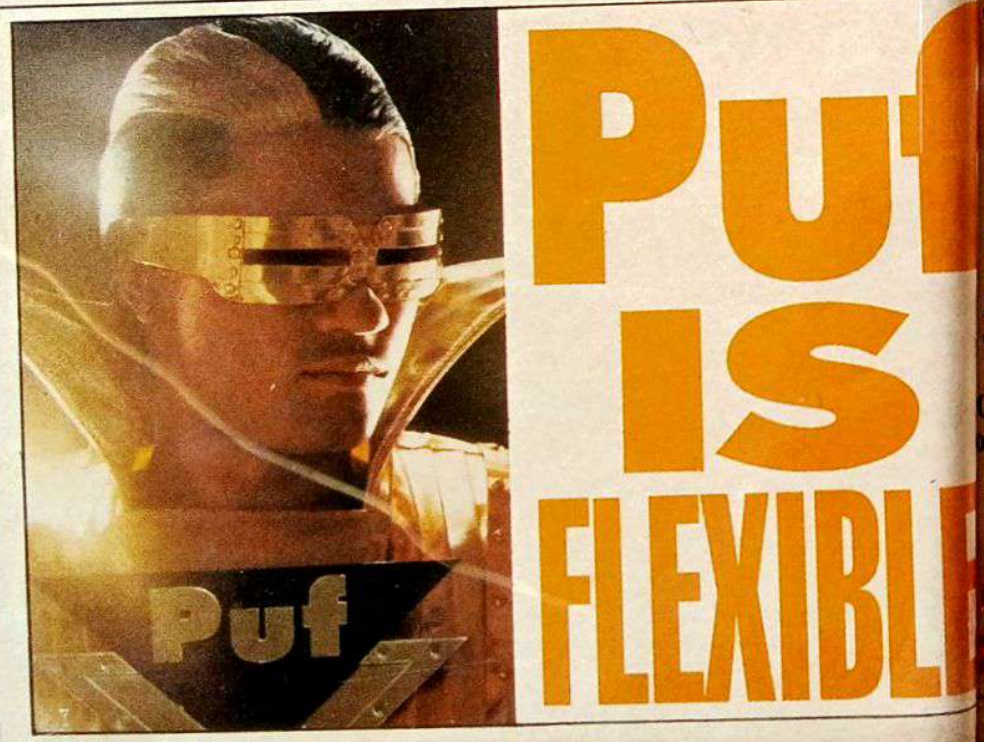
Night brought another miracle: a sky full of stars. *God is with me,* she thought. *He is lighting my way.*

However, the fear of Comer would not leave her, even as exhaustion demanded she stop and rest. *Has he been trailing me,* she wondered, *waiting until I'm almost free before finally finishing me off?*

Comer wasn't the only wild animal that concerned her. Two wolves came close to her, showing an unnerving interest in her feet. In a nearby tree, she saw a mountain lion watching her.

AS THE sun burst across the desert, the new day brought a brilliant sunrise and welcome sounds: an orchestra of birds and later, in the distance, the most beautiful music of all — the sound of passing cars. Tracy staggered down the road, rejoicing, still running from Comer 24 hours after her escape.

"I've been raped and kidnapped!" she told Bob McCollum, the first driver who stopped. "And I



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can't feel my feet." Severely blistered, they were swollen to over twice their normal size.

McCollum took Tracy to a hospital in a nearby town. As the news of her escape spread, Tracy had a waiting room full of well-wishers, bearing gifts of food and clothes.

Eight hours after Tracy's rescue, police discovered Comer's abandoned truck. An hour later, they found Comer behind a bush. He had buried his pistol, but he brandished his rifle at the approaching officers. He finally surrendered and was airlifted out of the mountains under heavy guard.

Comer was sentenced to 353 years for armed robbery, kidnapping and sexual assault, among other charges. He was sentenced to death for the murder of Larry Pritchard. Says prosecutor K.C. Scull, "Robert Comer is one of the two or three cruellest people I have ever encountered in my 28 years of law enforcement. He is truly a monster." Juneva Willis received 9½ years for kidnapping; her children are being raised by relatives.

TRACY and Rick were married after their ordeal, on July 14, 1990. Doctors had feared Tracy's feet might have to be amputated, but, surprisingly, they healed. She still has a lump on her head from her plunge down the waterfall.

The nightmare failed to drive Tracy and Rick from the desert. Indeed, their favourite pastime remains camping in the mountains, including the Mazatzals. They now live less than 50 kilometres from the jail where Robert Comer sits on death row.

Season of Goodwill

AFTER nearly five years of wartime service, I had hoped to spend the first peacetime Christmas at home in Britain. Instead, I found myself on duty in the Signal Section office of the 17th Indian Infantry Division — alone and feeling miserable.

As I passed the time reading, I became aware of the sounds of carol singing and, peering into the darkness, saw a group of sarong-clad Burmese approaching. I stood in the doorway and they sang *Noel* especially for me. My despondency disappeared. I thanked them warmly. Then, as they prepared to move away, I noticed that the man carrying the lantern was crippled. He took the hand of one of his companions and all the others followed behind in single file, each holding on to the person in front.

Only then did I realize that all of them, except the crippled leader, were blind. From a nearby Christian mission, they had been practising for weeks — I later learnt — to sing for the British soldiers. — T. Fox

College Rags

AS PART of our college's annual ragging process, we seniors assigned an unfortunate newcomer to leave a frog on our new principal's desk.

The next morning the principal visited our class and distributed small gift boxes to us all. We eagerly opened the boxes and jumped in panic as a frog leapt out of each one. Only then did we learn that our ragging victim was the principal's son. — Ashwini Bhanagay, Pune

ENTERING our dormitory laundryroom to do the week's wash, I noticed that the floor was covered with white fluff. One of the dryers was also full of fuzzy stuff.

Someone had stuck a note on the dryer: "I *told* you not to wash the poodle." — Kathy Dane

THE NEW college library where I worked gave each employee a T-shirt with a Dewey Decimal System map of the bookshelves to help acquaint us with the layout. I often wore a blouse over my T-shirt.

One day, a timid-looking student approached me in the stacks. "Can you tell me where the 800's are?"

"I can do better than that," I replied, unbuttoning my blouse to locate my map.

"That's okay, lady," he blurted out. "It's only a book I'm looking for, honest." — Mary Cole

AS A university admissions officer, one of my responsibilities was to process questionnaires from newly admitted students in order to get information for the chaplain's staff. A question for those of Christian faith was: "What is your church preference?"

One aspiring student — possibly a future architect — answered succinctly: "Gothic." — Henry Evans

AN ECONOMICS professor was teaching his students about the stock market and directed them to invest imaginary accounts, keeping track of all gains and losses. He also advised them to diversify their holdings.

One theology student was doing particularly well, but decided to sell everything and invest it all in a bakery. He had heard that it was a take-over target, which would cause the stock to rise. This failed to happen, however, and the price dropped, almost ruining him financially.

The professor asked if he had learned anything from the exercise. "Man does not live by bread alone," said the theology student. — T. Winters

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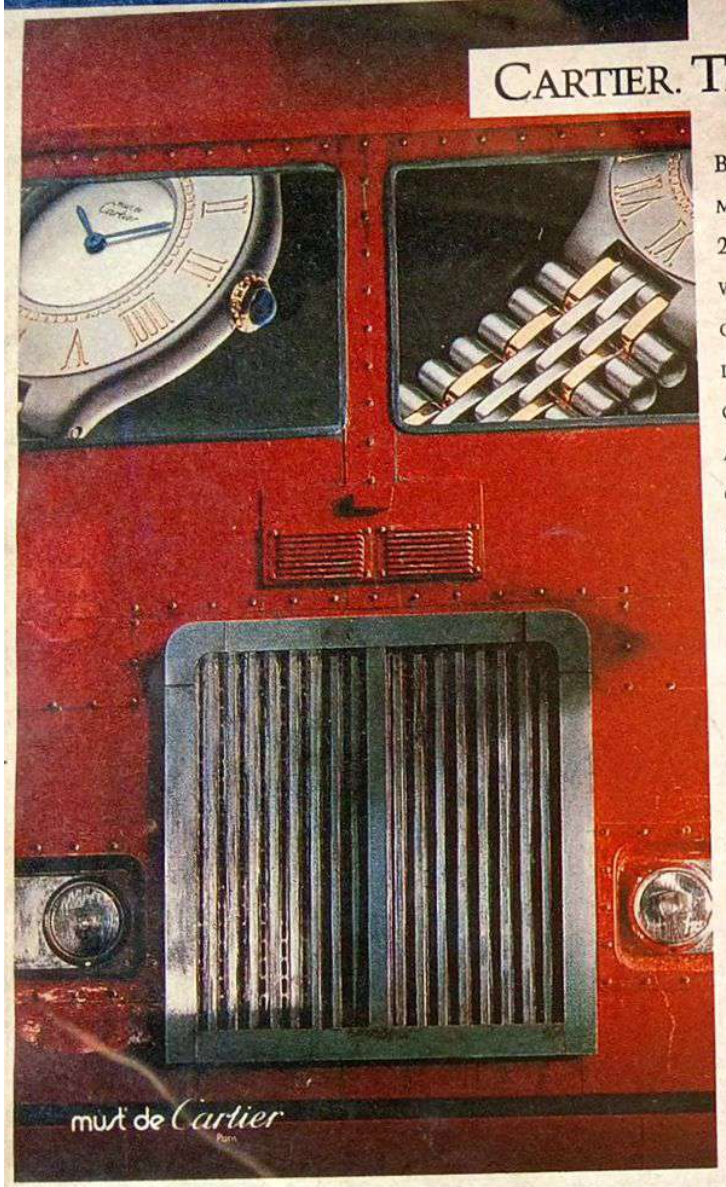

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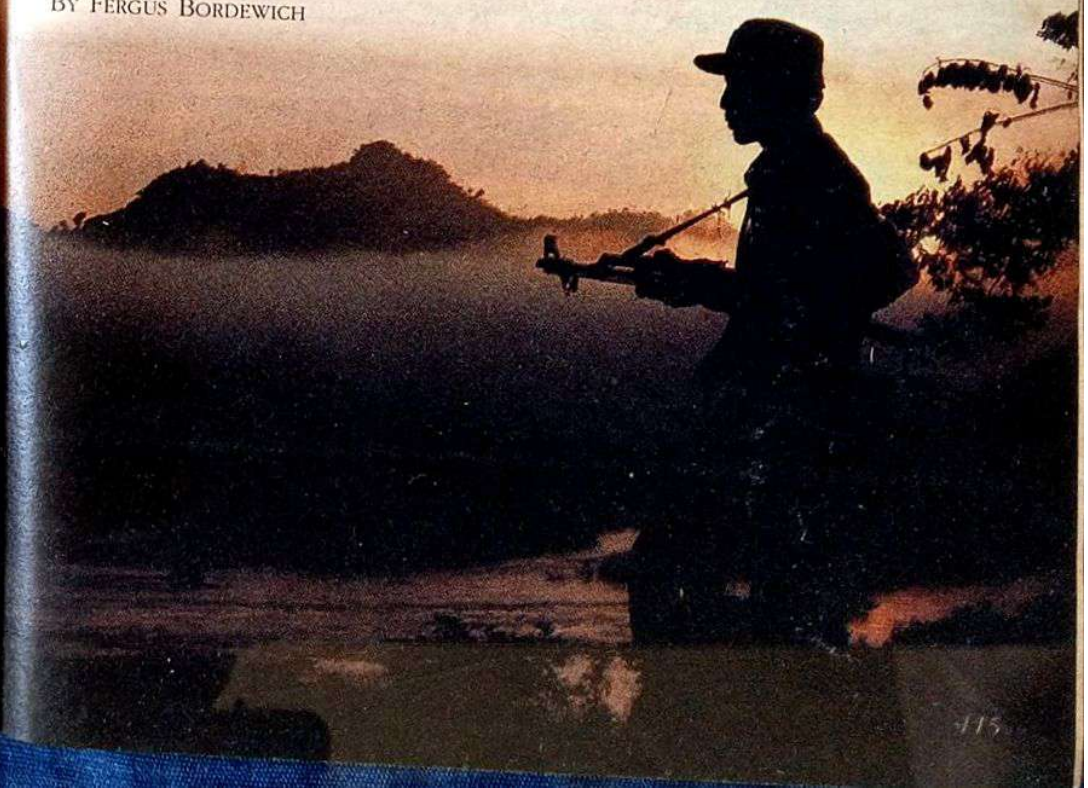
Until Aung San Suu Kyi won the Nobel Peace Prize in October, the plight of the oppressed people of Burma was largely ignored. Few world leaders spoke on their behalf. Journalists, regularly barred from entering the country, rarely focused on their fate. But for years, thousands of brave men and women have struggled for freedom against the military dictatorship that rules Burma (now called Myanmar). Earlier this year, Reader's Digest Staff Writer Fergus Bordewich secretly journeyed into Burma for this exclusive report:

RAPE OF THE GOLDEN LAND

BY FERGUS BORDEWICH

AT THE headquarters of Burma's freedom fighters, in the remote village of Manerplaw, a wooden arch leading to a parade ground is emblazoned with the famous words of American Revolutionary War hero Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death." And a soldier's tomb is crudely embossed with the last words of



another American patriot, Nathan Hale: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The front lines of the battle for freedom in this war are constantly changing. At the edge of the village of Kawmoora, scores of freedom fighters — sons and grandsons of the tough tribesmen who helped the Allies defeat Japan in World War II — crouch in trenches and behind teak logs and earth-filled oil drums. They are armed with old American M-1 rifles, and rocket launchers held together with plastic cord.

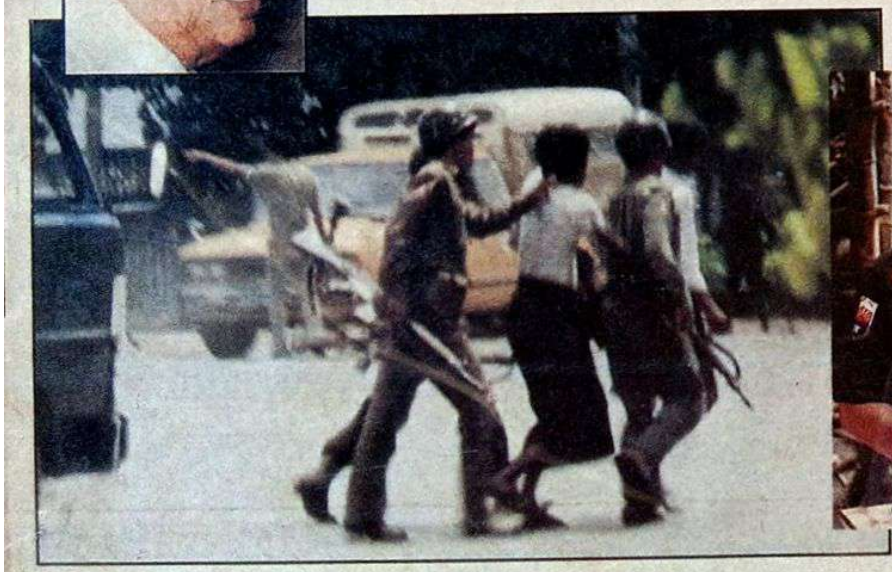
Ne Win

Beyond their trenches lies a dense malarial jungle, where four government battalions, armed with long-range cannon and mortars, wait to strike. The freedom fighters are outnumbered four to one.

In a sneak attack last year, Burmese troops came in waves through the wilderness. When the smoke cleared, hundreds lay dead and the nearby Moei River ran red with blood, but the village of Kawmoora still stood, like a thumbed nose at the repressive regime.

Kawmoora's commander, Major Daw Lha, is a Christian commanding mostly Buddhist rebels. A Bible sits squarely in front of him. Scores of Biblical quotations, written on lengths of paper, hang from the rafters in his headquarters. One is in English: "In all thy ways, acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

A student is arrested during a democracy rally



Major Daw Lha

"What kind of Burma are you fighting for?" I ask him.

"We want a country where everyone has the right to say and write what he wants," he replies with a soldier's gruff bluntness. "We don't want a 'people's' democracy or 'social' democracy. We just want democracy."

Burma used to be known as the "Golden Land." Its merchants exported rice, oil, teak and gems to the world, and farmland was plentiful and well-irrigated. Rangoon, the capital, was renowned for its ornate buildings and dazzling pagodas.

The socialists who seized power in 1962 nationalized all banks and industries, shut down or took over Burma's 30 newspapers and banned political parties. Over the next 29 years, thousands of Burmese were imprisoned or killed. In 1990, per capita income was only $318 per year — one of the lowest on earth.

Aung San Suu Kyi

Dr Cynthia

The architect of Burma's destruction is a bizarre 80-year-old named Ne Win, leader of the 1962 coup. Secluded behind a wall of 2000 troops and artillery, he presides over his sad land with the advice of astrologers and numerologists.

One of his many weird superstitions and obsessions involves the number nine. He abruptly withdrew most of the country's paper money from circulation and reissued new notes in denominations of 45 kyats and 90 kyats — both divisible by nine. Old notes could not be exchanged for new, and countless Burmese were instantly impoverished. Ne Win himself is believed to have a fortune in gemstones in Swiss banks.

Rangoon's grand buildings crumble from neglect, while ancient automobiles creep along potholed pavements past once-elegant apartments that reek of backed-up sewage. But in the countryside the people resist.

The Doctor

A CORRUGATED iron fence shields a medical clinic in the Thai border town of Mae Sot from the prying eyes of Burmese government spies. Inside young men, many barely out of their teens, are scattered about on neat straw mats or undergo stopgap therapy. A boy

PHOTOS (PAGE 115): © BRUCE HALEY/BLACK STAR, (MAJOR LHA AND DR CYNTHIA) © FERGUS BORDEWICH, (AUNG SAN SUU) © SANDRO TUCCI

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

"YES" is a nice, safe word. Especially if you are saying it to the boss. "YES" is an even nicer word to hear if you are the boss. But "YES" is a dangerous word. It hides the hypocrite, the sycophant and the lazy mind. And that's a pity. Because a company's finest asset is its unique collection of individual minds. People with minds of their own, who have something valuable to say. Very often that valuable something is the word "NO". NO to mediocrity. NO to the commonplace. NO to the status quo. It is a big word. "NO". It has often been the first step in the world's greatest discoveries. It could be the first step to a profitable change for your Company.

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who had been shot in the legs laboriously pedals an old bicycle tied to a wood frame. Another lifts rough-cut wooden barbells to rehabilitate a shattered arm.

Most are fighters from Burma's democratic forces. Some have staggered to the clinic from battle fronts hundreds of kilometres away. Because there are virtually no doctors or clinics in the rebel-held areas of Burma, the struggle to reach Cynthia Maung's clinic often means life or death.

Dr Cynthia, as she is known, is an unlikely revolutionary. For years she paid little attention to politics. But as a student in a Rangoon hospital, she began to notice the orphans, so many suffering from malnutrition, some too weak to smile or play.

Outside the hospital, she watched farmers forced to provide rice to the army, and then pay exorbitant black-market rates for rice to eat. She watched the army carry off men too poor to pay a bribe, and as they returned — if they returned — she saw them reeling from malaria, malnutrition and untreated wounds. And when hundreds of thousands of angry Burmese took to the streets demanding democracy, she thought, *I can't just do my job in silence. I have to speak out.*

She began to call for democracy, too — until news spread of atrocities committed by government troops against unarmed demonstrators. Dr Cynthia fled through the jungle to Thailand, passed from village to village by sympathetic tribesmen. Everywhere she saw epidemic malaria and malnutrition, hand in hand with an undaunted will to resist the Burmese army. She resolved to help her people the one way that was in her power.

As we walk through her clinic, the 31-year-old doctor pauses over a shivering boy who lies curled on a mat. "This one has amoebic hepatitis," she says gently. "I think we can save him." Nearby, a girl who just weeks ago was fighting with the guerrillas is waiting to give birth. "We do our best, but so many babies die."

Supplies are desperately short. There is no anaesthetic, no plasma. Instruments are sterilized in a tin rice cooker. During the monsoon season, rain pours through holes in the roof. But no one complains.

"I believe that I came here by God's will, to do God's work," Dr Cynthia says softly.

The Student

IN 1988, popular frustration with the repressive military government reached boiling point. Peaceful student demonstrations quickly grew to mammoth protests that captured decades of pent-up rage and despair. Merchants, workers, housewives and children joined the students, calling for democracy.

But protesters' chants turned to

screams as soldiers opened fire. Nurses from the desperately overcrowded Rangoon General Hospital carried a banner that urged soldiers to stop. The army simply shot them too.

Win Htun, a 24-year-old mining student at Rangoon University, was one of many arrested. "You are nothing to me!" the prison commandant shouted at the group. "I have killed many people just by signing my name."

That night, one by one, the students were called out for interrogation. As a guard led Win along a filthy corridor, he could hear the cries of students being tortured. Win prayed that he would live to see the next day.

"Squat with your hands over your head!" a guard shouted when he entered Room Number 3.

"Who was your leader?" a second guard demanded. When Win failed to reply, the guard kicked him in the ribs. "Who took down the picture of Ne Win?"

"I'm only an ordinary student," Win protested. "I know nothing."

The torture went on, hour after hour. Two days later he was dumped on the street outside the prison.

"I used to believe that democracy could come to Burma through peaceful demonstrations," says Win. "As they beat me, I realized I would have to fight." Today he shoulders a rifle alongside thousands of former students in the jungle near Manerplaw.

The Politician

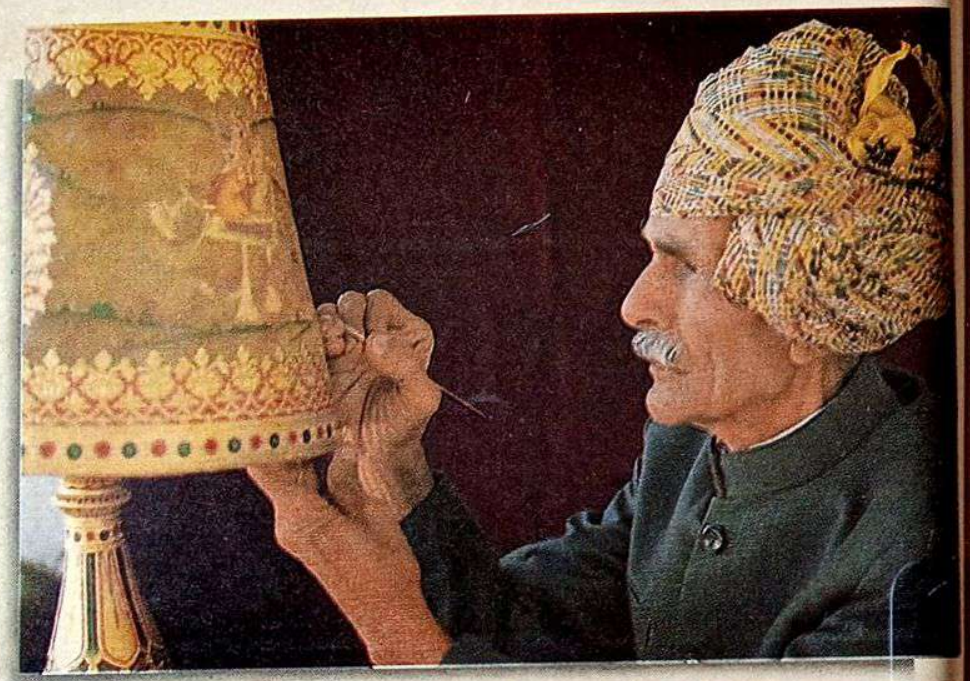
AUNG SAN SUU KYI is the daughter of General Aung San, the leader of Burma's independence movement of the 1940s. Her father was assassinated in 1947, when she was two years old. At 15, she moved to India and later to England, where she earned a degree at Oxford. But she never lost her deep affection for Burma.

When the nationwide demonstrations began, she immediately joined the campaign for democracy, her fearless and fiery style captivating the public. "I could not, as my father's daughter, remain indifferent," she declared to a crowd of 500,000 in Rangoon. "This is our second struggle for independence."

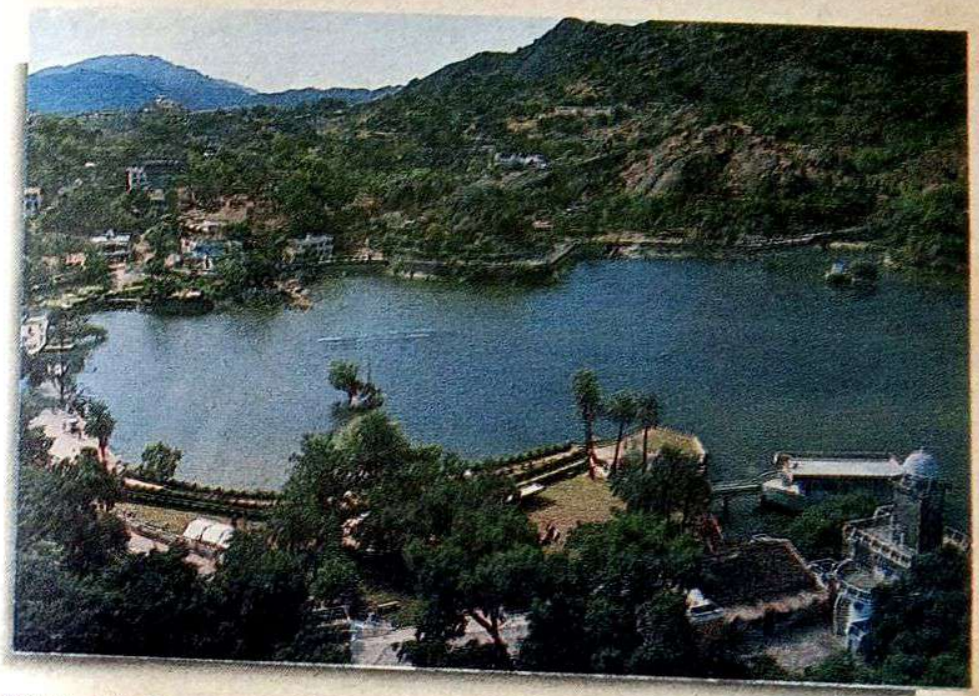
A feeling of victory was in the air. But as thousands of marchers approached the centre of Rangoon a few weeks later, their cheers were pierced by the sound of machine guns from surrounding rooftops. Trucks filled with troops charged up the pitted streets. Many demonstrators were mowed down as the soldiers shot wildly in all directions. Others were crushed under the trucks' wheels. "It was a slaughter," says Burmese journalist U Win Khet. "I saw children lying dead. One little girl in her school uniform was still clutching a flag, sprawled in a pool of blood."

In all, between 1000 and 3000

H A R M O N Y



Gold painting on camel hide



Nakki Lake at Mt. Abu

A quest for harmony is the essence of Rajasthan. ■ And a holiday in her cradle is to recognise the underlying unity and calmness of life. ■ In the tracks of the caravanserai that has become one with the achingly beautiful mystique of the desert mood. ■ Or in the Blue Pottery art of Kripal Singh, whose skill adapts Persian miniatures and Ajanta frescoes. ■ In the delightfully coloured painted walls that lend vibrance to mud houses set in an unbroken brown expanse. ■ Even as you relax in the bracing air of Mount Abu while your mind bustles with the life. ■ A blending of the real and the imaginary as you gape at a four poster bed and European style furniture in a hotel at a small town of the Shekhawati belt. ■ And, of course, in the smooth confluence of centuries that are symbolised by exquisite palaces and forts in the bustle of the state's ten major cities. ■ Rajasthan. ■ It's colours, the colours of life itself. As too, its sheer variety. ■ And the todays melt away into a continuous past, as you recognise the underlying harmony of Rajputana. ■ Harmony. For as long as fiercely moustachioed men relate tender tales of the love and valour of the women of Rajasthan.

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unarmed Burmese were massacred. Soldiers heaped bodies in front of the public crematorium; some were still alive when they were thrown into the ovens along with the dead.

Democratic forces were paralysed, but Aung San Suu Kyi remained unbowed. When the overconfident military regime promised free elections for May 1990, she quickly transformed Burma's disparate groups of politicians, students, intellectuals and Buddhist monks into a powerful force. The authorities arrested her for "endangering the state."

When her popularity remained undiminished, the regime tried to discredit her, claiming that she owed allegiance to a foreign power because of her marriage to an Englishman. As the election neared, opposition leaders were harassed and threatened while campaigning. Despite this, Aung San Suu Kyi's National League for Democracy won more than 80 percent of the seats for a constituent assembly.

The army simply ignored the results. It was as if the election had never taken place.

In October, Aung San Suu was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. But while the rest of the world honoured her, the Burmese regime kept her under house arrest in Rangoon, armed guards at her door. She is permitted no letters, no telephone calls, no visitors. Authorities have told her that she could go free if she accepts permanent exile abroad. Aung San Suu Kyi has refused.

BURMA remains a land of silent terror. Every day, innocent people are snatched from public places and forced to work for the army. Those who speak out disappear. Prisoners of all ages are tortured.

Burma may seem far removed from the concerns of most countries. But by ignoring the slaughter, the world collaborates in the terrible silence.

In the meantime, Dr Cynthia labours in her ramshackle clinic. Deep in the tangled jungles, young men like Win Htun dream of freedom and democracy — and die for it. In a decaying house in Rangoon, Aung San Suu Kyi waits in helpless silence for her liberation and that of her nation.

And throughout this tormented country, countless Burmese pray for the day when the world will take note of their suffering at last — and come to the rescue of their Golden Land.

AN AUSTRALIAN received a letter with a variation on the usual return-address theme: "If not delivered within seven days, try much harder on the eighth."
— "Column 8" in *The Sydney Morning Herald*

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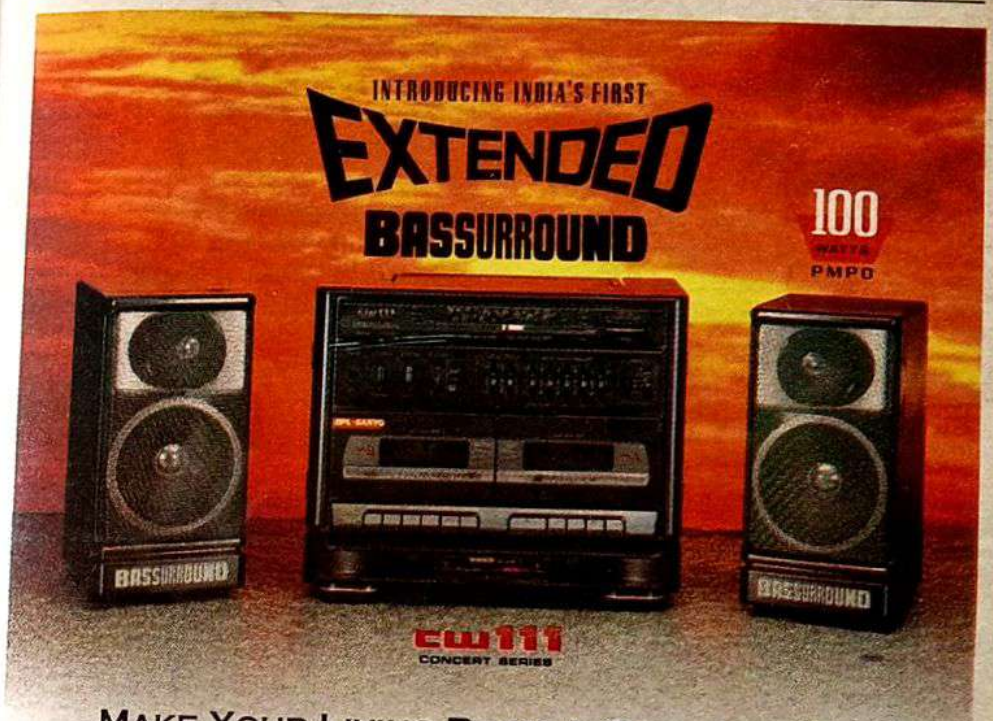

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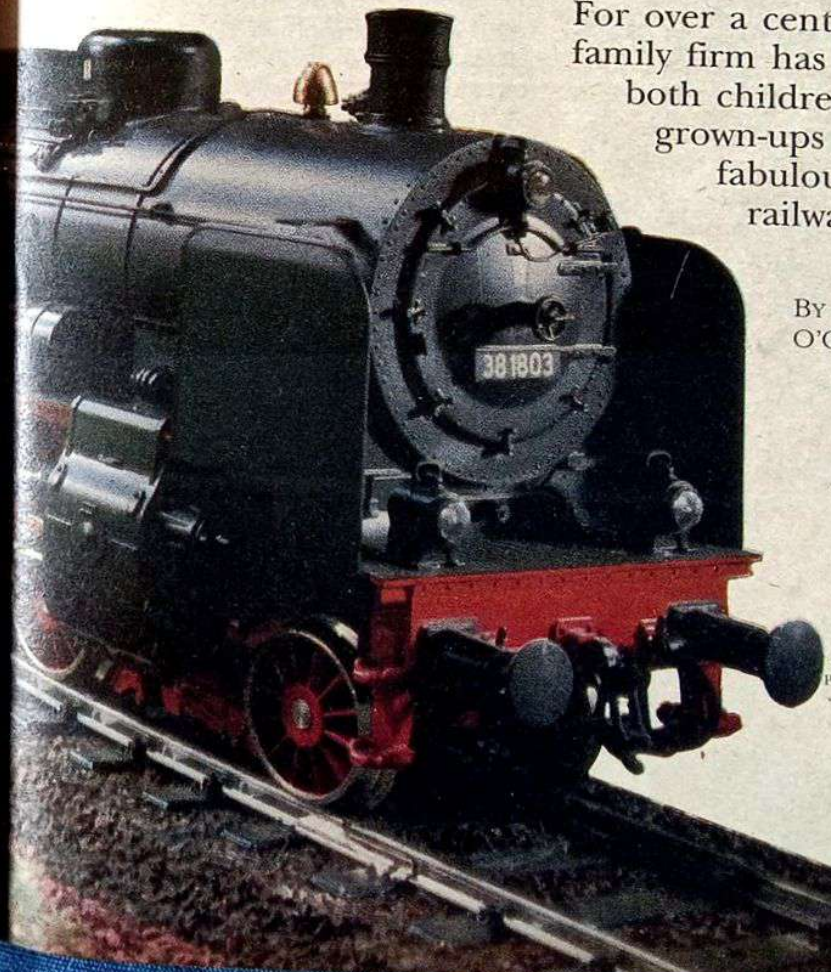
By Colleen O'Connor

JULY 20, 1989, 10:30am. In a Christie's salesroom in London, 800 people watch eagerly as the auctioneer starts the bidding for Count Antonio Giansanti-Coluzzi's collection of 3000 toy and model trains. The collection, an astounding array of rare items including turn-of-the-century clockwork trains and steam locomotives powered by spirit burners, was displayed in a viewing room transformed into a 19th-century railway station, dominated by a giant painting of a steaming Golden Arrow luxury train. Coluzzi, a 74-year-old Italian businessman, has been fascinated by railways since he was eight, and this is the first time a collection of such range and quality has appeared on the market.

As the bids mount, some items reach record prices: a 220 Coupe-Vent locomotive sells for £11,000; a 231 PLM engine goes for £12,000; a 220 live steam model, commissioned by the Württemberg family in 1912, reaches £29,700. These superb models all have one thing in common: they were made in Germany by Märklin — the world's oldest, largest and finest toy-and model-train manufacturer. Its products have been called "the kings of trains and the trains of kings," and their craftsmanship and precision are legendary. Says Clive Lamming, one of Europe's top connoisseurs of model railways: "Märklin's trains practically never have to be re-



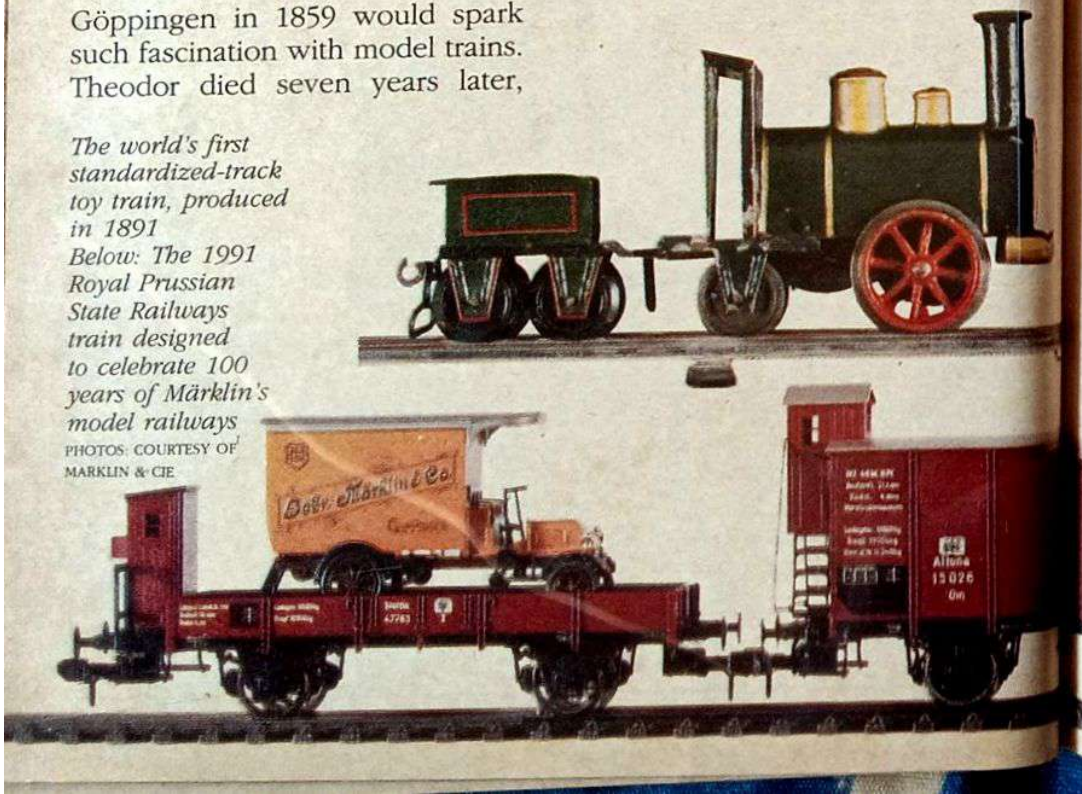
In this 1978 locomotive, patterned on a German original, the sounds of the exhaust and the whistle were produced electronically for the first time.
PHOTO: MÄRKLIN MAGAZIN

paired. One has to throw them out of the window to break them."

WHEN YOU pick up a Märklin train, you hold a bit of history in your hand. All the technical developments and details of real-life railways can be found faithfully reproduced in Märklin's models. A famous example is the cigar-shaped "rail Zeppelin" that set a world speed record of 230 kmph in 1931. The following year, replicas of this locomotive were rolling on Märklin tracks. The silvery Zeppelin has since become one of the firm's classics.

Theodor Friedrich Wilhelm Märklin never dreamed that the tinplate toy company he started in the southern German town of Göppingen in 1859 would spark such fascination with model trains. Theodor died seven years later, and his wife Caroline ran the business until 1888 when her sons Eugen and Karl, both in their 20s, took over. Inspired by the growing popularity of railways, which had begun operating in Germany in 1835, they soon started making toy trains.

Almost from the start, they showed a talent for innovation. At the Leipzig fair in 1891 they presented the world's first standardized-track toy train. Designed for rails with a 45-millimetre width known as gauge 1, the layout could be changed and expanded piece by piece. It was a revolutionary idea: before long, toy-train makers everywhere were using



The world's first standardized-track toy train, produced in 1891
Below: The 1991 Royal Prussian State Railways train designed to celebrate 100 years of Märklin's model railways
PHOTOS: COURTESY OF MARKLIN & CIE

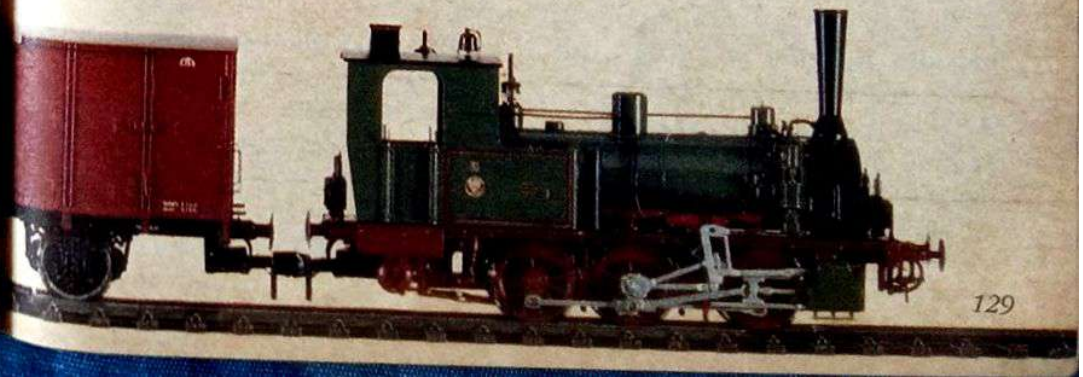
standardized tracks.

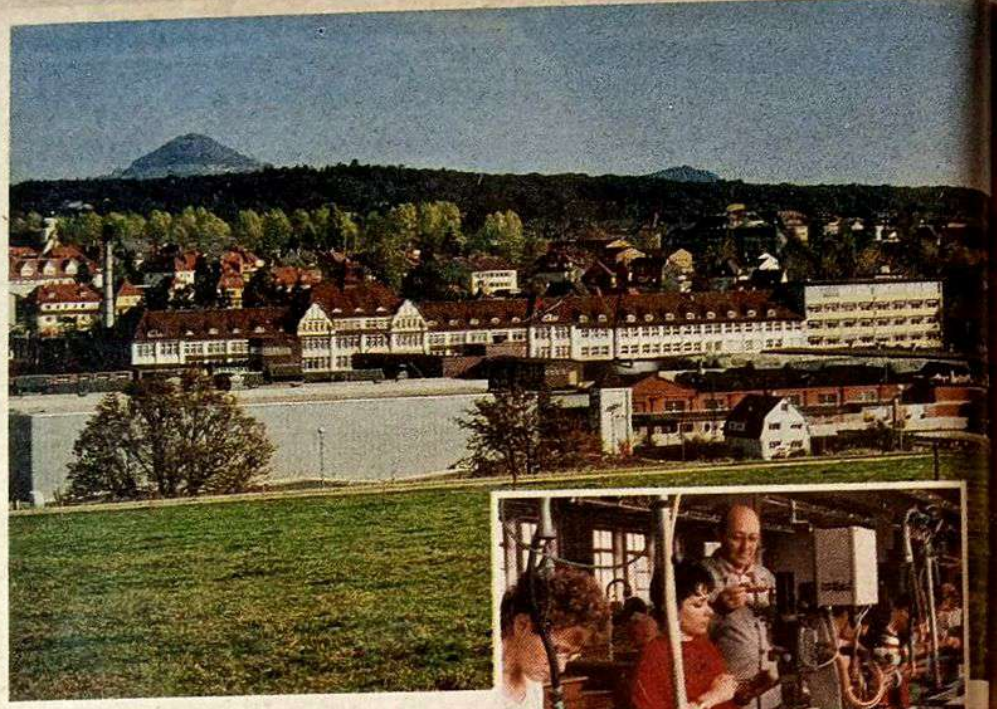
Six years later Märklin flashed another trump card, again at the Leipzig fair: the world's first electric toy train. Instead of being powered by clockwork or steam, this one ran on a 110-volt current — a daring move, considering that most homes were not yet wired for electricity. By the 1930s the Märklin brothers made a momentous decision: their firm would specialize in toy trains.

Their stream of sales hits continued. In 1935 Märklin came out with the first miniature electric railway. This inexpensive network, with trains rolling on 16.5-millimetre-wide rails (the HO gauge), could be laid out under a Christmas tree and soon conquered the world. In 1972 the company launched an even smaller set, with tracks only 6.5 millimetres wide — the Z gauge. The locomotives, the size of a man's thumb, are so light that a crumb can derail them, but they are amazingly solid. In 1981 a Z-gauge engine pulling six carriages ran for 1219 hours for 720 kilometres to set an endurance record that made the German Guinness Book of Records.

By then model trains were no longer just children's playthings. "They had become a fashionable hobby among adults," says Dieter Wölz, Märklin's export manager — and grown-ups wanted more realistic systems. Märklin therefore developed digital controls with which users can operate up to 80 locomotives and 256 accessories from a central command post. Each locomotive can be independently speeded up or slowed down, and when hooked up to a computerized switching system, the engines can run on an endless variety of programmed manoeuvres.

"Many adult model-train enthusiasts are fanatical and literally count the rivets," explains Wölz. "If the original prototype has 2000 rivets and we come out with a model that has only 1800, the rivet-counters raise hell." That explains why Märklin's current replicas are so highly detailed — and often extremely expensive. The 1991 limited-edition Royal Prussian State Railways freight train, for instance,





A view of Göppingen with the Märklin plant, which miraculously escaped destruction in World War II, in the foreground; Inset: Fritz Rieker and the assembly line at the Märklin plant

designed to celebrate 100 years of Märklin's model railways, sells for $2000 or more.

Märklin's headquarters is still in Göppingen, today a city of 53,000 inhabitants, and Theodor and Caroline's descendants still own a third of the company. But Gebr Märklin & Cie, with its 1700 employees, is now run by a triumvirate of experts at finance, production and marketing. Märklin's output — four million railway engines and cars last year — represents almost half the world's production of toy and model trains. It includes Austrian piggyback cars, Swiss freight wagons, French electric locomotives, American diesel engines and a long string of wagons modelled after originals made in Japan, Mexico, Canada, the United States and Europe. In 1990 the firm's exports, to 50 countries from South Africa to the Fiji Islands, accounted for 20 percent of its turnover of DM180.2 million.*

Each work day some 3000 locomotives and 15,000 railway carriages come off the assembly line in Märklin's white-brick factory, which originated with the plant erected by Eugen and Karl in 1900. The old dies have been replaced by state-of-the-art ones, but the

*One deutschemark is worth about Rs 15.

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place still exudes an aura of old-fashioned craftsmanship. The boss of the assembly line, Fritz Rieker, has been with Märklin for 45 years. In 1933 his father developed Märklin's famous Crocodile train, patterned on a Swiss original, and his brother works for the firm as a draughtsman.

Märklin turns out up to 150 creations a year, and each new model takes two years to produce. Take the example of the Micheline. In June 1988, at a brainstorming session in Göppingen, Pierre Villemagne, head of Märklin France, suggested this one-vehicle combination of locomotive and railway car designed by the French firm Michelin in 1932. Two Michelines, he pointed out, were still running in Madagascar.

Michelin agreed to provide its blueprints, from which Märklin designers created their own plans on a scale of 1:87, drawing each part separately. The research-and-development department where they work looks like a laboratory, with computers on which the plastic and metal components can be analysed in three dimensions and their exact weight calculated. For designer Andreas Schumann, "the most challenging task in scaling down a train is to design the wheels so that they execute turns properly. The radius of a scaled-down turn can be ten times smaller in proportion than it is in real life."

In case you missed the play, here's the climax...

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After a brass prototype of the Micheline proved itself in extensive testbed trials, management gave the green light for mass production. Next the machine shop made the tools and moulds needed to manufacture thousands of trains. As always, finishing touches were done by hand, by women whose deft fingers can execute tiny details. I watched one woman pick up a spring made of hair-thin wire and insert it into a carriage wheel while another painted a fine black stripe on a connecting rod the size of a needle.

Afterwards, the finished Micheline models were put through gruelling long-distance tests, and some, picked at random, were taken apart and the components checked once more. Finally, the initial run of 12,000 Michelines appeared on the market in July 1990, each priced at $250. Within a few months, they were sold out.

While Märklin's current products are available everywhere in toy shops or department stores, old models are more likely to be found at antique dealers or specialized auctions. They also turn up at swopmeets held all over Europe, where collectors sometimes pay staggering prices for rare pieces.

One such collector is a baker in Swabia, southern Germany. In the basement of his nondescript house, he keeps some 2000 antique toy and model trains col-

lected over five decades, which today are worth an estimated DM1.5 million. The walls are lined with glass cases filled with mint-condition locomotives and carriages, including many rare Märklin specimens. Comments Dieter Wölz: "Such people collect model trains like others collect stamps, just to look at them."

Some collectors go to surprising lengths. Near Hamburg, two railway enthusiasts living next to each other knocked holes in the thick walls of their adjoining basements and inserted a pipe to act as a tunnel through which they run their trains. In Britain, two collectors in Staffordshire did the same — with their attics.

BACK AT Christie's salesroom, it is almost 12 hours later when the auctioneer bangs his hammer for the last item in Coluzzi's collection. The sale has made a record £1.2 million. Predictably, most of the top sellers were Märklin models. Says Tom Rose, Christie's models director: "The sale demonstrated once again that Märklin is the Rolls-Royce of model trains — and will continue to delight children and collectors around the world."

Dollars and Sense

THE FOLLOWING letter was dated November 6, 1940:

Mr Franklin Roosvelt,
President of the United States
My good friend Roosvelt:
I don't know very English, but I know as much as write to you.
I like to hear the radio, and I am very happy, because I heard in it, that you will be President for a new (periodo).
I am twelve years old. If you like, give me a ten dollars note green american, in the letter, because never, I have not seen a ten dollars note green american and I would like to have one of them.
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Sr Fidel Castro
Colegio de Dolores
Santiago de Cuba
Oriente. Cuba
(Thank you very much)
Good by. Your friend,
Fidel Castro

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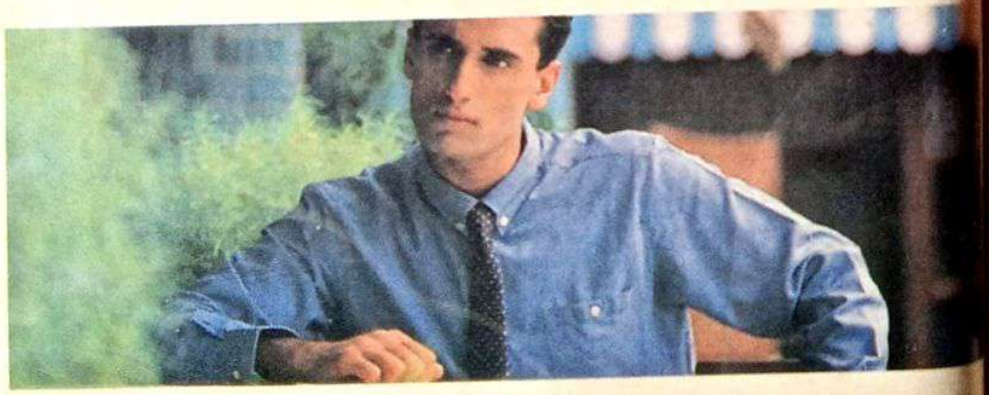

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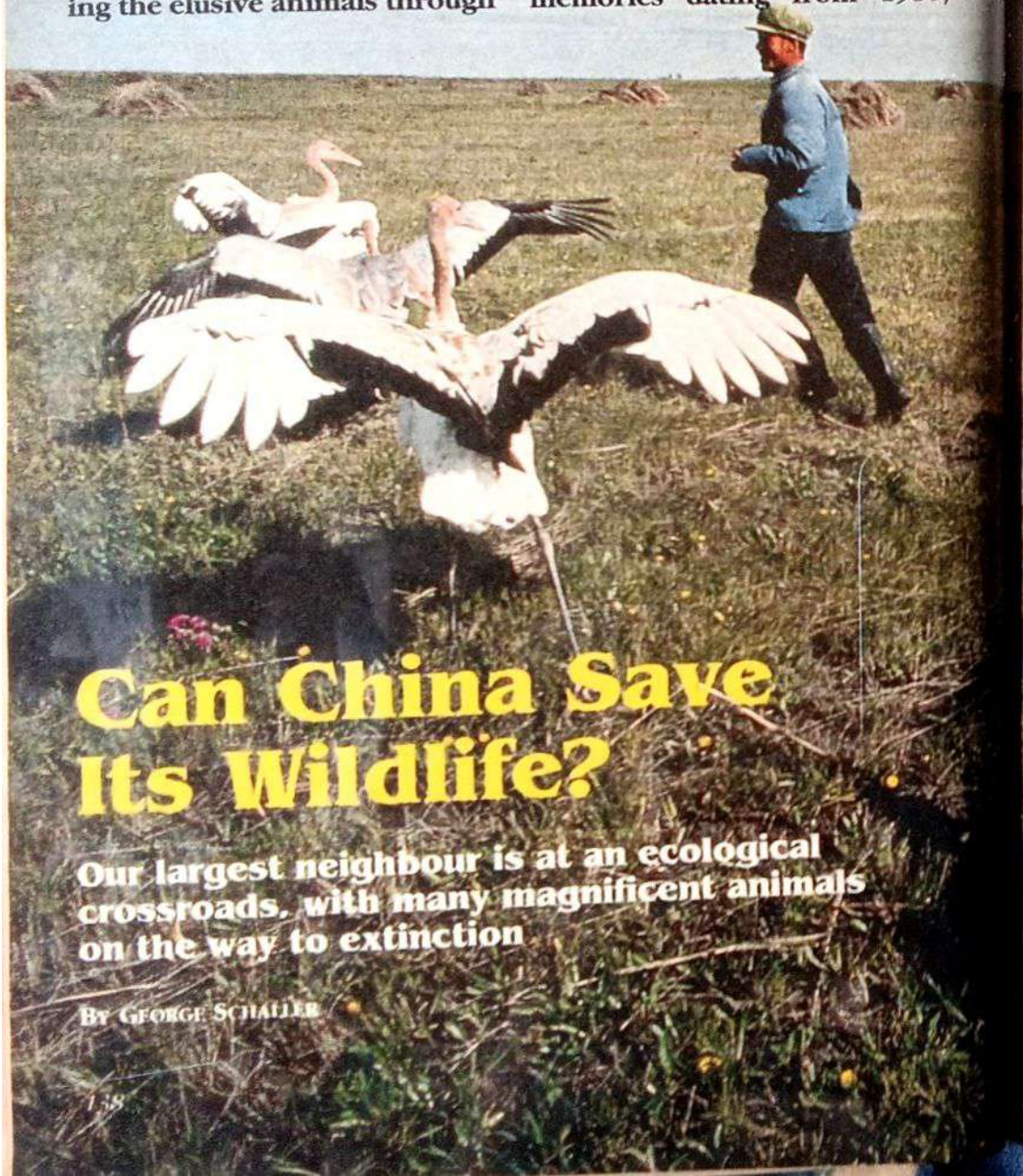
Can China Save Its Wildlife?

Our largest neighbour is at an ecological crossroads, with many magnificent animals on the way to extinction

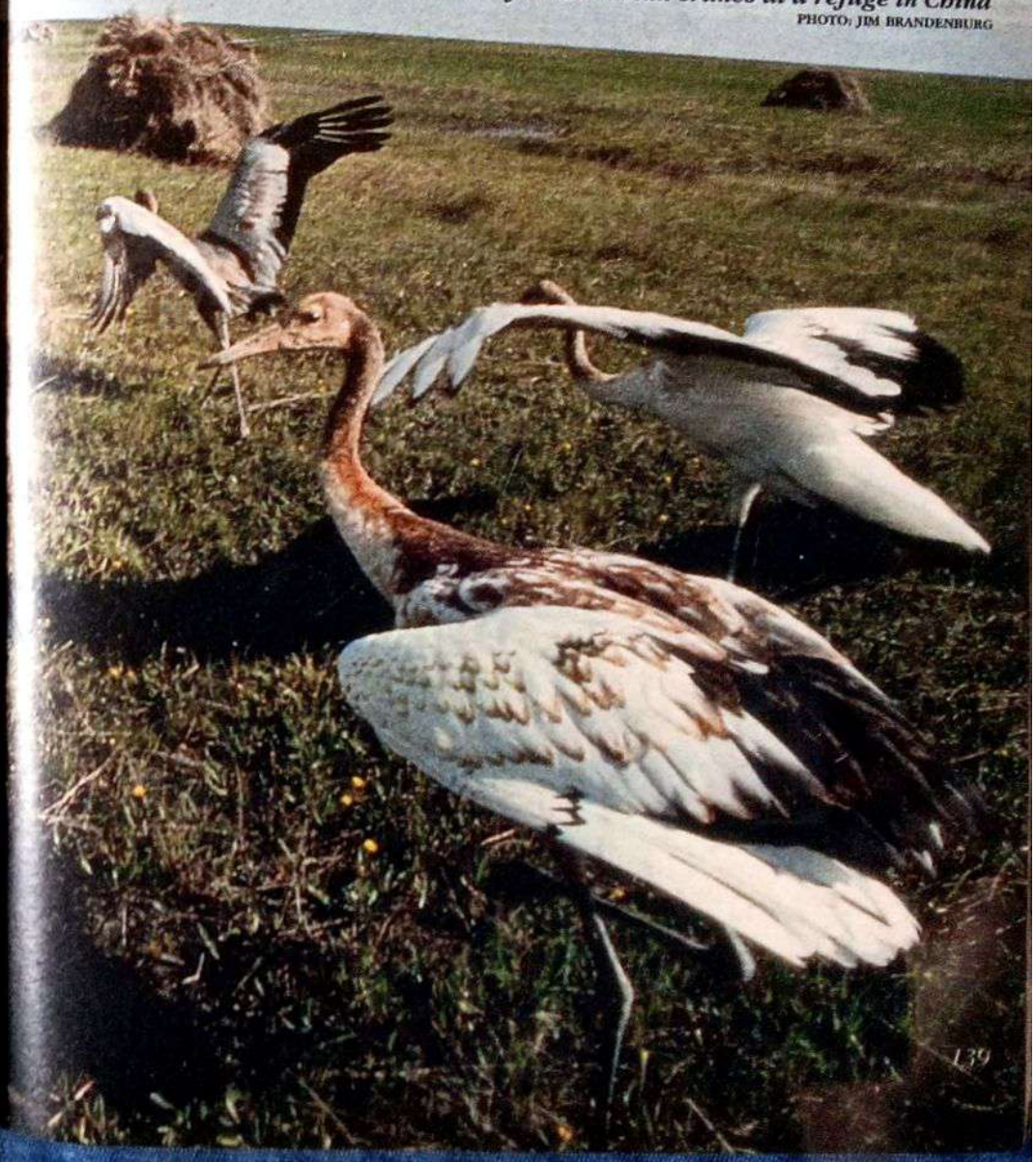
By George Schaller

A PLAINTIVE hoot, soft yet resonant, filled the valley. Crouched high up on a spruce bough was a giant panda, the first I had seen in the wild after two months of tracking the elusive animals through snow-covered bamboo thickets in Sichuan's Wolong Reserve. The panda soon faded from view in dusk and fog. Yet my exhilaration at meeting it is with me still, one of many vivid wildlife memories dating from 1980, when as a field biologist I began to collaborate with Chinese colleagues in studying the country's threatened species. Since then I've crisscrossed China and learned from firsthand observations that this vast nation must save its remarkable wildlife now — or risk losing many of its species forever.

The vagaries of history, coupled with poverty and an expanding human population, have caused environmental de-



Friendly Manchurian cranes at a refuge in China
PHOTO: JIM BRANDENBURG



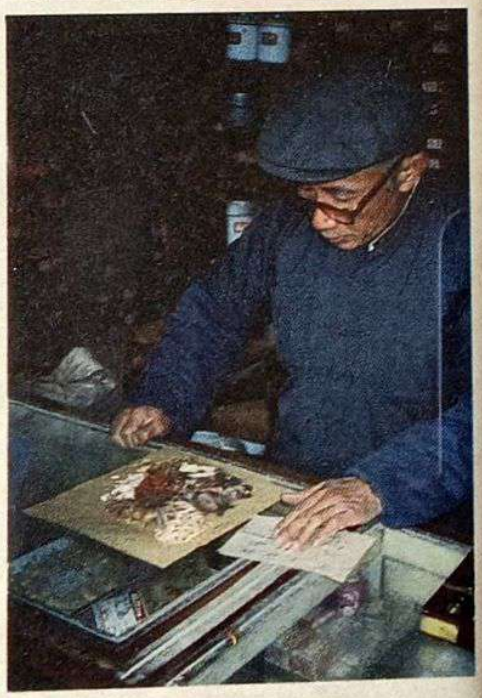
struction on a massive scale. If these trends continue, many forest and wetland habitats will be irrevocably damaged, and such spectacular and unique animals as the panda, the Chinese river dolphin and the South China tiger will disappear from the wild.

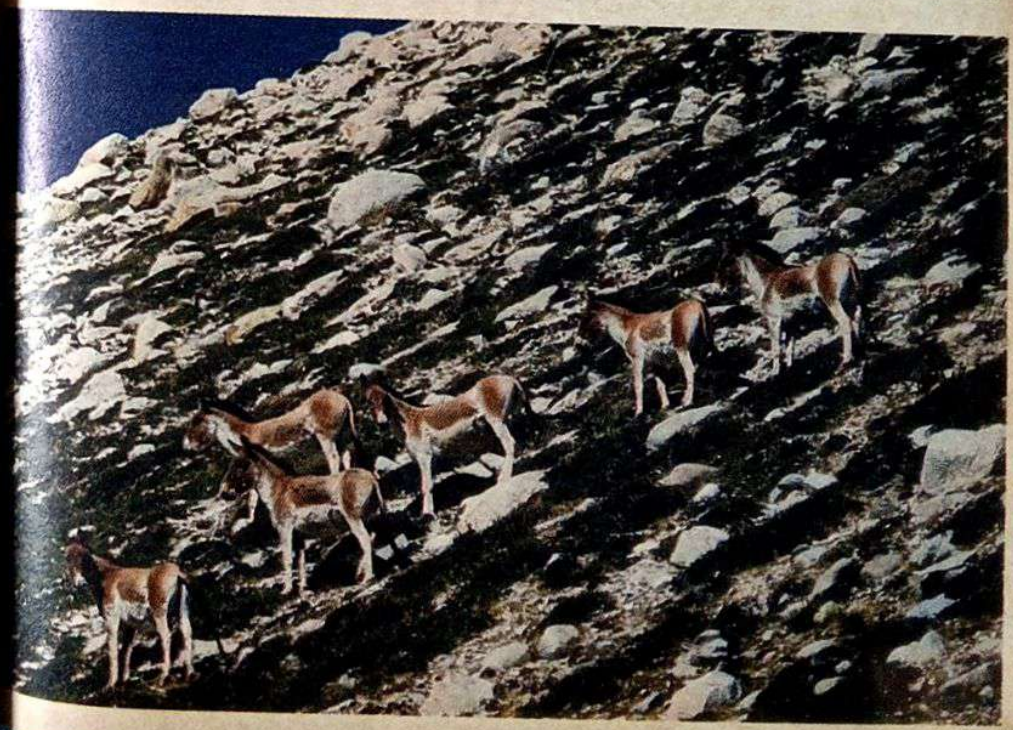
China extends from conifer and birch forests in the north to tropical rain forests in the south, and from mangrove swamps along the China Sea west across farmland and desert to the Tian Shan or "Heavenly Mountains" bordering Russia. It has the world's highest peak, 8848-metre Mt Everest (on its border with Nepal), and Asia's second lowest spot at 154 metres below sea level. This variety of habitats supports a diversity of wildlife equalled by few other countries. Moose, beavers and wolverines are shared with my native North America, but there are also two-humped Bactrian camels, gibbons, musk-ox-like takins and snow leopards. Fifty-six kinds of colourful pheasants are among the 1186 bird species in the country. And the Giant Salamander, weighing up to 45 kilos, inhabits mountain rivers.

China can be divided into two worlds: the eastern half, where most of the people live, and the sparsely settled western deserts and highlands. In the former the landscape is wholly tame, cultivated for millennia, an unrelieved monotony of villages and manicured fields — I seldom saw even a bird. In 1958 a national campaign against the Four Evils — flies, mosquitoes, rats and sparrows — eliminated not just sparrows, blamed for eating grain, but other birds too. Air rifles and slingshots continue to keep bird populations low, and the export of birds for pets and food is enormous — reportedly up to three million a year.

Most large creatures were displaced long ago, and, if they survive at all, cling to just a vestige of their former range. Sumatran rhinoceroses and wild elephants, for instance, once extended as far north as the Yellow River. The former is now extinct in China, and the latter barely survives in scraps of forests in Yunnan. Of the five tiger subspecies in the country, one is extinct, and the others may soon disappear except in captivity. And only 300 Chinese river dolphins are left in the wild. In all, 96 mammal, bird and reptile species are officially recognized as requiring full government protection. All have reached this critical stage through habitat destruction, hunting or both.

China has had a long tradition of protecting its resources. In the Zhou Dynasty (1122-221 BC) tim-





Top: Modern-day hunters on bicycles bring home their kill in north-east China. Above: A medicine man fills a prescription with dried animal parts in a Chinese pharmacy. Right: A small herd of Tibetan wild ass on a stony slope in western Tibet

BIOLOGIST George Schaller is science director of the environmental group Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society. He is best known for his studies of the mountain gorilla and the Serengeti lion.

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ber cutting was carefully regulated in some areas, and throughout our millennium, edicts forbade the killing of birds in certain seasons. But from the 1950s to the 1970s the country went through staggering land abuse and mismanagement, a period from which it has been struggling to recover.

During the Great Leap Forward in 1958, when peasants were urged to smelt iron in their backyards, millions of trees were cut for home furnaces, and crops were left to rot. And when famine struck in 1959-61, at least 15 million people died. At that time wildlife still thrived in the arid West: the plains were dotted with herds of wild asses and gazelles; big-horned argali sheep and ibex were abundant in the mountains. However, people began slaughtering these animals in incredible numbers for food. Trainloads of carcasses rumbled from Xinjiang eastwards to city markets. As a result, deserts that once teemed with goitered gazelle shimmered lifeless in the heat haze, and mountains seldom echoed the clatter of wild hooves.

Then, around 1961, Mao Zedong first urged that the people "take grain as the key link." Fragile pasture lands were ploughed, wood lots razed and even fruit trees felled by peasants who feared being thought "counter-revolutionary" if they grew something other than grain. Forest cover in China had decreased from an estimated 18 per-

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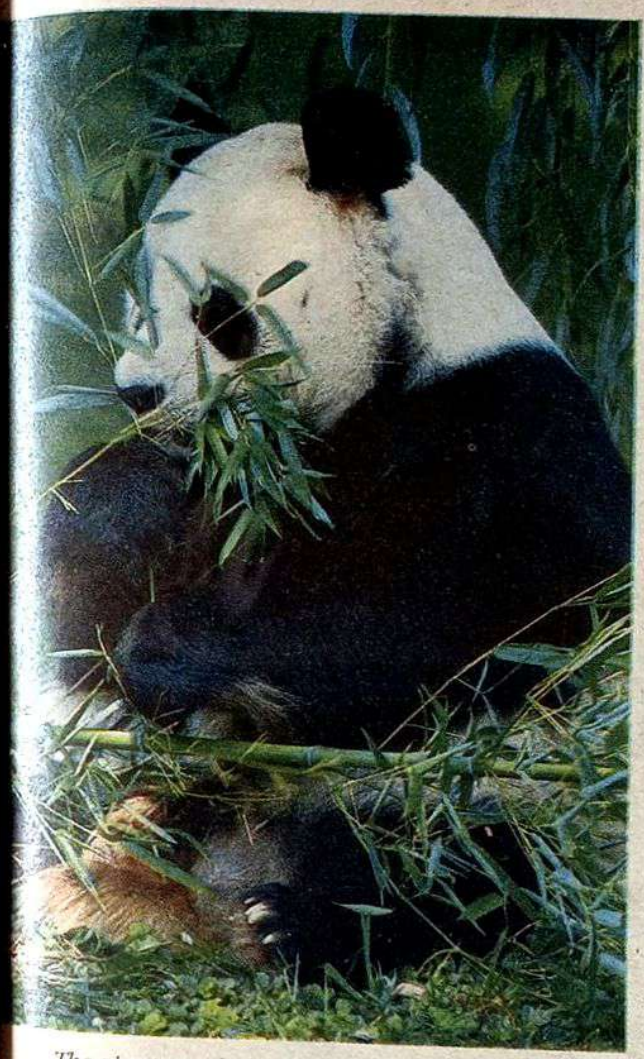
cent in 1960 to 12.7 percent in 1980. Today reforestation, though much publicized, still lags far behind felling. Indeed, diseases and insects kill more trees than are planted. And of the planted trees, two-thirds die of neglect.

The killing of wildlife, even of protected species, continues as well. Fur shops sell capes of golden monkeys and the hides of rare clouded leopards and snow leopards. Pharmacies display deer antlers and scales of pangolin, a small armour-plated mammal. Musk from the abdominal gland of male musk deer is used in more than 100 medicines — weight for weight, it is more valuable than gold. Between January and May 1987, after which the export of musk was banned, more than 600 kilos of musk were smuggled out of China to Japan, the product of 100,000 musk deer. A broth of gibbon bones is said to cure epilepsy; tiger bones are believed good for rheumatism. And each year, restaurants in the city of Harbin serve nearly two tonnes of brown-bear and black-bear paws and perhaps a tonne of moose nose.

In Qinghai blue sheep are shot in quantities and the carcasses exported to Germany for the luxury meat market. There is no attempt at sustainable yield: the sheep are decimated or eradicated in an area, and, deprived of this principal prey, snow leopards suffer too. Until recently, hunts for the stately white-



The giant panda has become the symbol of China's conservation problems; only about 1000 of the animals survive

lipped deer, a protected species, were advertised for $13,000 per animal. In neighbouring Gansu the rare Tibetan argali, with its massive horns, was on the market for $23,000 per trophy. Commerce in endangered species was halted on March 1, 1989, and such sales will, I hope, soon cease.

Alternatives to destruction exist. For example, during the winter of 1984-1985 one village cooperative at Poyang Lake in Jiangxi killed some 600 white storks, cranes and tundra swans to make feather fans, and market hunters took about 200,000 wildfowl. This lake was also the site of perhaps the most exciting ornithological discovery of the decade.

More than 1500 Siberian cranes, almost the whole world population of these elegant white birds, winter there. Enthusiastic tours of bird watchers now visit the lake, and hunting was decreased in favour of a benign economic use of the area's wildlife.

To its-credit, the Chinese government has in recent years made some progress in the field of conservation. Since the late 1970s the country's two main environmental organizations, the Ministry of Forestry and the National Environmental Protection Agency, as well as the provincial governments, have designated a number of new reserves. There were 106 forest and wildlife re-

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serves in 1981, 274 in 1986 and nearly 380 at present. In addition, there is increased emphasis on protecting these reserves. Farmers in Sichuan's Tangjiahe Panda Reserve have all been resettled. In Yunnan's Wuliangshan Reserve, a team of about 30 trained guards protects black-crested gibbons and other wildlife. And people are being encouraged to plant fruit trees, tea and other cash crops rather than derive income from hunting and wood cutting within the reserve.

The government has also been concerned with restoration. For instance, the Przewalski's horse, exterminated in the wild during the 1950s, may reoccupy its former home. With 16 zoo-bred horses obtained abroad, a herd was established in a 14,000-square-kilometre walled enclosure in northeastern Xinjiang. The herd has since grown to 25, and in April 1990 nine of the animals were freed in their former habitat.

However, the giant panda is symbolic of conservation problems. Due to poaching and habitat loss, only about 1000 pandas are left today. Recognizing the severity of the panda's plight, the Chinese government has initiated an unprecedented effort on behalf of a species. Thirteen reserves have so far been established to protect the animal, and more are planned. The death penalty can be imposed for wilful killing. Millions of dollars have been spent on dismantling timber operations in critical panda habitat, on research, on rescue efforts when during a recent bamboo die-off some animals were threatened with starvation, and on the construction of captive propagation facilities. A hundred or so pandas are now living in Chinese zoos.

Yet the panda's future remains far from secure. The most urgent threat to the animal is clear from a newspaper excerpt: "China has arrested 203 people for illegally hunting the endangered giant panda and recovered 146 pelts."

It's obvious that a basic ingredient has been lacking — a national will to protect and cherish China's wildlife. Without unity of effort, the Chinese will lose the panda, except in captivity.

Throughout my travels, I never saw a kylin — a dainty creature with the body of a deer, a long tail and a single straight horn. It makes a bell-like sound and, when moving about, will not tread on any living organism, not even grass. To the Chinese this mythical mammal embodies luck and virtue. To see one means that the nation's future will be prosperous. Perhaps if China treats the fragile beauty of its land with greater compassion, the kylin will appear once again.

GUFFAW: a smile that explodes — Aldo Cammarota

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OF AGE GIVE BABY CEREAL FOODS IN ADDITION TO MOTHER'S MIL

Laughter, the Best Medicine®

ONCE A man with an alligator walked into a pub and asked the bartender, "Do you serve income-tax inspectors here?"

"Sure do," the bar-keeper replied.

"Good, give me a beer," said the man. "And my alligator will have an income-tax inspector."

— *Farmer's Digest*

ATTENDING a wedding for the first time, a little girl whispered to her mother, "Why is the bride dressed in white?"

"Because white is the colour of happiness," her mother explained. "And today is the happiest day of her life."

The child thought about this for a moment. "So why is the groom wearing black?"

— Jerry Simpson

TWO BOYS in a museum noticed that a mummy case was marked "1286 BC".

"What does that number mean?" one asked his friend.

"Maybe it's the licence number of the car that hit him."

— Cory Skrobarcek in *Boys' Life*

DURING training the platoon commander forgot the expression "mark time." Without losing his composure, he turned to the soldiers and shouted, "A-ten-shun! Pretend to go but don't; pretend to go but don't; pretend to go but don't..."

— Sylvia Mendes de Abreu, Barueri, Brazil

HAVE YOU heard about the fellow who got a job as a human cannonball? He was hired and fired the same night.

— Quoted by Ed Baer on "The Ed Baer Affair," WHUD

"I HATE this dull town!" a teenage boy complains to his parents. "I want action. I want to make a lot of money. I want to meet pretty women. I can't do any of that here, so I'm leaving!"

Before he gets down the street, his father calls out to him. The boy

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shouts back, "Don't try to stop me! My mind is made up!"

"I'm not trying to stop you!" the man yells. "I want to go with you!"

— Ron Dentinger in Wisconsin *Chronicle*

A TEXAS oilman died and went to heaven. After a few days, his bragging was getting on St Peter's nerves. No matter what part of paradise he was shown, the oilman claimed it failed to measure up to Texas. Finally St Peter took him to the edge of heaven so he could look straight into hell. "Have you got anything like that in Texas?" the saint demanded.

"No," the oilman replied. "But I know some old fellows down in Houston who can put that fire out."

— Dana Conner

OVERHEARD: "It was time to sit down with my son for a question-and-answer session about sex. I asked the questions, and he gave me the answers."

— Gary Apple in *Current Comedy*

DO YOU know what happens when a bunch of cut-up onions float down the river? They make the bridge on the river cry! — Quoted by Ed Baer on "The Ed Baer Affair"

UPON THEIR return from an excursion to our planet, two Martians presented their chief with a television set.

"We couldn't manage to capture any earthlings," they explained, "but we did get our hands on one of their gods." — Mina and André *Guillois, Télé Paf*

DURING a lecture for medical students, the professor listed as the two best qualities of a doctor the ability to conquer revulsion and the need for keen powers of observation. He illustrated this by stirring a messy substance with his finger and then licking his finger clean.

Then he called a student to the front and made him do the same. Afterwards the professor remarked, "You conquered your revulsion, but your powers of observation are not very good. I stirred with my forefinger, but I licked my middle finger."

— S.K.D., Zeist, The Netherlands

A WELL-KNOWN comedian was approached by a mugger in a New York City park. "Hey," said the thug, "aren't you the fellow who's always on TV?"

"Yes," answered the comedian, somewhat relieved. "I sure am."

"Then put your hands up," said the mugger. "And don't try anything funny."

— Ron Dentinger in Wisconson, *Chronicle*

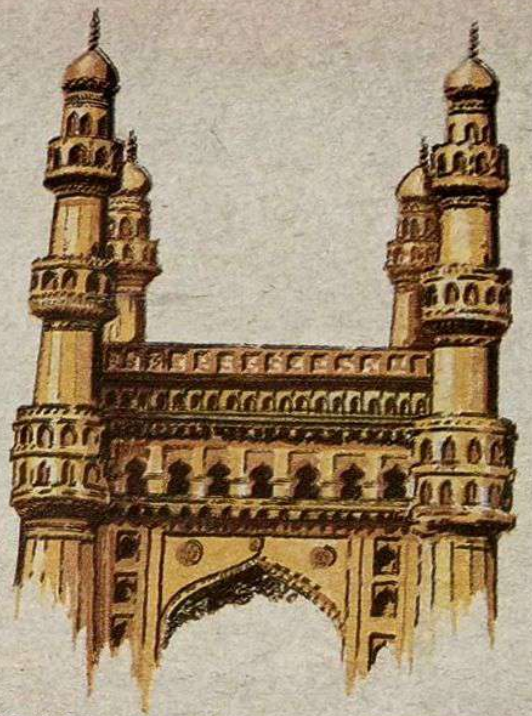
THE NEW employee stood before the paper shredder looking confused. "Need some help?" a secretary, walking by, asked.

"Yes," he replied, "how does this thing work?"

"Simple," she said, taking the fat report from his hand and feeding it into the shredder.

"Thanks, but where do the copies come out?" — K. Moore in *American Way*

AT THE National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington, the staff agreed to take turns making morning coffee. The next day one of them was heard counting out the spoonfuls: "Ten, nine, eight, seven..." — Piadas e Anedotas, Brazil



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Four Hundred Years of Hyderabad

BY NARENDRA LUTHER

When the Bahamni empire broke up in 15-16th century A.D., five sultanates succeeded it in the Deccan. One of them was the Qutbshahi dynasty which ruled over the Tilang area from 1518 to 1687.

The city-fortress of Golconda was its capital. In the reign of the Second ruler Ibrahim Quli it had become overcrowded and a need was felt to decongest it in the interest of the health of the inhabitants.

It was however, left to his son, Mohammad Quli the fourth and the most renowned ruler of the dynasty to found the new city. He became the sultan in 1580 when he was barely a lad of 15. He was in love with a Hindu girl Bhagmati by name. She was a beauty and an accomplished dancer. The site of the new city was centered on her village Chichlam across the river. That is where the Char minar stands today. It was completed in 1591 and that is reckoned as the year of the founding of the city.

Mohammad Quli was a poet, a lover and a builder. He issued a decree that the new city should be 'unparalleled in the world and a replica of heaven itself'. His prime minister, Mir Momin, an aesthetic and an architect was in charge of the project.

The Sultan dedicated the city to his beloved and called it Bhagnagar after her. Later when she was given the title of Hyder Mahal, the name of the city also was changed to Hyderabad.

The city was laid out on the grid system in the form of a giant double cross. Char Minar was its centre-piece. An east-west road from the fort leading to the east coast port of Machilipatnam existed already. Another road from north to south was made to intersect it at the location of Char Minar. This divided the whole area into four quarters. The northwestern quarter was reserved for the royal places and state offices, the south-western was set apart for the residence of nobles. The main thorough-fares were lined with some 14,000 shops, mosques, inns, baths and schools. Char Minar is a perfect square. Its four minarets rise to a height of 48.7 metres from the ground and are divided into four storeys each. It is one of the most elegant monuments in the country.

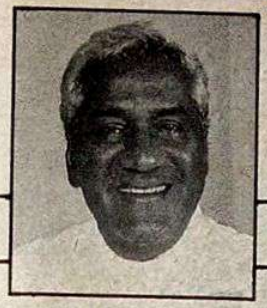
Palaces The palace area covering about 1000 metres square had over a dozen palaces, a general hospital (Dar-ul-shifa) and the Sarai (inn). It extended right up to the right bank of the river Musi.

The main palaces were the Lal Mahal, the Dad Mahal, the Jinan Mahal, the Qutb Mandir and the Khudadad Mahal. The Sultan himself stayed at the Qutb Mandir. Only women were allowed to attend functions there. Nadi Mahal was on the bank of river Musi and was meant for the relaxation of the Sultan and his guests.

The Walled City The city was walled around by the Mughal governor, Mubariz Khan to save it from the frequent depredations of the Marathas.

In 1687, Hyderabad ceased to be capital city. The capital of the Deccan Suba of the Mughal was Aurangabad and Golconda was a part of it. In 1763,

ANDHRA PRADESH MARCHES AHEAD



CHIEF MINISTER
ANDHRA PRADESH

Under the dynamic leadership of Chief Minister Sri N. Janardhana Reddy, Andhra Pradesh is progressing towards allround development. A number of developmental and welfare programmes are under implementation to bring about rapid development of the State and prosperity of the people.

In July this year, Prime Minister Sri P. V. Narasimha Rao has launched some important schemes. These include -

Rajiv Rahadari :

The 215 Km Rajiv Rahadari on Hyderabad - Karimnagar - Ramagundam road costing Rs. 131 crores with Asian Development Bank assistance will help in developing industrial centres of Hyderabad, Karimnagar, Peddapalli and Siddipet.

Irrigation for S.C. Lands :

A plan with an outlay of Rs. 66.16 crores for energising 25,000 agricultural pump sets benefiting 51,041 S.C. families and providing irrigation to 63,801 acres of land.

A Rs. 34.02 crore project to irrigate 52,804 acres of land allotted to Scheduled Castes to be implemented during 1991-95.

Others Schemes :

* Over one crore poor families being supplied rice at subsidised prices.
* 1.55 lakh low-cost permanent houses for the poor in rural areas to be built this year with an expenditure of Rs. 125 crores.
* 5,544 villages facing acute water scarcity to be provided safe drinking water over the next two years.

Issued by the Commissioner, Information & Public Relations, Hyderabad.

Flights of fancy.

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Eureka Forbes Ltd.
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"A 'reasonable' brand position in a highly competitive product category, converted into a strong and viable story through a stunning creative concept. The visual, literally, says it all."

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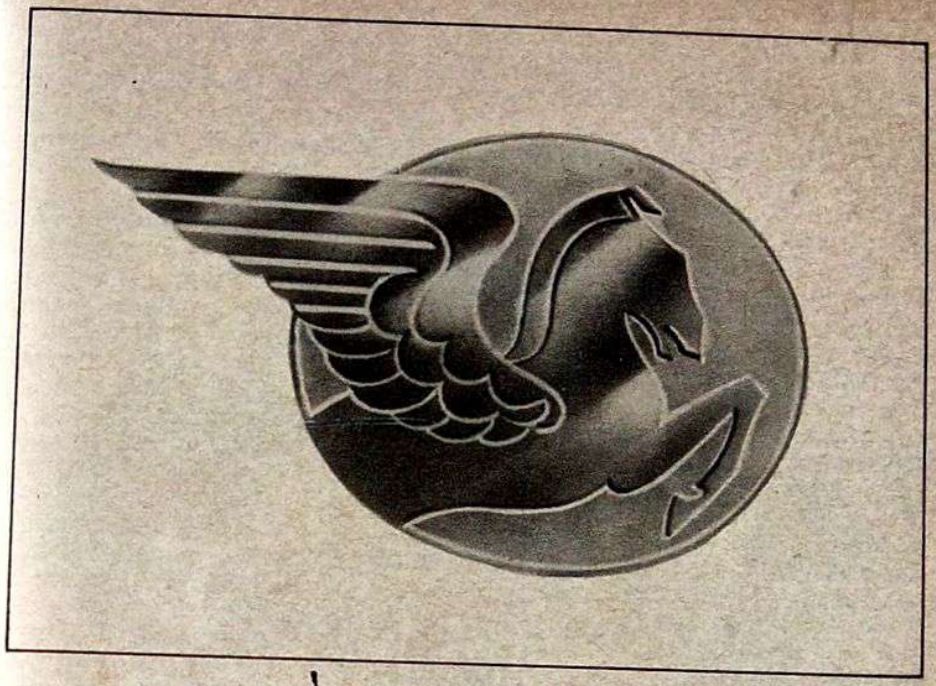
"Bush manufactures televisions, video and audio products. Since the outstanding feature of our product range is the excellent "sound" and "picture" quality, they form the basis of the lines "feel the picture" for television and "feel the sound" for audio."



Wings of fame.

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Mr. Rajendra Phadke
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The Pegasus Club

the second Asaf Jah, Nizam Ali Khan shifted his capital to Hyderabad. During this period of 76 years Hyderabad experienced lean days. After 1763 it began to regain some of its earlier importance and glory. However, much damage had been done to it during that period.

The Asaf Jahi Dynasty The Mughal Governor, Nizam-ul-Mulk Asaf Jah became the independent ruler of Hyderabad in 1724 and started the Asaf Jahi dynasty which ruled till 1949. The important Asaf Jahi palaces are the Chowmahalla - a group of four palaces built by Salabat Jung in 1750, copying the Tehran palace of the king of Iran; Khilwat Mubarak; Rang Mahal; Roshan Bangla and Purani Haveli. The last palace was built by the second Nizam. The fifth, sixth and seventh the Nizams were born here. It has the world's largest wooden wardrobe - 240 feet long - because the sixth Nizam never wore the same dress twice.

With the signing of the Treaty of Subsidiary Alliance by the Nizam with the British in 1798, the Residency was built on the north of the Musi. In 1806 Secunderabad was established as a cantonment for the British troops. These two developments opened the city to new influences from the west. Imperceptibly the city stepped into the modern age.

The introduction of the Railways in the state 1874 was another milestone in the development of the city and the state. Earlier, the foreign trade of Hyderabad was routed largely through the eastern port of Masulipatnam. The Railways opened two new entrepots - Madras in the south and Bombay in the west. It reinforced and accelerated the earlier impact on the political, social and economic life of the city which flowed from the Subsidiary Alliance.

The floods of 1908 rendered a quarter of the population homeless. A programme of reconstruction and renewal of parts of the old city - the Pathergatti area was undertaken. This was implemented through the establishment of the City Improvement Board in 1912 which incidentally, was the first of its kind in the country.

There was also a flush of constructions of public buildings during the rule of the Seventh Nizam (1911-49). The High Court, the Osmania General Hospital, the Town Hall (now the Assembly Hall), the Osmania University, the State Central Library are some of the architectural land-marks of this period. The Salar Jung Museum, though displaying about a third of the varied and idiosyncratic collections of Salar Jung III is the largest one-man collection in Asia and justifiably, a great tourist attraction. So are the Venkateshwara Temple, the Planetarium and the Science Museum atop the Naubat Pahad, built by Birla.

The Twin Cities Though called 'twin' cities, Hyderabad and Secunderabad betray their different per centage and still retain some of the differences in their character, though they are fast disappearing.

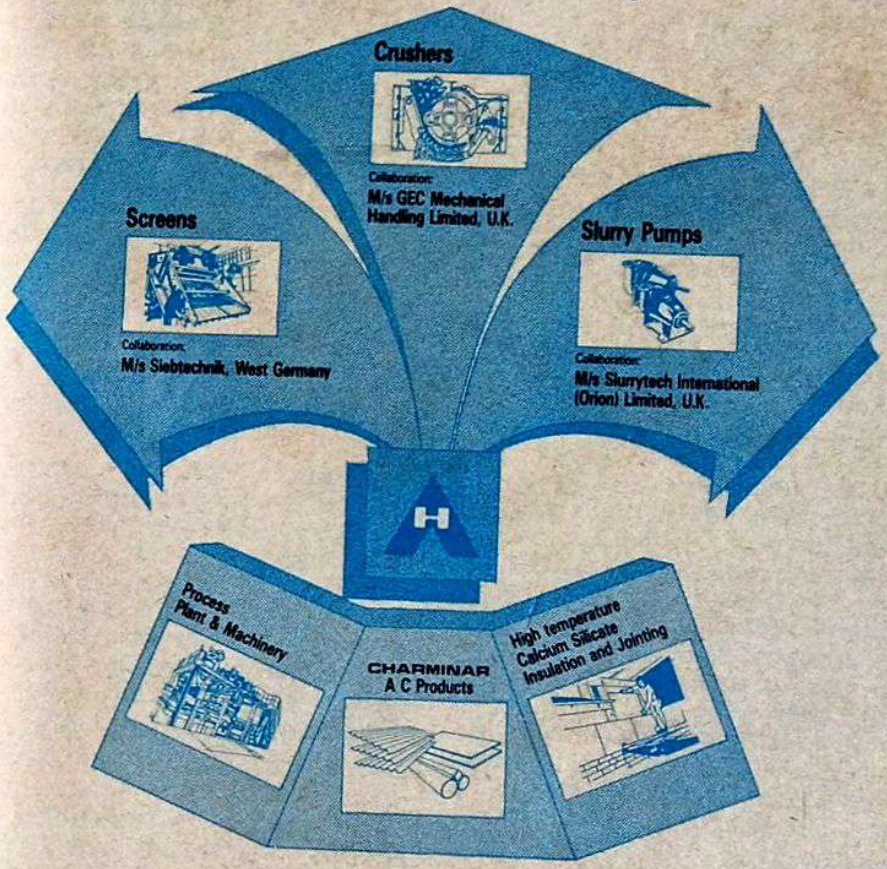
The Integration In 1949 Hyderabad was integrated with India. This signalled the demise of the feudal era and the inauguration of the democratic age. A popular government came into existence but the link with the past was retained with the Nizam staying on as the titular head of the state.

In 1956 the former state of Hyderabad was trifurcated and merged with Andhra and Hyderabad became the capital of a new and linguistically homogeneous state of Andhra Pradesh.

The Last Phase There was unprecedented growth and all round development of the city after 1956. The city started expanding on all sides. The government therefore notified in 1971 a Master Plan for the

Hyderabad Industries

From CHARMINAR AC products to a diversified range



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planned development of the city and its environs. This covers an area of 1536 sq.km. as against the city municipal area of 169 sq.km. The population of the Hyderabad Development Area was 28.60 lakhs in 1981. It is expected to go up to 40 lakhs in 1991 and 60 lakhs by the turn of the century. In 1975 Government established a statutory body, the Hyderabad Urban Development Authority to implement the Master Plan. In 1981, the Quli Qutb Shah Urban Development Authority was established through an administrative order to concentrate on the development of the old city. Due to diverse development over the years the 'magnet' character of Hyderabad has only increased.

Economic Development Hyderabad has become a major industrial city now. Prior to 1956 there were only 10 large and medium scale industrial units with a capital outlay of Rs.7.66 crores and employing about 10,000 persons. In the small scale sector there were only 131 units. Now there are 115 large and medium units with an investment of Rs.452 crores and providing jobs to 55,420 persons. The small scale sector accounts for 8,282 units with an investment of Rs.80 crores and employment of the order of 75,000. The Central public sector both civilian and defence has a good presence here. In 1981 Hyderabad had an employment figure of 7.16 lakhs giving one of the lowest worker population ratio in the country - 28.2 per cent. Yet the city accounts for one sixth of the total of factory workers in the state. The manufacturing sector has shown steady growth since 1931. However, the service sector has dominated the total employment scene accounting for 69.49 per cent as against 26.76 per cent in the secondary sector and 3.82 per cent in the primary sector. Hyderabad also boasts the largest number of cycles in the country.

Once known for its diamonds including the famed Koh-e-noor, today Hyderabad is a flourishing market for grading and piercing pearls.

Because of its central location, equable climate and cosmopolitan culture and comparatively congenial industrial relations climate of the city has attracted considerable investment in different fields. One of them is training and research. Hyderabad is today called the training capital of India.

One of the factors responsible for the prosperity of the city is the large number of N.R.I.s who belong to Hyderabad. They are all over in West Asia, U.S., Canada and England. And the continuous traffic to and fro to the Gulf, Hyderabad has become a semi-international airport operating direct flight to West Asian destinations.

In the last 30-40 years the face of Hyderabad has changed beyond recognition. The pace of development in Hyderabad is so fast that it can be said that you can't visit the same city twice. The sky-line of the city is forever changing. The general growth has also brought in its wake its paradoxical by-product — the growth of slums.

The Prospects In a quick-pace development and fast changing scenario, the civic amenities are bound to become inadequate. The condition of city roads cries for attention. Water supply and sewerage need massive augmentation. Recently a World Bank loan has been sanctioned for a Rs.257 crore project for upgrading the sewerage and water supply systems. The other civic services also lag behind the galloping demand.

Hyderabad was once striking in its layout. Given a sympathetic, imaginative and bold handling of its civic problems, Hyderabad can hope to have the best of both worlds

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE:

SADDAM HUSSEIN

BY RALPH KINNEY BENNETT

IN THE central Iraqi town of Ramadi, the "Father-Leader" swaggers before a crowd of supporters, whipping a pistol from his holster and firing repeatedly in the air. The cause of the Gulf War, Saddam Hussein tells his people, was not the invasion of Kuwait but, rather, a Western and Israeli plot against Iraq. He brags that Iraq stood up to the overwhelming power of more than 30 nations and survived. "You are victorious," he says, "because you have rejected humiliation and suppression." At his huge birthday party, the Baghdad Symphony plays an appropriately defiant tune. It is the Frank Sinatra staple, "My Way."

The man who coolly ordered the rape, looting and destruction of a peaceful neighbour, who unleashed a war that ultimately killed tens of thousands of his own sol-

PHOTO: C.A. NOGUES/SYGMA

diers, is still doing it his way. The man who used innocent men, women and children as "human shields," whose officers tortured and humiliated allied prisoners of war, is still smoking his Cuban cigars. The man who extracted an awesome price in resources — and lives — from the civilized world to halt his aggression is busily reorganizing his army and secret police.

He is still considered one of the world's richest men, bent on ensuring that his lavish life-style recovers quickly from the war. (He has reportedly ordered $35,000 worth of fine bone china from Harrod's in London.) He is believed to have skimmed at least $10 billion from Iraqi oil profits and deposited it in secret bank accounts and hidden investments. Independent investigators hired by the Kuwaiti government assert that these are administered by his half-brother, Barzan Takriti, who doubles as Iraq's ambassador to the United Nations in Geneva.

With what appeared to be his crushing defeat in February, hopes were raised that the "Butcher of Baghdad" might be toppled from power. But those hopes died when coalition forces stood by as Saddam crushed rebellious Kurds in the north of Iraq and Shi'ite Muslims in the south. His Republican Guards slaughtered thousands and continued the systematic destruction of Kurdish villages.

Kuwait, a shattered country, remained beneath a pall of smoke from the hundreds of oil wells that the routed Iraqis had deliberately ignited. But the prospect of Saddam's being brought to account, let alone punished, for the monumental human, economic and environmental devastation of his war grew ever dimmer.

As the United States and its allies rapidly withdrew the bulk of their forces from the Gulf, they put their faith in a harsh embargo. Iraq's trade was restricted until it fully complied with the conditions imposed by the UN. The sanctions, backed by threat of further military action, were intended to force the regime to pay billions in reparations, destroy its ballistic missiles, dismantle its chemical, biological and nuclear weapons programmes.

Thus far, the sanctions have hobbled Iraq's efforts to repair its bomb-shattered infrastructure. Ordinary Iraqis are suffering; women have been reduced to selling their gold for food money.

But Saddam and the ruling Baath Party élite remain insulated from the hunger and hardship of ordinary people. Well-to-do Iraqis pull up to Baghdad's Al Rashid Hotel in Mercedes-Benz sedans for $100-a-person lunches. At night, music thumps from the hotel's One Thousand and One Nights disco, where Saddam's dissolute and violent son, Uday, is wont to arrive in a gleaming black Porsche.

While rewarding those loyal to

him and terrorizing others through his secret police, Saddam has steadily strengthened his position by drawing his ruling circle ever closer. He has streamlined his army, moulding it around the hard core of his estimated 120,000 Republican Guards. Iraqi soldiers are reported to have brazenly driven through the UN demilitarized zone, *back* into Kuwait, loading up tonnes of weaponry — from artillery shells to hand grenades — they left behind last spring.

In one audacious raid into the demilitarized-zone town of Umm Qasr, Iraqis carted off 15 Silkworm surface-to-surface missiles — one of Iraq's deadliest weapons. The Iraqis have also been re-equipping units from hidden caches of ammunition and heavy weapons dispersed throughout their country.

Saddam grew bolder and more contemptuous with each passing day as he saw the United States and its allies unwilling to go beyond economic and diplomatic pressure to bring him to ground. When it served his purposes immediately after the war, he engaged in a flurry of "reform," allowing some token opposition political parties and reportedly disbanding the vaunted Revolutionary Command Council. But that has been virtually abandoned.

Nowhere has Saddam's arrogance been more clearly displayed than in his deceitful dealings with International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) inspectors dispatched to Iraq to determine the extent of his nuclear-weapons programme.

Bizarre Episode. Saddam first lied about his developing nuclear capability. Then he grudgingly coughed up little bits of information as needed — enough to reveal that he did indeed have a biological-weapons research facility operating (it had been billed as a food-testing laboratory), and that he had a chemical-weapons capability dramatically higher than Western intelligence had previously believed.

But as it became apparent to Saddam that the allies did not have the stomach to renew a bombing campaign, he became less cooperative. In one bizarre episode at a nuclear-weapons-manufacturing site, Saddam's security forces fired shots in the air and held IAEA inspectors at bay. Meanwhile, soldiers loaded canvas-shrouded machinery onto scores of flatbed trucks, which were then driven off into the desert.

Experts cannot be certain how much enriched uranium — crucial to Iraq's atomic-bomb production — may have been produced and hidden. But they were stunned at the scope of the Iraqi enrichment effort, involving at least four manufacturing methods. The widely scattered secret sites were so cleverly disguised that Western intelligence agencies had no idea

Glorious motherhood. Bliss. Contentment. Suddenly, the nine long months of minor and not so minor discomforts seem to be worth it all. "Listen, everybody. I'm a mother!"

It isn't all quite so glorious with your body, though. Bringing forth a new life into life isn't so easy. It's a demanding task. And your body has just performed it. It needs help to recover from the weariness. The tired muscles need to relax. And the uterus to contract. Takes a little while for your body to come back to normal, pre-pregnancy health.

Breast-feeding helps. And when you breast-feed, two things happen. Your baby gets the best baby food in the world. And your tired body muscles revive to the gentle pleasure generated by your baby's sucking. Also, the uterus begins to contract.

Well, call it the beauty of the best bringing back the best.

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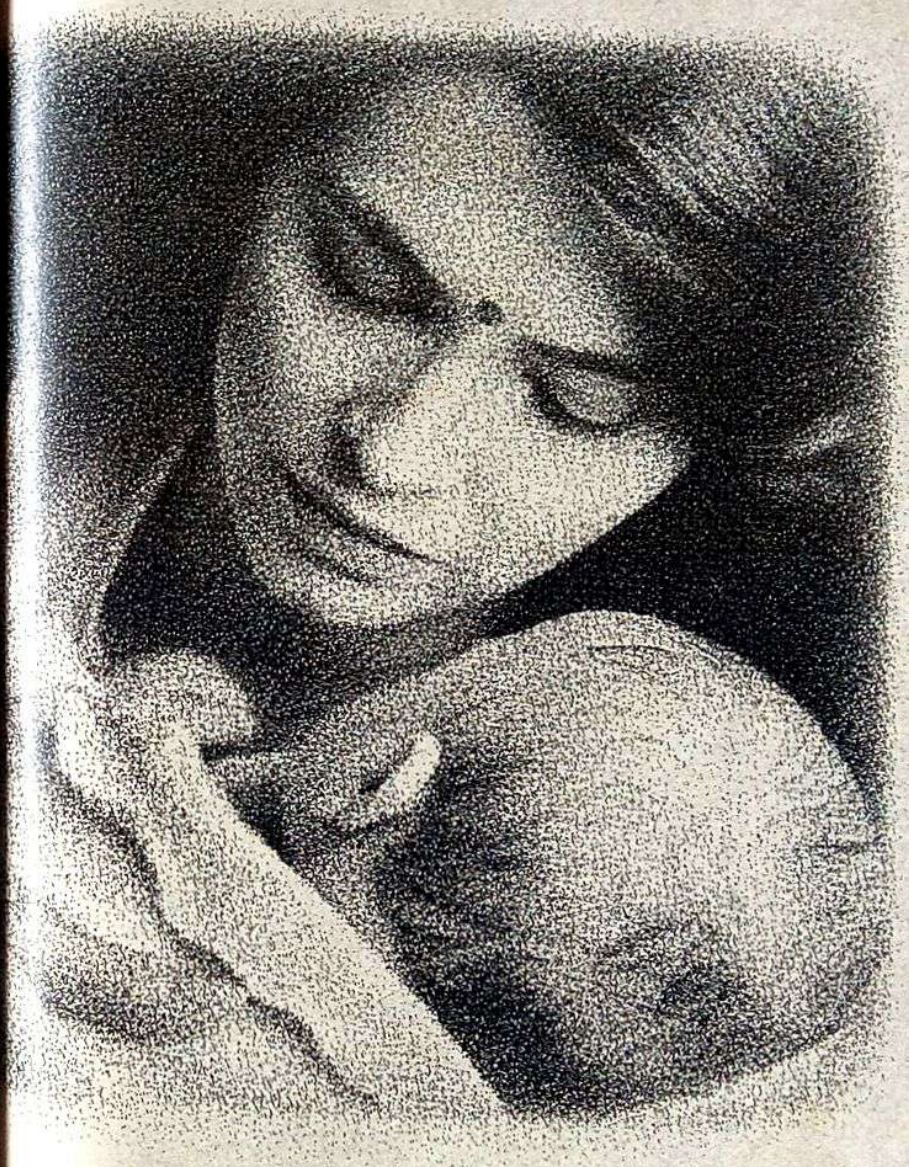

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of their existence.

The UN required Iraq to reveal all its nuclear-weapons capability by July 25 to forestall any renewed bombing raids. The deadline passed, and nothing was done. On August 2, the anniversary of the invasion of Kuwait, the US State Department told Iraqi expatriate opposition leaders that the United States would not intervene militarily to create a new government in Baghdad, nor would it encourage a popular uprising against Saddam. Little wonder, then, that Saddam continued to play "chicken" with the West, thwarting UN observers, daring the United States to respond.

Since Desert Storm, Saddam has carefully perpetuated the image of himself as a "martyr," the true "Pan-Arab leader." His controlled press portrays Iraq as resisting traitorous forces from without, orchestrated always by Americans and Zionists. The Baghdad newspaper *Al-Iraq* boasts that all such efforts will be met with "crushing defeat and eternal disgrace." Saddam deftly plays the suffering of the Iraqi people as a propaganda card. At the same time, he has released scarce goods and funds to keep the wealthy in Baghdad soothed in the postwar chaos.

"But all of this begs the question," says William Schneider, a former high US State Department official. "What about justice, what about retribution for the crimes he has committed?"

In October 1990, as the United States led a massive military build-up in the Gulf, President George Bush called Saddam Hussein "Hitler revisited," and said, "Remember, when Hitler's war ended, there were the Nuremberg trials." By April 23, Assistant Secretary of State John Bolton stated that the US government had "no present plans to find Saddam Hussein and bring him physically to justice."

Last August, in an exercise that might be called the theatre of frustration, the American Bar Association held a mock trial of Saddam Hussein. An actor, moustachioed and decked out in Iraqi uniform, sat "in the dock" while Saddam's war-crimes guilt was debated. Is that the closest the world will get to justice in the matter of *Civilization versus Saddam?*

Another Chance? "Saddam remains at risk for the rest of his life for war-crimes prosecution," says David Scheffer, an expert on international law with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. But there's a catch. "It all comes down to our ability to apprehend him."

In the weeks after the war ended, former US Undersecretary of Defence Fred Iklé warned that Saddam would play a deft game with the UN, fending it off while trying to consolidate his internal position. He has done just that. He weathered a summer of probes and threats and emerged un-

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scathed. On the anniversary of the invasion of Kuwait last August, a diplomat in Baghdad was quoted as saying: "I think Saddam's dream is still intact. I think he believes that God has given him another chance."

Another chance to do what? This is a man who enjoys terror. This is a man who reportedly killed one of his cabinet ministers, had his body hacked to pieces and delivered in a black bag to his wife. This is a man whose delusions of political grandeur left perhaps 100,000 hapless Iraqi conscripts to be buried in mass graves in the desert along the Kuwaiti border.

Uriel Dann, an analyst with Tel Aviv University's Moshe Dayan Centre, warns against underestimating Saddam's "cunning, adaptability and perseverance," and his ruthlessness. "He will strive to exact revenge so long as there is life in his body," Dann says. "He will smirk and conciliate and retreat and whine and apply for fairness and generosity. And the day will come when he will hit with whatever weapons he may have at his disposal."

US Secretary of Defence Dick Cheney emphasizes that Saddam's military is largely ineffective as an offensive fighting force. That only underlines the point that the best time to have solved the Saddam problem was last spring. As former US Secretary of Defence Caspar Weinberger warned then: "There is no possibility of a lasting peace in the region if Saddam Hussein is left in power with any military force at his command. It is time to rid the world of this scourge against humanity."

As long as Saddam struts the stage in Iraq, nursing his appetite for revenge, feeding on his dreams of glory, as long as he holds power, the Gulf War is not behind us. Peace is not sure, and the fight is not finished.

PILLOW TALK

A FRIEND, tired of nagging her teenage daughter about tidying her room, left a note on the girl's pillow reading:

"Dear Betty,

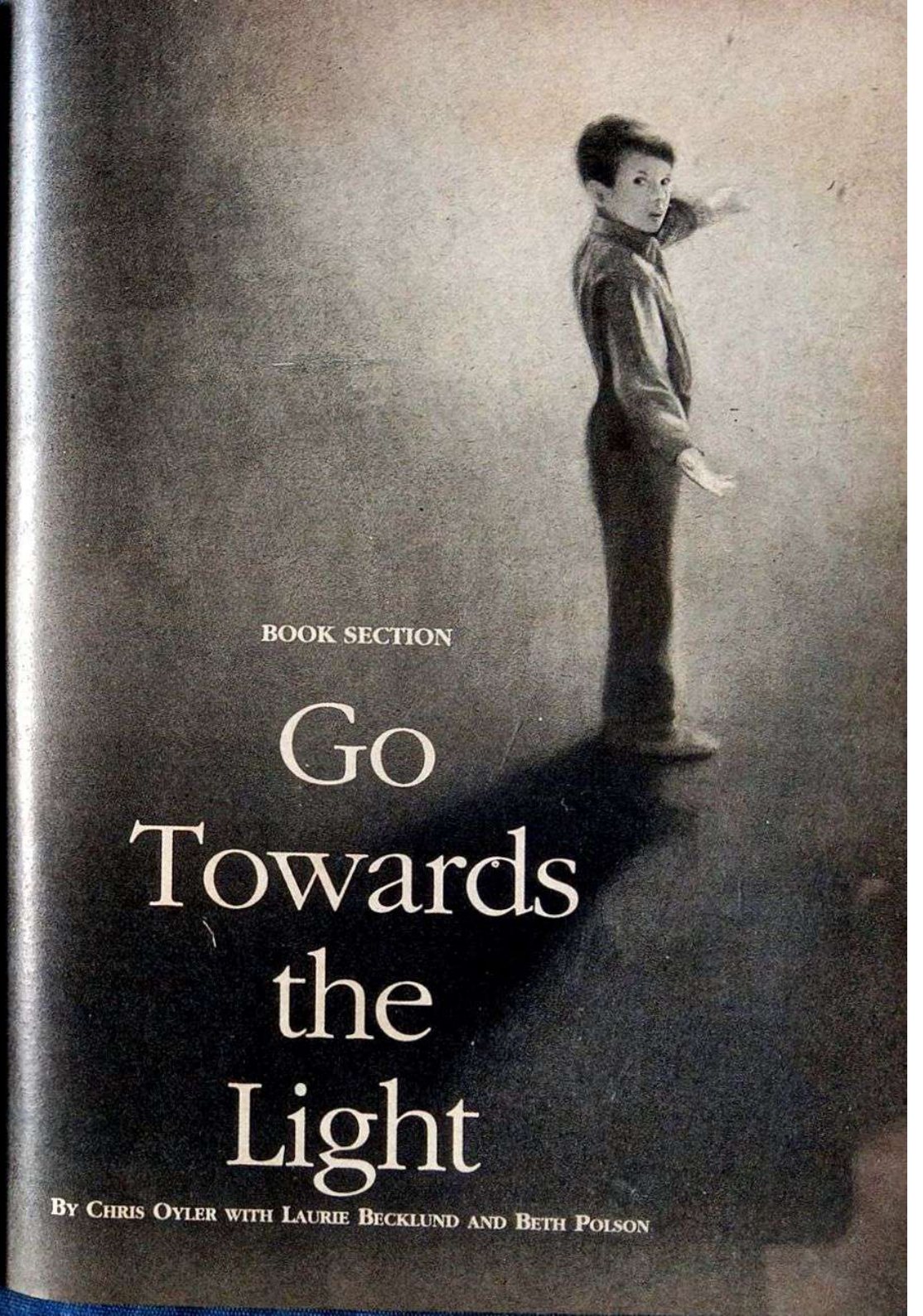
I don't like being in a mess all the time. Please tidy me up.

Your Room"

The next day, my friend found a reply on her daughter's pillow that read:

"Dear Room,

Okay, I've tidied you up. Now, would you please be quiet because you're beginning to sound like my mother!" — Pat Elphinstone



BOOK SECTION

Go Towards the Light

BY CHRIS OYLER WITH LAURIE BECKLUND AND BETH POLSON

When you are told someone you love is going to die, it's as if time skips a beat. And once the clock resumes ticking, nothing is the same. Chris Oyler remembers the numbness that came over her when they said that Ben, her seven-year-old, was dying. This couldn't really be happening, she told herself. Surely God would grant them a miracle. Surely the doctors would change the diagnosis or find a cure. Ben had lived such a short time. Death had always been one of those things that was very foreign. And suddenly it was personal. Very personal.

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PUBLISHED BY HARPER & ROW PUBLISHERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.
ILLUSTRATIONS: DAN BROWN

WE WERE having a reunion with my side of the family during the children's Easter vacation from school. Our three boys had got to know some of their cousins for the first time, skiing together and playing in the snow. I look back now and marvel at what a joyful, carefree time that was.

One afternoon, as our vacation was drawing to a close, the adults sat around the fire sipping hot chocolate and the children played outside, racing down the hill on sledges. I walked out on the balcony to watch. My own three boys, their cheeks pink from the cold, had the kind of faces you see in advertisements. Beau with his freckles, Ben with his mischievous smile, and Aber with his sparkling eyes. We never had time to think about being happy back then. We just were.

Our last day began the way so many days had when I was a child, with my mother making a grocery list. "Any requests?" she asked.

"Chicken wings!" shouted Ben. He was seven, our first child, born two years after Grant Oyler and I were married.

Every mother has one special dish that her children love. My mother's was marinated chicken wings. And even though I used her recipe, Ben never seemed to like mine as well as Gramma's. So when we sat down to eat, it seemed odd that Ben didn't touch his food.

"My tummy hurts," he said.

The next day the reunion ended, but the stomachache didn't. All the way back to our home Ben wasn't himself. He had such bad diarrhoea that I knew I had to call our family doctor.

DR PENN would know what to do. He had been taking care of Ben since he was born. At Ben's birth I had learned that I was a haemophilia carrier. My brother, Scott, was a haemophilic, and Ben was too. Women carry the disease; men get it. With every pregnancy, the genetic odds are the same; for a

boy, a 50-percent chance of having haemophilia; for a girl, a 50-percent chance of being a carrier.

The odds of our having a haemophilic child were only one in four. But despite the odds, our two younger sons, Beau, five, and three-year-old Abraham — Aber for short — also had the disease. Fortunately, haemophilics can now be given highly concentrated doses of a blood product containing the clotting protein they lack and can live relatively active lives.

Because of my brother, I had lived with haemophilia, but it was all new to my husband, Grant. It made me love him more, just seeing how he adapted and the ease with which he learned to give the boys their infusions of factor VIII whenever one of them had a bleed.

Dr Penn calmly examined Ben. It was probably a parasite, he thought. He prescribed an antibiotic and, just to be safe, took some blood tests. The results, he said, would be back in a week.

I expected the medicine to take effect. Instead, Ben's diarrhoea got worse and he vomited frequently. I began to feel helpless and scared. I took Ben back to Dr Penn early the next week. He did more tests and said he wanted to check with the Children's Hospital at Stanford which we knew well because of the haemophilia clinic there. He'd telephone as soon as he heard anything.

The call came that afternoon. Dr Penn suggested we take Ben to Stanford.

"We'll leave first thing in the morning," I said.

"Chris," Dr Penn advised, "I think you'd better go now."

The two weeks that followed were a blur of tests: stool and urine samples, more blood samples. The next thing I knew, we were being escorted through double doors to an isolation room. *A private room,* I thought. I wondered how we got to be so lucky. Then I realized it had a private bathroom. Of course, Ben needed a bathroom all to himself.

At first I was encouraged by the activity. Surely they'd have a diagnosis soon. But each test was negative, leading to more — and often painful — procedures. A brain scan. A lumbar puncture. A bone-marrow sample.

Ben only got worse. He developed an ugly white coating on his tongue and throat, and his neck glands were swollen. In addition to everything else, he now had a rash.

Finally — it was May 1985 — I was told that the first results from tests sent to the Centres for Disease Control in Atlanta would be in by the end of the week. Friday, they said.

Beau and Aber had gone to stay with Grant's parents, and Grant was commuting four hours a day so he could continue to work at his building construction job and still see Ben and me at night in

the hospital. But when Friday came, he called and said he was going to be late. He'd be there as soon as he could. I watched the clock and I watched the car park. No Grant. As much as I hated it, I knew I would have to see the doctors alone.

I remember looking around the conference room and thinking I was outnumbered. I knew it didn't take that many people to tell you good news. Dr Bertil Glader, the head of paediatric haematology, gave me the laboratory results. Ben did have a parasite; he had swollen glands; he had a bad case of candidiasis, the thrush in his throat. But we had already known all this.

Judie Lea, Dr Glader's nurse, interrupted to ask, "Would you rather wait for Grant to hear the rest, Chris?"

"No," I said, wondering how they could expect me to wait any longer. "Please go on."

"Have you ever heard of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome?" Dr Glader asked.

"You mean AIDS? Ben has AIDS?" Suddenly everything made sense. Ben's private room. The tests sent to Atlanta. The infections Ben couldn't fight off.

Dr Glader went on with his explanation. Since the blood factor Ben required had been heat-treated for several years and Ben was only seven, he might have been exposed as a baby. He had had at least two dozen transfusions of the highly concentrated factor a year, each made from a pool of the plasma from at least 1000 donors. One of them had AIDS.

The doctor's words seemed faint behind the deafening hum that filled my ears. I heard myself asking for details, medications, everything I could think of — until Dr Glader interrupted.

"Chris, do you understand the significance of what we're telling you?"

A numbness had come over me. Yes, of course I understood. AIDS was fatal. When you are told that someone you love is going to die, it's as if time skips a beat. And once the clock resumes ticking, nothing is the same. Your voice belongs to a stranger. Your eyes linger on some inconsequential detail; a smudge on the doctor's glasses; a speck of colour amidst others on the floor. When the person who is dying is your child, you know that things will never be the same again. That the pain will stay inside you forever.

"Can you tell me how long he has?" I asked.

"All we know is that statistically 85 percent of AIDS patients are dead within a year," Dr Glader answered.

Within a year, *How could this be?* I said to myself. Ben had lived only 94 months. My thoughts went back to Ben as a baby. Me rocking Ben. Ben's first steps.

"I'm sorry we can't tell you more," Dr Glader was saying. "But

Ben's our first."

"He's my first too," I said.

Journey Without a Map

I WAITED for Grant. Knowing that only Grant could comfort me now; only Grant's sorrow could be as great. Tears filled his eyes as I told him the news, but I could see in his face that he had suspected all along. How many long drives had he made alone with his fears, sparing me a few more days of agony?

We went together to a second meeting with the same group of doctors. They said they would begin by treating the symptoms. The rash was already beginning to subside with medication. And the thrush in Ben's throat was somewhat under control with a spray he hated but would just have to take anyway. As for the parasite that was causing the worst of his problems, maybe it could be checked by a new experimental drug.

Both Grant and I asked a lot of questions about the medication because they told us if we could learn to administer it, Ben wouldn't have to stay in the hospital. At home, Ben would have his brother to cheer him up, Darcy, our dog, to play with and both his parents standing by him, no matter what.

Yet I was nervous as we began packing Ben's things to leave. Once we got home, all there would be was me. Just Chris, 29 years old. That had sounded so old to me on my last birthday. Now it seemed so young, so inexperienced. At least for this. I was a housewife with three little boys and another one — another *baby* — on the way. How was I going to manage?

I knew what my mother would say: Just take each day as it comes. That's what I needed to do now.

It was a beautiful day when we left the hospital, so we decided to take our favourite route home through the woods. Ben lay in the back of our van in the bed we had made him, and for the first few kilometres he looked out at the deep red-orange of the giant trees and the passing scenery. After a while he asked to come up and sit on my lap. Earlier, I would have said it was too dangerous. But too dangerous seemed ludicrous now.

He settled in awkwardly around my growing belly, with his head on my shoulder and his feet in Grant's lap. "What's wrong with me?" he asked. "What did the doctors say?"

Grant and I had talked about how we would tell Ben. But we hadn't planned the words we would use. Earlier, I'd always been able to reassure my boys, but now there was nothing in my long list of mothering phrases that seemed appropriate.

"Well, Ben, we should have known Dr Penn was right about that parasite," I began. "They found one in your stomach. That's why

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you've got all this diarrhoea."

I waited for another question. But Ben was waiting for more of an answer.

"The reason you're having such a hard time getting rid of it is because you've got something else too. It's called AIDS. It's a little scary because the doctors don't know much about it yet. You're the very first little boy they've ever seen who has it, Benny."

"When do they say I'm going to get better?"

"They're not sure," Grant said. "But the doctors gave us some medicine that's going to make you feel better. Some pills and some more of that delicious yellow throat spray you love so much."

Ben made a face and clutched his throat, the way little boys do when they're pretending to be poisoned.

"We're going home now," Grant went on, "and you're going to be feeling better. So why don't we think up something fun to do, just you and me and Mum?"

I leaned down to my purse and pulled out my notebook and a pen. Writing things down always made me feel organized, even when I wasn't. "Let's make a list of things to look forward to," I said. "If you had your choice of doing anything you wanted this summer, what would it be?"

"Disneyland!" Ben said. "And the Oyler family reunion."

Every year Grant's family held a reunion. One of the things I had learned in my marriage was how important the support of an entire family can be, in both good times and bad. The Oyler reunions were special. Ben was the oldest of 14 cousins, the "leader of the pack," everybody called him, a position he enjoyed immensely. But this year plans were halted because of Ben's illness.

"I'll call Grampa when we get home," Grant said, "and see if he can work out something."

"What else are you looking forward to, Ben?" I asked.

"Making new friends when school starts in September," he said.

"You might be in a new school," Grant said. "We're thinking of moving into a new house before the baby's born in November."

"Does that mean I can't see Jessica anymore?" Ben asked.

"Of course not," I said. "You don't lose friends because you go to a different school."

"Yeah, I guess not. Can we call her when we get home and see if she's feeling better?"

I nodded. But something made me hesitate about putting Jessica's name on the list. Jessica was a classmate Ben had got to know one day when he had to stay inside during the break because he had a bleed. Jessica, "the girl with no hair," was inside too. She explained to him that her hair had fallen out after they found tumours in her brain and had

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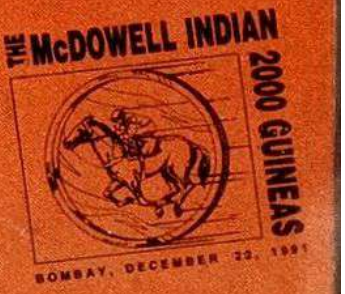

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APEX

started radiation therapy.

Ben understood that Jessica might die. Grant and I had talked to him about it one night after Jessica's mother had called. She, too, had seen how close they were, and she didn't want Ben to be hurt. That had been months earlier.

Seeing my hesitation, Ben took the pen out of my hand and wrote under "new house" and "new school," "J-E-S-S-I-C-A." "Hey, Ben!" Grant said, changing the subject. "What happens when you turn eight?"

"I get baptized. Write it down, Mum."

Ben looked at the growing list: "Something's missing... my baby brother."

"You mean Chelsea," I corrected. Ben gave me a wide smile. He and I had this dialogue down like a familiar storybook. Ben wanted another brother, and I wanted a girl. "Let's wait and see what we get," I laughed. "We'll be happy with either one, right?"

Ben agreed and I wrote "baby" at the bottom of our list.

Pictures in the Heart

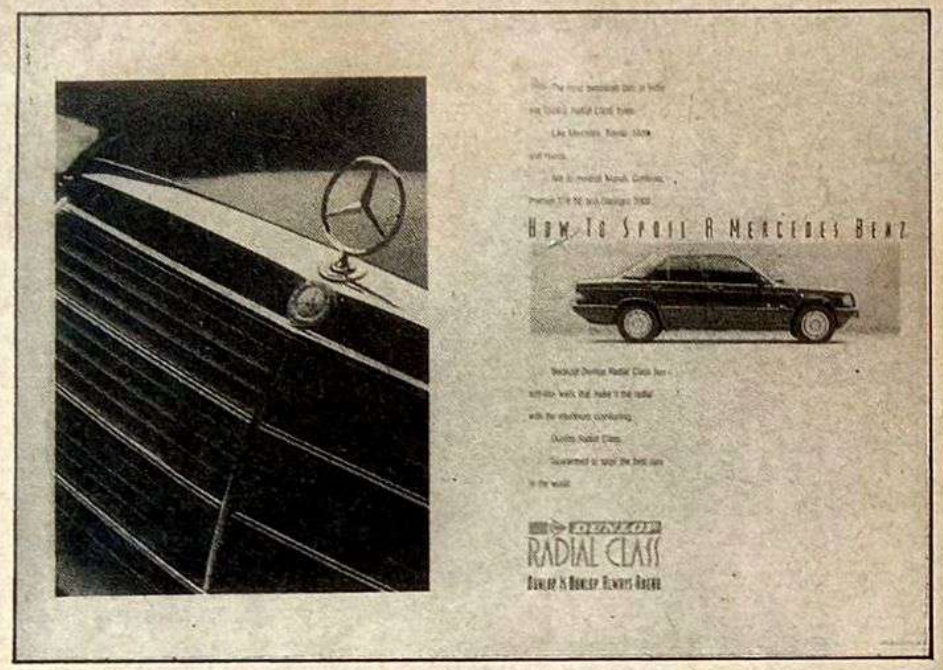
THE DOCTORS had given Ben one year. But what did they know of our family? What did they know of our faith? Grant was firm in his belief that God would make Ben well. "Miracles do happen, Chris. All we need is time, time for the researchers to find a cure."

I listened to his words and found strength in them. If we used all our resources — our family's love, the doctor's dedication, and our faith in God — maybe we could pull Ben through this.

The first weeks at home were a difficult time for all of us. Grant's business was remodelling bathrooms and kitchens, and he had missed so much work while he was up at the hospital that he was going to have to put in 12- and 14-hour days just to meet the deadline for contracts he had signed.

At home with the boys, my biggest challenge was not to be consumed by a series of minor, irritating little challenges. I had hoped to make up for some of the sickness and hardships by taking the boys on special outings — to the aquarium or the park. But because of Ben's diarrhoea he had to be in the bathroom every hour or two all day long and sometimes all night. Besides that, he was vomiting frequently. Suddenly I had five laundry loads a day.

Hygiene was a concern as well. We weren't afraid anyone would catch AIDS from Ben because we had learned it is transmitted almost solely through sexual intercourse or other exchanges of body fluids, such as blood transfusions. (Later, tests done on all of us for AIDS proved negative.) But the other problems, especially the thrush in Ben's throat, were contagious. We put liquid-soap dispensers and paper cups in the bathroom. But it



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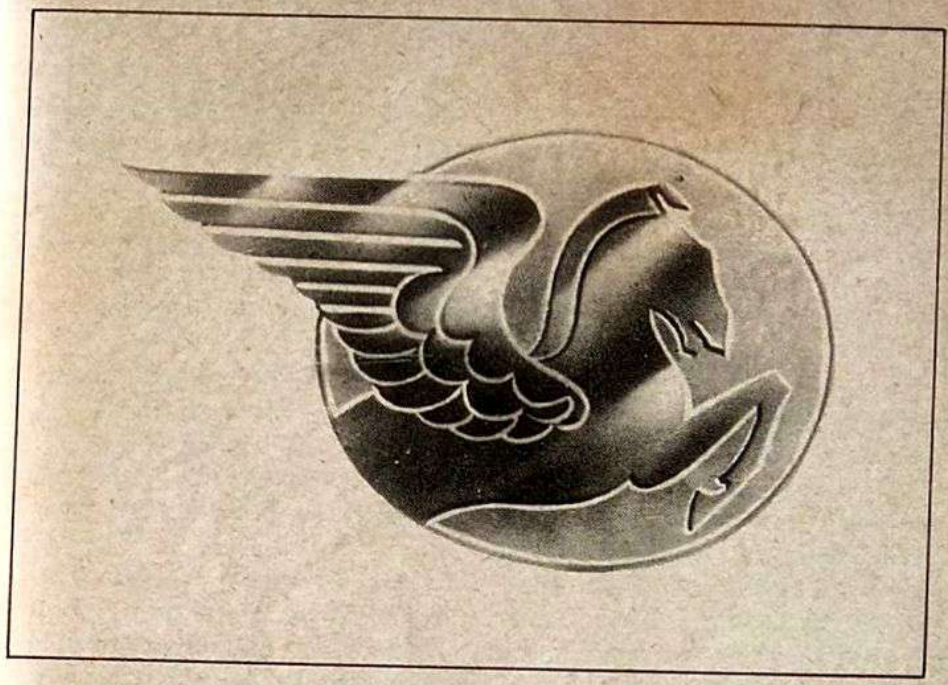

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The Pegasus Club

was hard enough just keeping track of Beau and Aber, let alone making sure they weren't sharing Ben's ice lolly.

More and more, we did simple things together — working in the garden or making paper masks. Sometimes, when Ben was feeling tired and I was worn out with worry and the pregnancy, he and I would just lie down together on the living room floor and take a nap.

One day at the grocery store I bumped into Ben's school-bus driver, who told me Jessica had died a few days before. I felt that I had let Ben down. I hadn't called her mother since we'd got home. And now it was too late.

That afternoon at the park, Ben and I sat on the edge of the sandpit. Beau and Aber played nearby. "I have to talk to you about Jessica, Ben," I said.

He looked up at me quickly, and then looked down and started doodling in the sand with his finger. "It's not good news, is it?"

I put an arm around his shoulder. "No, it isn't. Jessica died a few days ago."

He kept tracing a circle in the sand. "Why did I have to lose her so fast, Mum? She wasn't even as old as me."

"You never have to lose somebody you really love, Ben," I began, not at all sure of the right thing to say. "You can keep them with you always. In your heart." I took out my wallet and showed him the pictures I kept there of him, Beau, Aber and Grant. "Did you know your heart can take pictures? They're the best kind because you take them at the most special moments. And nobody has those same pictures but you."

"Will Jessica go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Will I see her again someday?"

"I'm sure you will, Ben."

There was a long silence. Ben just kept looking down and drawing in the sand. "When will that be, Mum?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows exactly when he's going to die. That's why it's so important to love each other while we're together." I kept my eyes wide open so the tears wouldn't spill out.

Why did I have the feeling that he knew he was dying? I wanted to hold him tight and rock him back and forth in my arms and cry with him. But I couldn't. I had to be strong and cheerful. So we sat there. Ben with his thoughts. And me with mine.

"Mum," he said finally, "will you push me on the swing for a while?"

Playing with Jessica was one thing on Ben's list he would never do. But we did go to Disneyland that summer. Grant's father gathered together the Oylers in record time, arranging for six branches of the family to meet there, so we had our reunion too. Ben was very excited. We all were.

Soon afterwards, though, he had

to go back to the hospital. He had become dehydrated from the diarrhoea and the lack of food. Once he was hooked up to the IV again, he began gaining weight. After only a week, we went back home with Ben looking more like Ben again.

On his birthday, we had a quiet picnic on the lawn. That night when we tucked him in, he said, "I'm eight now. Remember what happens when you turn eight?"

I had put off thinking about Ben's baptism. I had a fear that once he was baptized he would somehow be ready to die. It was silly. I knew that. What did I think I was doing, fighting some sort of tug-of-war with God for the life of my son? God was on our side.

Finally, Grant made arrangements with the church. A few nights later, we sat down for what we, as Mormons, call a Family Home Evening. It's an important tradition for us. We turn off the television. We unplug the telephone. We tell stories. We sing songs. We focus on our family and our faith.

This particular night we talked about Ben's baptism. "It's a very big day in your life," Grant began. "Do you know what happens?"

"You get dunked!" Beau said.

"That's right," Grant said. "but do you know what it means?"

"It means you're making promises to our Heavenly Father and he's making promises to you." Ben had been studying about baptism in Sunday school and seemed to understand its meaning. Still, he had lots of questions.

Are there trees in heaven? What about streets? How long does it take you to get there? They were questions that touched me for their innocence and disturbed me because they were so practical.

"Dad," Ben asked, "do people live in houses?"

"They all live in God's house, Ben," Grant replied. "We don't know exactly what it looks like. But it will feel like coming home. You know what it's like to get back home after you've been away for a while? You know how good it feels. That's what it will be like — like going home."

When the day arrived, Ben listened to every word at the baptism. He never once took his eyes off the bishop. AIDS had made me aware that the human body is capable of unbelievable physical change. I had seen it in Ben in the past few weeks. Now I was becoming aware that the soul, too, could change.

After it was over, I walked up to Ben with a towel. I will never forget how he looked standing there, dripping wet in white trousers and shirt, like a powerful but very skinny little angel. His body was shrinking, but his soul was growing. My heart took a picture.

Anger

JUNE TURNED into July, and the fog rolled in. We found a bigger house — with two bathrooms. Grant fin-

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ished a remodelling job and was trying to catch up on others. Beau lost two baby teeth. Aber outgrew his tricycle and got a bicycle with training wheels. And Ben had good days and bad days. On the good days we cherished every laugh and smile. On the bad days we longed for the good days.

There was no way to compensate for his suffering. No way to turn the hands of the clock back to whatever that day was when Ben had had his fateful injection, to a moment when I could undo what had been done.

And that was where the anger stepped in and replaced the fear. Ben so clearly had been wronged.

One night Ben came into the kitchen with a question while Grant and I were making dinner.

"What does gay mean?" he asked.

"Why do you ask, Ben?" I said.

"Because I heard it on TV. They said on TV that God is going to punish all the gays with AIDS."

"They're not talking about you, Ben," I said. Grant and I looked at each other.

"Why don't we all go into the living room?" Grant said. Beau and Aber were outside playing. Dinner could wait.

Last year, Grant had sat down with Ben in just the same way to talk to him about sex after he had come home from school with an obscene word he didn't understand. We hadn't planned to talk to him about sex yet, but we didn't want him to think it was obscene either. So Grant had explained just enough for him to understand how babies were made, and that sex was part of a husband and wife's love for each other.

And now Ben had good reason to ask about homosexuality.

"Ben, you know how we told you that you got AIDS from your treatment?" Grant said. "There are a couple of other ways too. Drug addicts can get it from dirty needles. But the most common way it's passed is through the gay community. 'Gay' means people of the same sex who love each other. When people say 'gay,' that's what they mean. Mostly, when they talk about AIDS, they mean men."

Ben looked confused. Grant knew he had to say more. "You see, Ben, sometimes men love each other just the way a man and a woman love each other." Grant went on to explain that our church teaches that that sort of love is reserved for a husband and wife.

"Is that why God's punishing them with AIDS?"

"No, Ben. God loves all his children, even those who do things he doesn't like."

"And he's not punishing me, either?"

"No, he's not punishing you. Please don't ever think you did anything wrong. Because you didn't."

I reached over and hugged him. How I wished I could make this

easier on him! "You just got a germ, Benny," I told him. "When you get a cold, you don't think God's punishing you, do you?"

That made sense to him.

A few days later, Grant and I were getting ready to go out for our traditional Friday-night outing. I was so glad it was Friday and so glad Grant was home. Our few hours alone gave us the strength we needed to endure and reminded us that we could get through this — together.

While I was dressing, the phone rang. It was my mother calling Ben. They had a special relationship, those two, and I smiled as I listened to Ben's end of the conversation.

When he hung up, he told us Gramma had it all worked out. He was going to visit her and Grandpa Ralph. Beau and Aber had got to go to Grant's parents while he was in the hospital. Now it was his turn. Grant told Ben we'd talk about it in the morning.

Grant and I went off to a little restaurant I'd wanted to try and asked for an intimate table in a corner. It felt like the ultimate luxury to us. Candlelight. Real napkins. Each other. Grant reached over and took my hand.

We were enjoying our evening, talking about the idea of getting away for a few days while Ben stayed with my mum. Then the hostess seated two gay men at the table next to us. At first, we tried to ignore them. But they started to get affectionate with each other, and I couldn't stand it. I know it was irrational. And yet everywhere I looked there was something to remind me of AIDS. Couldn't I just steal my one Friday night of pleasure?

"Let's go," I said to Grant. We hurriedly paid our bill and left.

I didn't blame those two men. But I was angry. Angry that no matter where we went or what we did, Ben still had AIDS. Angry that there was no part of this planet where we could go to escape.

A Small Miracle

BEN WENT to visit his grandparents and the rest of us got away to the beach for a few days. My mother called to tell me Ben was fine and to say the two of them had had a long talk. Ben seemed to know he was going to die, my mother said, and he was afraid that Grant and I would be angry with him for that. Because we had had him so long, because we loved him so much.

I thought how hard this must be for my mother, and how much I loved her. It wasn't just her grandchild she was watching suffer. It was her child too. It was me.

We took Ben back to hospital after his visit to my mother. He hadn't been able to eat, and he was losing weight again. That night after Grant and the boys returned, I sat with Ben on the edge of his bed. "I missed you when you were away," I said. "But you know I could never

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be angry with you just for going on a trip; don't you? Not even if it lasted for a long, long time. I would only be sad that we weren't together."

Ben only nodded, and we hugged. I knew there was more I was supposed to say. But I couldn't say it.

It was harder than ever to leave the next day, but I had to go home and pack for our move. I kissed Ben good-bye about noon.

It was already Thursday, and we had to be out of our flat on Saturday. I hadn't realized how much packing there was to do. It was such a small place, after all. But by dinnertime, when I picked up Beau and Aber at a friend's house, I could see that I had made hardly any progress.

I collapsed on the sofa and shut my eyes. I just sat there — eight months pregnant, stupefied by confusion and exhaustion. All I could think of was the work ahead of me and my own dark fears. What if this baby was a boy? What if he was another haemophilic? I had always told everyone I could manage. But it was getting harder as the boys got older and more active. I didn't know how to keep doing what I had to do.

Finally I reached for the phone and dialled. "Mum," I said in a voice so pathetic I hardly recognized it, "I just can't think anymore. I don't know what to do. Help me..."

I unburdened myself of all the things ahead. The packing, the cleaning of the new house, meals for the boys, calls to Ben, doctor's appointments.

"Slow down, love," she said.

"But, Mum, we've got to be out of here by Saturday."

"Okay, I'll give you a list of things to do, and then you'll reward yourself by doing something for Grant or yourself or the boys. First, I want you to go to sleep and wake up in the morning fresh. And when you get up..." I put her list by my bed that night, and when I got up in the morning, I followed it like a robot. "Get up. Get dressed. Make the bed so you have some place neat to return to. Make breakfast. Pack the bedroom, then the bathroom..."

On moving day, it wasn't much after 7am when we heard the toot of the Laceys' car. Joe was a retired US army colonel from our church; Mary, a retired teacher. They had often taken care of Beau and Aber while I was at the hospital.

I went out on the front lawn to greet them. But it wasn't just Joe and Mary. There were the Youngs, too, and the Smiths. And as I watched, a parade of trucks and cars turned the corner and drove down our street. Members of our church, dear close friends. People with good hearts who asked every Sunday, without fail, if there was anything they could do.

The men started hauling out furniture and boxes. The women

helped me finish cleaning. And one of my former students took care of Beau and Aber. By late afternoon we had moved in. Our house was clean. There was shelf paper in the cupboards, and the freezer was full of food.

The bedstead and chest-of-drawers that had belonged to Grampa Oyler when he was a boy were sitting in Ben's new room waiting for him to come home. We put up Ben's *Star Wars* poster and hung his wooden dinosaurs and model planes from the ceiling. The room began to look just like Ben, our Ben.

I remember Grant and I were leaning against the living room wall, surveying our work, and we both just slid down and sat next to each other on the floor. "How would it look to build some bookcases over there on either side of the fireplace?" I asked.

"Maybe we should expand the kitchen and put in a second storey," Grant said. "We could use the space once Chelsea arrives."

I leaned over and kissed him. In that moment I realized I was taking back control of my life. Grant and I were beginning to talk about the future again as if it held something to look forward to.

I knew I could no longer let myself be blown back and forth, day to day, by the state of Ben's health. There would be even harder times ahead. I had to steel myself to handle them.

A few weeks later, I called my mother and asked her to come for a visit. This time it wasn't a child asking a mother for help. It was a grown daughter inviting a grandmother to share in the joy of getting ready for the arrival of a new baby.

We named our fourth son Daniel Kimball Oyler. He weighed a little more than three kilos and was born on November 6, 1985.

Dr Penn stopped by to see us and examine the newest Oyler patient that afternoon. He was beaming as he walked into the room. "I just got the test results," he said. "The baby is healthy in every way. No haemophilia."

I felt a rush of relief wash through me. Ben had got his little brother. And we had got our first miracle.

Permission to Die

DURING the time I awaited Daniel's arrival, the school board had ruled against Ben's attending school. As disappointed as we were, we decided not to fight the decision publicly. That would only mean TV cameras on our lawn.

Of us all I think Beau was probably affected most by the school-board decision. He had always been so proud of being Ben Oyler's brother. Now he was in a brand-new school where the only thing his classmates knew about him was that he was the brother of the boy with AIDS. He couldn't seem to concentrate in school, and I noticed

him staring off into space at home.

One afternoon as I was hanging clothes on the line, Beau came running to me. Ben had told him and Aber to stay out of his room. Why couldn't Ben play with him the way he used to? When would Ben be fun again? When would he be well?

"Ben may be ill for a long, long time," I told Beau. "You have to find quiet games to play with him now. Games where you don't run and make a lot of noise.

"You have to be patient with him, just like he was patient with you when you were little. Do you think you can do that?" Beau was looking down, but I could see the tears start to roll off his nose. I leaned forward and let him cry in my arms for a while.

The next morning as Ben got out of the shower, shivering and unsteady on his feet, he happened to have his back to me. And I was shocked to see how thin he was. His skin hung loose and lifeless over his bones. When had Ben turned into a skeleton? Had I wanted so much for him to be better that I hadn't noticed how terribly ill he really was?

We arranged for Ben's readmittance to the Children's Hospital at Stanford. When we arrived, the nurses had to try again and again to insert the IV needle. His veins were so weak they kept collapsing.

The next day I found a source of hope in the form of another little boy walking down the hall with a Hickman catheter. This is a small rubber tube inserted surgically into a large vein in the upper chest. Medicine and a personalized formula of liquid food is then pumped through the tube. It wasn't a promise that Ben would live. But at least he wouldn't starve.

The first date available for the operation was October. While we waited, Grant and I found we wanted some reassurance that this was the right step to take. Ben would be hooked up to a machine for a certain number of hours a day. This meant detailed medical care and constant supervision.

So Grant asked our good friend, James Rasband, and his wife, Ester, to come over one night. Jim Rasband was a doctor as well as the leader of our congregation. When they arrived, Grant brought them up to date on Ben's condition.

"We don't see how he can last much longer," Grant said. "And this Hickman line seems like the only answer."

"Maybe," Dr Rasband said. "But it could also prolong Ben's suffering. Is that what you want?"

This was hard on Grant. But Dr Rasband had raised a question we were already wrestling with ourselves. We still expected a miracle. We were still hoping God would make things right. But Ben never pretended he was getting better. It was Grant and I who did that.

Deep inside Ben there was a source that helped him understand

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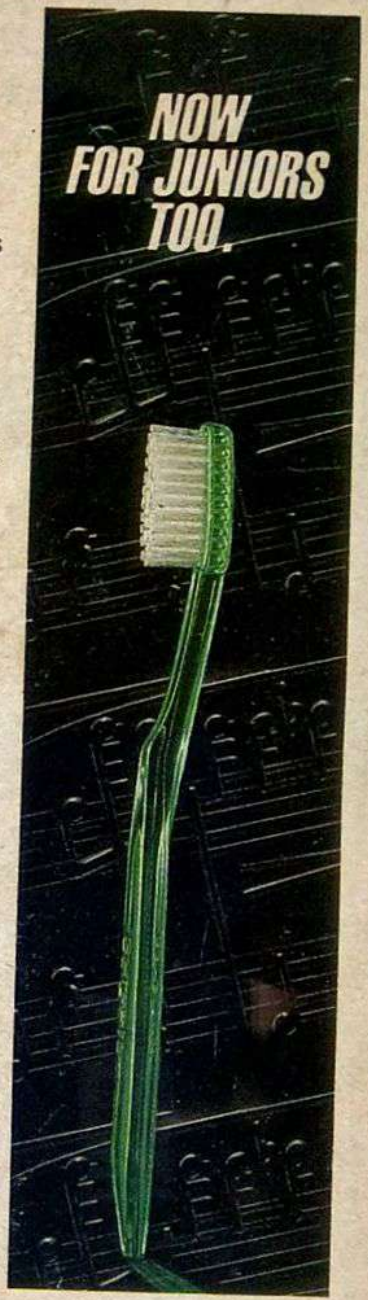

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and accept and not be afraid. We were afraid of an ending. But Ben could see a beginning — a beginning that would take him away from us, but to a place we had taught him not to fear.

It's the hardest thing any parent can ever do — to prepare a child for death and then give him permission to die. Were we trying to keep Ben alive because we couldn't face his death? Because even if Ben was ready, we were not? And, if we weren't ready, how could there ever come a time when we would be?

WE WENT ahead with the operation, and from the first day after the surgery, Ben started to improve.

When we brought him home about a month later, the hollows in his cheeks had filled in. I could no longer see the skeleton under his skin. It was almost as if time were running backwards.

Was it possible we had weathered the worst? Could it be that we were on the verge of being granted the miracle that we all had clung to so fervently? No. The doctors had warned us the Hickman line wasn't a cure for AIDS. I had to tell myself: *Accept this time with Ben and enjoy him while you can. But don't think you can keep him, because you can't.*

"I Want to Go Home"

AFTER the birth of Danny and my stay in the hospital, I felt rested for the first time in months. Grant took time off from work. He cooked and watched the boys while I cared for the baby. It took a home nurse and Grant and me working round the clock to keep things running smoothly.

Danny was a special gift to us, to the whole family. But especially to Ben. Of all the "things to look forward to" on Ben's list, this was the one that really mattered. Long after the newness of having a baby around wore off for Beau and Aber, Ben still loved to hold Danny.

But then, as autumn wore on, Ben's health deteriorated again. He developed a deep, chronic cough, and his stomach cramps came back. He seemed to be staggering a little, too, and I began to fear AIDS was attacking his brain. We took him to the hospital for a brain scan, but the doctors couldn't find anything wrong. With AIDS, they said, things happen "for no apparent reason."

I kept thinking about Jessica. She had gone into a coma before she died. Could that happen to Ben? I didn't want time to run out on us.

In all, the Hickman line gave Ben four months at home before we had to take him back to hospital. He had suffered from almost constant vomiting and diarrhoea for more than seven months. And now he was in agonizing pain. The medication we were giving him at home was no longer enough to take away the hurt.

Days passed, and weeks. Grant

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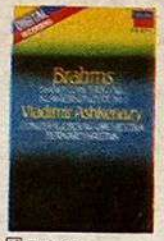

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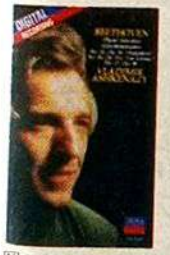

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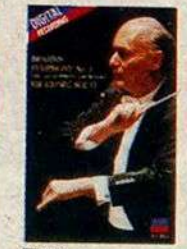

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23 **Mahler: Symphony No 4**
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and I hardly ever saw each other. He was working. I was at the hospital and Danny was usually with me. Beau and Aber were with friends or relatives. I found myself fantasizing that they were ill too. I yearned to see their healthy faces and hear their happy voices.

Finally we decided to take Beau out of school and bring him and Aber up to the hospital to stay with me. Grant would work Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays and come up for four-day week-ends with us at the hospital. The hours he worked those three days were unbelievably long; sometimes he worked all night.

I checked into a big corner room at a lodge in the hospital grounds where family members of patients could rent a room inexpensively. You couldn't walk across the room because it was wall-to-wall with beds, but to Beau and Aber, it was like camping out. Having them with me also made me feel better. At last, we were more like a family.

IT WAS Saturday morning. Grant was with Ben, and I was taking a walk. I heard the loudspeaker announce, "Stat room 205!" That was Ben's room. I didn't know what the announcement meant, but the tone was urgent.

I ran to his room and through a throng of doctors and nurses, I could see Ben's little body jerking up and down on the bed, over and over. Never had I seen a body go through such violent movements.

Abruptly the seizure stopped, and Ben went limp on the bed. I took his hand in mine. Grant was holding Ben's hand on the other side of the bed. His face was ashen. "We're here, Ben. Daddy and me. We love you," I told him.

"Mum? I want to go home." His voice was barely a whisper.

A nurse looked at me as if to say going home was out of the question.

"Everything's going to be okay," I said.

"Mum, I want to go home."

Ben had to say it twice before I realized what he was saying. He didn't mean going back to our house. He was remembering that Grant had told him dying was like going home. And now he was ready.

"It's okay love," I said. "I understand."

"Will you visit me there?"

"Yes, Ben. I will. One day."

DR GLADER told us Ben had had an epileptic seizure, probably brought on by AIDS attacking his central nervous system. There could be brain damage or paralysis, or there could be no after-effects at all. He added an anti-seizure medicine to Ben's growing list of drugs and told us Ben would probably sleep for a long time.

It was two full days. On the third morning Ben opened his eyes, and he did not remember the

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It works effectively on the scalp to keep it free from dandruff. And the rich creamy conditioner in it acts on the hair to leave it soft, shiny and looking really great.

Clinic Special
ANTI-DANDRUFF SHAMPOO

HTA 2301

CLINIC CARE FOR HEALTHY HAIR.
A quality product from Hindustan Lever Limited

seizure. Within a few days, it was as if nothing had happened.

Grant in Trouble

I DON'T think Grant and I ever really got over Ben's seizure. I found that I was afraid to sleep, afraid to leave Ben's room. Grant went back to work, but he was so worried that he had trouble concentrating.

Late one afternoon I came home with the baby, and Beau and Aber ran up to me in tears. "Daddy smashed the cot!" Aber said.

They led me into the house and showed me Danny's cot, the same cot that had been Grant's as a baby. There was a hole the size of a fist right through the headboard. Grant had done this? Grant Oyler?

I calmed the boys and went into the bedroom. Grant was sitting on the bed with his head in his hands. I asked for an explanation.

"The boys were arguing," he said. "They wouldn't settle down and I, I... I just lost control and I hit the cot. I'm sorry."

"Forget the cot. It's you I'm worried about. You and me and the boys. I need you, Grant. I need you to talk to me about what's wrong."

Grant looked up at me with tears in his eyes. "I get so scared, Chris," he said. "And so angry. Because Ben's in there dying and there's not one single thing I can do about it. Do you know what that does to my insides? All my life my Dad did everything for us. No matter what went wrong, he'd fix it. And here when my son really needs me, I can't do anything."

He made a fist with one hand and started to slam it into his palm; then he just stopped in mid-air, leaned over and held me and broke down, sobbing. I held him as tightly as I could and I cried with him.

I DON'T think it was until that day that Grant really stopped counting on a miracle. He had believed for so long. It had sustained him through trying hours alone, far away from his family. I had given up hope Ben would get better, but that didn't mean that Grant's faith was stronger than mine, or that I was more realistic than he. We were just two different people in love with the same little boy, trying to do everything we could for him.

Now it was time to set aside our own pain; time to focus on our son.

Hours Together

ONE DAY the director of the home-nursing service stopped by to see how things were going. We had nurses almost round the clock now. I think one of them had told her that Ben was nearing the end.

She asked if there was anything we needed.

"Have you been around a lot of

Continued on page 207

(PLEASE TEAR OFF FROM HERE)

Form A

(See sub-paragraph (1) of paragraph 3)

(Name of the Deposit Office)

APPLICATION FOR OPENING AN ACCOUNT UNDER THE NATIONAL HOUSING BANK (VOLUNTARY DEPOSITS) SCHEME, 1991

To

The Manager
(Name and address of the Deposit Office)

I/We, _____ hereby apply for opening an account
(Name and address of the applicant / depositor)
under the National Housing Bank (Voluntary Deposits) Scheme, 1991 in my name / in the name of _____ of whom I am the
(name of the depositor)
Guardian* / Karta* /authorised officer* and tender herewith Rs _____
(Rupees _____) in cash/ by way of* crossed cheque/*pay order/* demand draft, as the amount of deposit.

I/We, agree to abide by the provisions of the above scheme.

Thumb impression of the depositor*/Guardian*/Karta*/person authorised by the depositor*

Signature of the Broker

he Scheme is payable)

NTARY DEPOSITS) SCHEME, 1991 — Brokerage Form

I wish to make nomination in respect of the amount to my credit in the said account/ I do not wish to make a nomination in respect of the amount to my credit in the said account, at present.

Date_____

•Signature / Thumb • impression of the depositor

• of the Guardian / • Karta / • Person authorised by the depositor

Encl: *(in case of deposit by cheque/pay order/DD)*

Cheque/Pay order/DD No._____ Dated_____ for Rs_____

drawn on_____ Bank_____ Branch

• delete whichever is not applicable.

•• applicable only in case of an individual.

FOR THE USE OF THE DEPOSIT OFFICE

The Account has been opened on_____ with Rs_____ under the National Housing Bank (Voluntary Deposits) Scheme, 1991.

Account No._____

Pass Book has been issued

Date_____

Signature of the Authorised Official

THE NATIONAL HOUSING BANK (VOLU

Name of the Broker and Address

I/We affirm that the person(s) named above has/have acted my/our broker. Signatur

• Delete whichever is not applicable. (Brokerage @ Re. 0.40 per Rs. 1000 of amount deposited under

people who are dying?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said.

"What should I expect? What's it like for them?"

She began by telling me that she had talked to many patients who had been near death and had been brought back. They almost always spoke of the same experience.

"They say there's a warm feeling that comes over them, and that they can feel their spirits leaving their bodies and being lifted up. They usually see a light. Some say it's a light at the end of a dark tunnel; others say it's like a bright light in the corner of a room. But always it's a light that is beckoning them. They feel torn. They want to follow the light, but they don't want to leave the people they love behind. The best thing you can do for Ben is to let him know that it's okay to leave you. And that you love him."

THE CLOCK kept ticking. The newspapers kept arriving. And the weathermen kept predicting what the skies would look like the next day.

I wanted to stop time. I wanted to stop the very sun in the sky. But I couldn't.

Ever since we had decided not to take Ben back to the hospital, Grant and I had set aside two or three hours every afternoon just for him. We would sit by the bed in his room — that wonderful little-boy room full of sports posters and aircraft models — and play a game, or read stories, or just talk. It didn't matter really. What mattered was that we were together.

One afternoon when Ben woke up I could almost feel the life force beginning to leave him.

"Mum" he asked, "can you give that to Grampa Oyler?" We followed his gaze to the toy car on his desk.

"Sure, Ben," Grant said.

I could see that Ben wanted to speak, but it was hard for him.

"Ben, have you ever heard of something called a will?" I asked. He shook his head, no. "Well, sometimes when people die, they want to give the people they love the things they have that are special. So they write it down, and they sign it. And that paper is called a will. Is that something you'd like to do?"

He nodded.

"How about if I point to things in your room that are special, and you tell me who you want to give them to," Grant said. And so while I wrote, Grant went around the room. Ben pointed to a toy jeep for Aber. There was something for everybody: his grandparents, his cousins, his brothers.

"Write down my bike, Mum. For Beau." My tears began falling on Ben's will as I was writing.

When we finished, Ben signed

his will, dated July 2, 1986. His signature was as simple as a child's and as frail as an old man's.

The Twinkling of an Eye

BEN'S PAIN was bad most of the night. I could hear the nurse opening and closing the cupboard door over and over as she repeatedly took out more medicine.

These sounds — the door,
the light, the door
again — engraved

themselves in my memory.

I sat with Ben that morning as we increased the pain medicine still more, a little each hour. It wasn't until after dark on July 3 that it finally caught up with Ben's pain. We were alone in his room.

"The veil is getting thin for you, now, isn't it, Ben?"

He nodded.

"Is it going to hurt, Mum?"

I stroked his hair back from his forehead and kissed him. "No, Ben, it won't hurt. Not anymore. I promise. There's nothing for you to be afraid of, not now. It'll just feel like you're coming home from a long vacation. Remember? Only when you get home, it won't be this house. But it will feel warm and com-

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... in the moneysaver carrybag

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And here's the proof:	
Pack	Price of 100g
500g canister	165 paise
2.5 kg carrybag	93 paise

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The oil in your engine works much like the blood in your body which is continuously pumped around a network of large and small tubes and comes back to be revitalized and filtered. Like blood, a good oil has to keep flowing without clogging or choking, that may cause heart attacks or engine seizure. Small wonder then, that millions of people around the world depend on **Castrol GTX** to extend the life of their engine and keep it fighting fit. The international formula of **Castrol GTX** is engineered to protect your engine through thick and thin, month after month, under engine conditions ranging from Arctic cold to the sizzling engine heat and at pressures ranging upto ten tons per square inch.

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Castrol GTX

The lifeblood of your engine

Castrol World Champion Lubricants

fortable, just like home.

"And before you know it, we'll all be there with you. Dad and Beau and Aber and Danny and me. It'll just feel like the twinkling of an eye until we're all together again forever, Ben. That's how quick it will be. Just like a twinkling of an eye."

"I... love... you... Mum," he said.

He closed his eyes and I sat there, looking at his face and gently stroking his hair.

"It's close, isn't it?" I whispered to the nurse when she came in a few minutes later.

"Yes," she said. "It's hard to tell exactly when. Maybe tomorrow."

I told Grant. He came in and sat on Ben's bed, and Ben stirred, then opened his eyes.

"Ben," Grant began, "I just wanted to tell you that... that I feel honoured to have you as my son."

Tears streamed down his face.

"I've tried to be a good father to you, to teach you right from wrong. But you're the one who's taught me. I wanted you to know that. You taught me so much. How to appreciate life while we're here. How to have faith and trust in the Lord, even when you pray as hard as you can for a miracle and it doesn't happen the way you thought it would."

"Dad... Daddy, you don't have to... I know."

But Grant went on. He couldn't stop his tears now, not even for Ben.

"You know, Ben, I always wanted to be a dad. All my life. Ever since I was a little boy like you. Then I married Mum and we had you. And we were so happy. And I kept dreaming about all the things we'd do together... Well, it looks like we're not going to get to do some of those things together now. And I'll miss that, son. Not a day will go by that I won't miss you. We'll all miss you, Ben. But no matter how much we'll miss you, it's all right if you leave us. I mean that. I really do. But I couldn't let you just go. Without telling you... how much I love you."

Grant leaned down over Ben, and Ben put his arms around him and held him. Grant was crying.

"I love you, Dad," he said. "I love you... I love you."

Grant kissed Ben and left the room. He could not bear to be by our son's deathbed. And I could not bear to leave.

We were alone now, Ben and I. I knew we would be the last to say good-bye. And now our time had come. But we just looked into each other's eyes. Neither of us said a word. There was nothing to say that hadn't been lived.

Ben squeezed my hand. His eyelids were closed. And he fell asleep, deeply now.

After a time, the nurse came in and told me I'd better get some rest myself. "You'll need your strength later," she said. I asked her to call

"It's 6.00 pm. And there's no way I'm going to spend an hour in the kitchen."

If you'd rather spend your evening attending a premiere than in the kitchen, then the Batliboi Eddy Microwave Oven is for you.

After all, it can cook, boil, thaw, stew, bake, roast, reheat, and do more, really fast. (A cup of coffee takes less than a minute.)

And, this advanced microwave technology helps cook the food uniformly, while retaining its flavour, natural goodness, and nutritive value.

Which is why microwaves are such a rage in the West today.

And the good news: More than 70 Indian dishes have been cooked in the Batliboi Eddy by the Institute of Hotel Management and Catering Technology, Bombay.

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me if there was the slightest change.

About 5am, Ben sat bolt upright in bed. The nurse summoned us. When we got to his room, he was lying down again. His eyes were closed. I sat on his right side, and Grant sat beside me. I put my arms around Ben and whispered in his ear, "Ben, Mum and Dad are here. We love you so much."

I could feel his body relax slightly.

"Ben, do you see the light? A warm and comforting light? Just relax and follow it. You'll be okay."

His body went limp, and I felt the immense power of the pain he was releasing. His hand opened, palm up, on the bed. Instinctively I reached for it, the way I had when he was little, when I was afraid he would fall.

Then, as quickly as my fear had come, it passed. I sat back and leaned against Grant.

The room was full of Ben. He was all around us, everywhere. Warm and loving. He was lingering for a moment to say good-bye. To tell us not to worry, that there wasn't anything to be afraid of, and never was.

Go towards the light, Ben.
Go towards the light.

Life Never Ends

BEN DIED on July 4, 1986. The awful emptiness set in the next day, the first day I had spent in

NEXT MONTH

Coming: Cancer Vaccines
New medical weapons are now being developed to activate the immune system

Make Your Child a Winner
Simple ways for parents to help kids improve their performance

Will the Koreas Get Together?
Korean reunification won't be that easy, but there are signs of change

How to be a More Sensual Lover
Sensuality is the key ingredient for a lasting marriage

Journey to the Top of the World
The daring Norwegians were the first to walk to the North Pole entirely on their own

Empire of the Blind
Spain's ONCE is one of the world's most extraordinary charitable institutions

IN READER'S DIGEST FOR JANUARY

nine years without Ben in it. I lay on his bed to remember the smell of him.

We didn't want the formal ritual of a funeral. We wanted something to reflect our family. To reflect life. So rather than a hearse and a big black limousine, we put Ben's handmade pine coffin in the back of our white Toyota van.

At the chapel, the summer sun threw bright streams of light through the windows. The room was filled with flowers and people who loved Ben.

Grampa Oyler said the eulogy. And Grant spoke for a few minutes about his son. His voice was strong and proud, but tears ran down his face as he spoke.

I'D LIKE to say that since then I've found solace in my husband and my other boys. But that wasn't really true, at least in the beginning. At first, there was a big gaping hole inside me that nobody could fill.

Grant responded to Ben's death by working. His business is doing well. I'm proud of him. When Dr Rasband retired from his position as leader of our congregation, Grant was chosen to succeed him. People come to Grant for consolation and advice now the way we went to Dr Rasband.

As for me, I began by making a list that started with this: find out what makes you happy. When I did, I came full circle back to the things that had made me happy before. It happened one day about a year and a half after Ben's death, when we were driving back from a skiing trip. I looked around me and everyone was smiling and the sky was blue and the sun was bright and I couldn't see anything wrong.

That simple realization was an incredible comfort. I had tomorrow to spend with three bright little boys and a husband who loved me. Nothing was wrong.

I still think of Ben. Though Ben isn't here, I am still his mother.

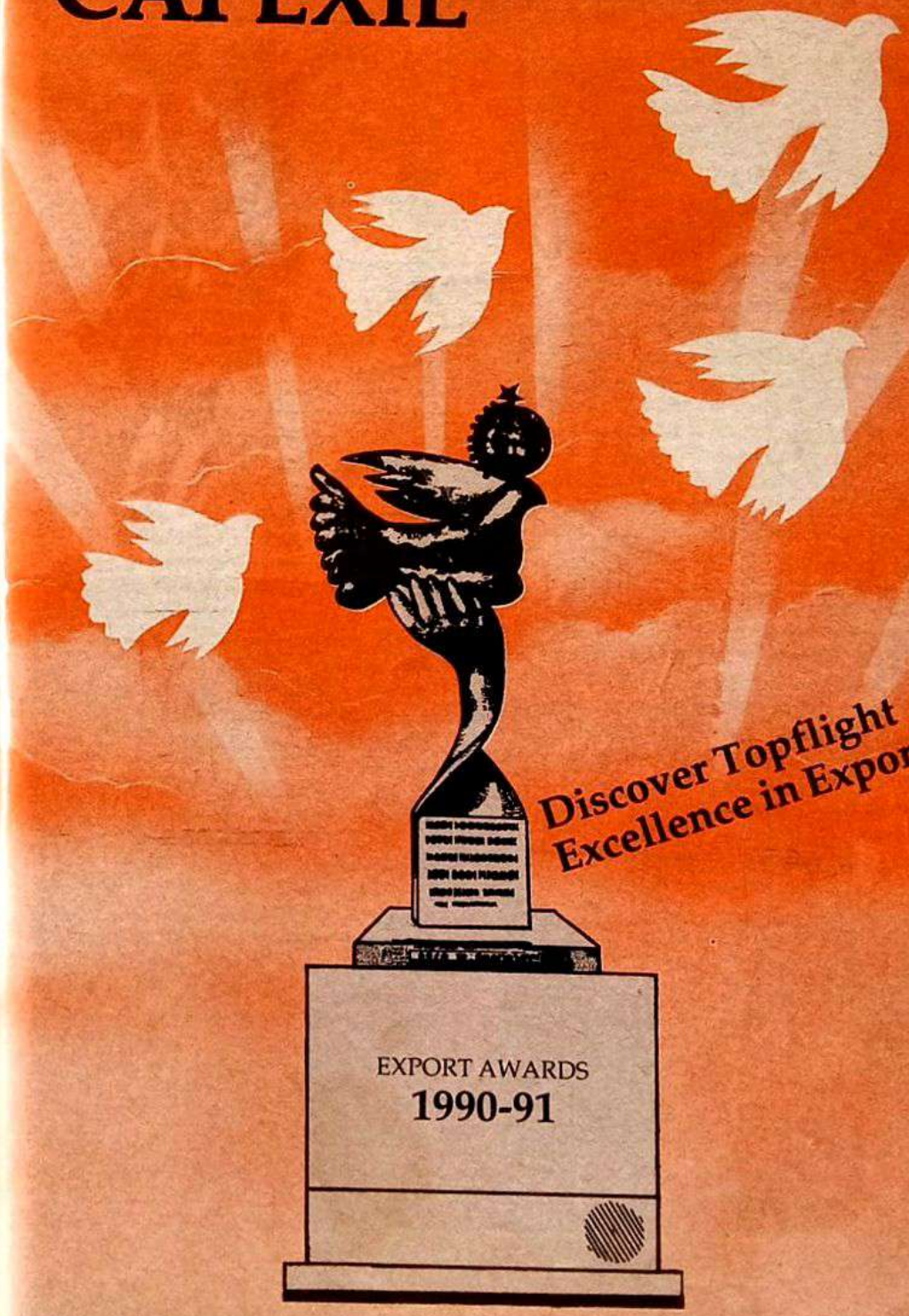
There's a word for a woman whose husband has died: widow. Why, I wonder, isn't there a term for a woman whose child has died? I suppose because you never stop being a mother, even when your child is gone.

You carried that child inside you, and you participated in the miracle of life when that child was born. And you know that all that energy and love cannot just vanish without a trace.

So I know, because I am a mother, that life doesn't simply end. Life can change. It can be altered. It can take on a new shape and form. But it never ends.

I know that one day I will see Ben again. I know I will. Just as I know that our whole family will be together again. But, as I'm sure Ben could tell you, that doesn't mean I wouldn't give the world for just one hug. □

CAPEXIL



CAPEXIL

Pledging itself to exports.

For the 33rd year, CAPEXIL commits itself to the cause of our national exports. It creates opportunities and provides the impetus for exports of chemical-based and allied products. It unites Indian exporters with international buyers. It investigates new markets. It diversifies the range of exported items. It advises the Government of India on crucial export matters.

CAPEXIL is a non-profit service organisation with more than 2700 members across the country, making an impact in over 100 nations throughout the world. Its success story in exports amply proves its dynamism and dedication in this thrust area critical to India's economy. In the last 20 years, export earnings shot from Rs. 1,957 million (1970-71) to Rs. 24,162.4 million (1990-91). The wide range of CAPEXIL exports covers books to belting, ceramics to cement, paints to paper, rubber products to refractory materials and a host of others.

Mr P. Chidambaram, Union Minister of State for Commerce, addressing the gathering.

Awarding achievers and setting new standards.

The coveted annual CAPEXIL Awards recognise excellence in exports, and thus provide incentives for exporters to do even better next time, in a healthy spirit of competition. There are four types of Awards. The two Highest Export Awards reward the largest exporters in the Mineral and Non-Mineral Sectors respectively. A Top Export Award goes to the best exporter in each Panel (category of related products). Special Export Awards are given to other meritorious performers in these Panels, chosen on factors like export turnover, development and percentage of production/overall export sales. Finally, companies displaying good progress in exports and fulfilling minimum criteria receive Certificates of Merit.

The 2 Highest Awards, 16 Top Awards, 29 Special Awards and 80 Certificates for 1990-91 were presented by Mr. P. Chidambaram, Hon'ble Minister of State for Commerce, Government of India, at CAPEXIL's 33rd Annual General Meeting and Export Award Distribution Ceremony held on 8 October 1991 at Ashok Hotel, New Delhi.

Highest Export Awards

Mineral Sector | Non-Mineral Sector

Mr. P.C. Gupta, Chairman and Managing Director, NMDC, raising high the Highest Export Award.

M/S. NATIONAL MINERAL DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION LTD., HYDERABAD

The iron-man of India's exports.

A public sector enterprise, NMDC once again proved that high efficiency and dedicated research can make a winner. NMDC's thrust on R & D converted blue dust (hitherto considered a waste product) into high value-added products like ferric oxide, ferrite and iron powder. NMDC also established markets for calibrated lumpy ore (called "NP-67"), widely accepted among the sponge iron plants in and outside the country. This breakthrough not only earned additional foreign exchange for India but also arrested its outflow.

NMDC's exports of iron ore and other products predominantly to Far Eastern markets like Japan, China and Korea led to an export turnover of Rs. 2,972.9 million, making it a natural choice for Capexil's coveted Highest Export Award in the Mineral and Ore Sector.

Mr. T. Eapen Koshy, Director (Commercial), MRF, holding aloft the Highest Export Award.

M/S. MRF LTD., MADRAS

Racing ahead on tyres of muscle.

Last year MRF, India's largest tyre company, had the highest rupee and volume turnover in the tyre industry and manufactured the most preferred brands of tyres. With exports of Rs. 407.2 million, it was easily the best performer in the Non-Mineral Sector, for which it won the Highest Export Award.

MRF has established trade links with over 55 countries including USA, UK, Germany and Australia. More and more countries each year opt for MRF over European and American business houses. Apart from tyres, it is India's largest exporter of marine products, and also exports leather, cashew and spices. Besides Capexil Awards, MRF has bagged many other prestigious prizes for quality, performance and export.

Mr E.M. Cardmaster, Export Manager, Ceat, receiving the Top Export Award.

M/S. CEAT LTD., BOMBAY

Rolling aside the competition.

A leading manufacturer of automotive tyres, Ceat has won Capexil's Top Export Award in the Automobile Tyres and Tubes Panel.

Making further inroads into sophisticated markets such as the USA and Germany and considerable progress by developing its product range, Ceat has enabled the country to earn vital foreign exchange. Other nations importing Ceat tyres include the USSR, Romania, Nigeria and Bangladesh.

Notwithstanding the highly competitive world tyre market, the company was able to effect exports of tyres valued at Rs. 335.3 million, which represents an impressive growth of 64% over the previous year.

Mr. M.A. Padamsee, Executive Director, Eagle Flask Industries, accepting the Award while Mr. A.C. Padamsee, Managing Director, looks on.

M/S. EAGLE FLASK INDUSTRIES LTD., TALEGAON, MAHARASHTRA

Refilling foreign requirements.

Eagle wins the Top Export Award in the Glass and Glassware Panel again, for exports worth Rs. 71.1 million. Thus, for the 24th year in succession, Capexil has recognised this pioneer of insulated thermoware, thermosoft and "active" energy-efficient insulated products in India.

Despite unsettled market conditions owing to global recession, the Gulf war and major political changes, Eagle increased its export figures over last year. It intends to concentrate on exports to original equipment manufacturers.

With its strategy of exports to developed regions like America, Europe and Australia, Eagle enjoys the place of one of the leading manufacturers of vacuumware in the world, and reiterates the importance of the Government's clarion call : "Export or Perish".

Mr. G.S. Dalmiya, President, Birla Jute & Industries, Unit : Durgapur Cement Works, being congratulated for winning the Top Export Award.

M/S. BIRLA JUTE & INDUSTRIES LTD., CALCUTTA

Cementing a base for exports.

Already a world leader in jute, Birla Jute has been conferred the first-ever Capexil Top Export Award in the Cement and Asbestos Cement Products Panel. It now leads the Indian thrust in cement exports, with 82,386 tonnes of cement exported from its Satna and Durgapur factories during 1990-91. It has sold cement worth Rs. 90.5 million to Bangladesh and Nepal.

Birla Jute's five cement factories at Satna (Madhya Pradesh), Durgapur (West Bengal) and Chittorgarh (Rajasthan), with cement capacity presently exceeding 3 million tonnes, are equipped with the latest state-of-the-art technology with high precision computerised controls which, along with the finest raw materials, ensures top product quality and efficiency of operation.

Mr. Sunil Shahaney, General Manager, ITC Bhadrachalam Paperboards, holding the Top Export Award.

M/S. ITC BHADRACHALAM PAPERBOARDS LTD., SECUNDERABAD

Sales writ large on paper.

A few years back, export of paper from India was unthinkable. But ITC Bhadrachalam opened up the overseas market for Paper and Paper Boards, winning Capexil's maiden Top Award in this Panel. An export earning of Rs. 12.5 million (1987-88) trebled to Rs. 37.6 million (1989-90) and almost doubled again to Rs. 61.8 million (1990-91).

Although little was known of foreign customers' needs, ITC Bhadrachalam first knocked on the doors of our neighbours, Sri Lanka and Bangladesh, developing a marketing strategy to compete with international suppliers. The successful experiment infused confidence to move into other markets. Its secret is "feeding small segments", considered unprofitable by the large international exporters. Innovative product management allows it to constantly come out with tailor-made products.

Mr. Ravi Jhunjhunwala, Joint Managing Director, Hindustan Electro-Graphites, receiving the Top Export Award.

M/S. HINDUSTAN ELECTRO-GRAPHITES LTD., NEW DELHI

Charging all corners of the world.

A leading manufacturer of graphite electrodes, HEG came into being in 1976 when India was importing this sophisticated product. It not only made the country self-sufficient but soon started exploring export possibilities. It entered the international market in 1985, facing severe competition from American and Japanese manufacturers.

Nevertheless, HEG carved a place for itself in nearly 20 nations from Southeast Asia to the USA. It has earned Capexil's Top Export Award in the Graphite Electrodes and Explosives Panel for the fourth consecutive year.

HEG's exports nearly doubled from 1989-90 to 1990-91, with a turnover of Rs. 152.8 million. Encouraged, HEG has implemented export-oriented expansion and expects to double that turnover this year.

Mr. R. Veeramani, Chairman, Gem Granites, accepting the Top Export Award.

M/S. GEM GRANITES, MADRAS

Building India's prestige with granite.

This granite-processing unit, India's largest, exports granites in various forms. For four successive years it has won admirable laurels from Capexil, comprising the Highest Export Award (1987-88) and Top Export Awards for the next three years in the Panel for Granite, Stones and Products thereof.

Building slabs of Gem Granites are widely used in prestigious high-rise buildings, metro stations and hotels all over the world. It has also specialised in fabricating mausoleums and monuments. The USA, Canada, Japan and many other European and Asian consumers buy from Gem.

Gem's export market is expanding and customer loyalty is becoming stronger. Actual export turnover is increasing rapidly, from Rs. 188.5 million (1987-88) to Rs. 218 million (1988-89), Rs. 318 million (1989-90) and Rs. 422.3 million (1990-91).

Mr. A. Krishnamurthy, Chairman and Managing Director, Kudremukh Iron Ore, being handed the Top Export Award.

M/S. KUDREMUKH IRON ORE CO. LTD., BANGALORE

Ironing out India's exchange problems.

India's largest export-oriented unit, Kudremukh sustains its achievement this year, winning Capexil's Top Export Award in the Bulk Minerals and Ore Panel.

Kudremukh was established in 1976 as a Government of India enterprise. It first shipped iron ore concentrate exactly 10 years ago. A new plant commenced production in 1987 of iron oxide pellets, with the latest automated equipment. Kudremukh predicts ambitious growth in the Eighth Five-Year Plan.

It has emerged as the only major exporter of iron ore concentrate/ pellets. In 1989-90, its overseas supplies earned Rs. 1,744 million in foreign exchange. In 1990-91, it exported Rs. 2,113.6 million worth of products. Japan is the single largest buyer of Kudremukh concentrate and Hungary of its pellets, but shipments go to 13 different countries.

Mr. P. Khanna, Senior Vice President, Jaya Shree Textiles, accepting the Special Export Award.

M/S. JAYA SHREE TEXTILES, RISHRA, WEST BENGAL

Foreign fame by fighting fire.

This unit of Indian Rayon and Industries wins Capexil's Special Export Award in the Rubber Products Panel for the ninth time, with exports valued at Rs. 36.6 million. Jaya Shree Fire Fighting Hoses are acclaimed among the best in the world. Different ranges of fire hoses are exported to 26 countries by fulfilling their specific technical requirements according to the user country's climatic conditions. The buyers span all corners of the globe, from the USSR to Nigeria, New Zealand to Venezuela.

Its manufacturing process keeps pace with the latest technology to stringently ensure uniform quality, making it the only unit of its kind in Asia. The Government granted recognition to its R & D laboratory, and bestowed on it a National Award.

Mr. Partho Dutta, General Manager, Triveni Sheet Glass Works, being handed the Special Export Award.

M/S. TRIVENI SHEET GLASS WORKS LTD., CALCUTTA

Exporting glass with class.

India's premier manufacturer of sheet, figured and wired glass, Triveni dominates the processors' market. In the current year, the company has introduced tinted glass in India and exports of it have also begun to existing customers abroad.

A major Indian presence in the international flat glass trade, Triveni exports to European, African and Asian countries. The company's exports during 1990-91 were Rs. 22 million, earning for it Capexil's Special Export Award in the Glass and Glassware Panel.

Mr. A.K. Gupta of Banaras Beads being presented the Special Export Award.

M/S. BANARAS BEADS LTD., VARANASI

Stringing a chain of success.

Kanhaiyalal Gupta, the doyen of India's glass bead industry, established Banaras Beads with the guidelines of a Czechoslovak technologist in 1940. The company produced quality products, gaining a firm footing in the export field in 1971 and recognition as an export house from the Government in 1976. Aggressive marketing strategy and research development maintained its 60% share of glass bead exports from India.

Banaras Beads now supplies beads and false pearls worth Rs. 33.2 million to advanced nations like the USA, UK, Germany, Italy, Canada and Hong Kong, winning for itself a Special Export Award in the Glass and Glassware Panel of Capexil.

Mr. S.P. Goenka, Chairman, Kitply Industries, accepting the Special Export Award.

M/S. KITPLY INDUSTRIES LTD., CALCUTTA

Plying the seven seas with wood.

The export of plywood products from India was negligible owing to tough competition in the international market. Kitply took the initiative to survey the world scenario and ultimately started exporting in 1988-89. Despite a tremendous setback due to the Gulf crisis in 1990-91, it recovered to post exports of Rs. 16 million to the Middle East and the USSR, winning the Special Export Award in the Plywood and Allied Products Panel this year.

Kitply has now identified other areas in the international market where the export items can be pushed profitably in the interest of the company as well as the nation. It is doing market surveys in European countries and expects to secure sizeable orders.

Mr. Ravin Jhunjhunwala, Chief Executive, Orissa Industries, being given the Special Export Award.

M/S. ORISSA INDUSTRIES LTD., CALCUTTA

Reaching refractory materials round the world.

From humble beginnings in exports in the Eighties, Orissa Industries (Orind) emerged an acknowledged leader, its exports exceeding the total export of all other Indian refractory manufacturers. Orind exports to over 23 countries worldwide, including industrially-developed Germany, Japan, Sweden, Italy and Singapore. It is the first Asian company exporting to Western Europe. From exports of Rs. 15 million in 1989-90, Orind touched Rs. 34.4 million in 1990-91, earning Capexil's Special Export Award in the Ceramics and Refractories Panel.

Orind provides a performance guarantee for its products. With quality raw materials and innovative packaging methods, meeting delivery schedules via a well-trained team, Orind surpasses its rivals.

Mr. K.V.B. Pantulu, Chairman and Managing Director, NALCO, being congratulated for winning the Special Export Award.

M/S. NATIONAL ALUMINIUM CO. LTD., BHUBANESWAR

A luminous record in metal.

NALCO, exporting alumina and aluminium since 1988, has completed a cumulative export earning of Rs. 10,000 million. In 1990-91, its foreign exchange earnings amounted to Rs. 1,886.7 million, conferring on it Capexil's Special Export Award in the Processed Minerals Panel. NALCO's products travel to industrialised countries like the USA and USSR, as well as China and Brazil.

NALCO also helped in saving more than Rs. 4,000 million in outflow of foreign exchange by adequately meeting domestic demand. Keeping in view its past performance and immense export potential, the Government has cleared in principle a 50% expansion of all of NALCO's units. NALCO is presently tying up with reputed Indian manufacturers to promote export of value-added products.

Mr. Vasantrao S. Dempo, Chairman and Managing Director, V.S. Dempo, accepting the Special Export Award.

M/S. V. S. DEMPO & CO. LTD., PANAJI, GOA

Mining a rich vein for India.

The House of Dempos, founded by Vasantrao S. Dempo in 1941, is a living saga of dedication to business, trade and industry, mingled with philanthropy and social awareness. With diversified activities, Dempos strides like a colossus across Goa, bringing to that state Capexil's Special Export Award in the Bulk Minerals and Ore Panel this year.

In 1950, Dempo acquired Mining Concessions and entered a new phase of production and export of mineral ore. The Dempo iron ore mines are modern, utilising the latest machinery and equipment. Its decades-old business relations with Japan have given a fillip to the development of Goa's iron ore industry. In fact, in 1990-91, Dempo exported iron ore valued at Rs. 634.6 million, mainly to Japan.

Mr. O.P. Verma, Liaison Manager, Garware Paints, receiving the Certificate of Merit.

M/S. GARWARE PAINTS LTD., BOMBAY

Painting the globe with glory.

Garware Paints, with technical collaboration from Jotun Protective Coatings (Norway), have proved to be a winner, enabling the company to receive Capexil's Certificate of Merit. Besides paints, Garware has diversified into exporting other products all over the world: engineering items like diesel engines, water pumps, grinding mills and boring machines; leather items, textiles, cosmetics and Ayurvedic products. The excellent response received from overseas buyers is indicated by Garware's sales abroad, valued at Rs. 26.1 million in 1990-91, far more than in previous years.

Mr. M.P. Poddar, Chairman and Executive Director, Govind Rubber, being awarded the Certificate of Merit.

M/S. GOVIND RUBBER LTD., BOMBAY

Cycling to international markets.

GRL is one of the largest producers and exporters of cycle tyres and tubes in India. Its "International" brand has emerged a leader in domestic and overseas markets with widespread popularity and acceptance.

GRL started exports of its products directly and through export houses in 1988-89 with an export turnover of Rs. 15 million which grew to Rs. 80 million in 1990-91, and is expected to cross Rs. 140 million during 1991-92.

GRL has developed numerous sizes to meet the diversified global demand. It has undertaken a massive modernisation programme for developing white-wall and colour tyres and quality improvement. It is small wonder that GRL has received a Certificate of Merit from Capexil this year.

Mr. R. Vedantham, General Manager, Imperial Granites, smiles with the Certificate of Merit in his hands.

M/S. IMPERIAL GRANITES PRIVATE LTD., MADRAS

Success inscribed in stone.

This is a 100% export-oriented unit for the manufacture and export of calibrated modular granite tiles in the country. It commenced production and export in October 1987. Imperial Granites introduced high technology in processing tiles to exact engineering precision dimensions. It achieved a turnover of Rs. 5.1 million in 1988-89, Rs. 40.2 million in 1989-90 and Rs. 62.6 million in 1990-91, fully deserving a Certificate of Merit from Capexil.

Mr. P.R. Venkatrama Raja, Director, Madras Cements, accepting the Certificate of Merit.

M/S. MADRAS CEMENTS LTD., MADRAS

A firm commitment to exports.

Manufacturer of the popular Ramco Cement brand, Madras Cements is the flagship of the Ramco Group. A leading cement manufacturer in South India, its two modern, energy-efficient plants at RR Nagar (Tamil Nadu) and Jayanthipuram (Andhra Pradesh) have a combined annual capacity of 1.3 million tonnes. The company is acknowledged as a trend-setter in the modernisation and upgradation of technology.

In 1990-91, its very first year of exports, it was the topmost cement exporter from the South (17,000 tonnes at a net earning of Rs. 18.2 million). This achievement led to the Certificate of Merit from Capexil. The main markets were the Maldives, Sri Lanka and Bangladesh. This year, it already has confirmed orders for export of 70,000 tonnes of cement worth around Rs. 100 million.

Mr. A. Vairaprakasam, Managing Director, MEPCO, receiving the Certificate of Merit.

THE METAL POWDER COMPANY LTD., THIRUMANGALAM, TAMIL NADU

Proving the power of powders.

MEPCO, the 30-year-old pioneer in the field of manufacturing non-ferrous metal powders, is noted for strict adherence to quality and conformity to international standards. This is the fifth time it gets Capexil's Certificate of Merit. MEPCO's R & D laboratory is one of the best in our country equipped with highly sophisticated equipments and instruments, and recognised by the Government. These R & D activities have won for it the National Award for Import Substitution and Invention Awards for Process Development in various metal powders. Quality products and customer satisfaction are the main bases on which the company has built its large market throughout the country and overseas, particularly for aluminium powder and paste.

Mr. N.A. Baldota, Director, Mineral Sales, being awarded the Certificate of Merit.

M/S. MINERAL SALES PVT. LTD., BOMBAY

A rich source of mineral wealth.

Belonging to the Baldota group, this is one of the largest mining organisations in the private sector producing iron ore. Mining operations are fully mechanised, using the latest technological and scientific methods. The company produces high-density aggregates for submarine pipe coating, super high-grade density fines for use in offshore drilling, and drilling fluids and specialised ore for atomic plants.

Encouraged by a good response and persistent demand, Mineral Sales recently started a Merchant Export Division for items like granite, ceramic tiles, leather goods and garments. It has deservingly won Capexil's Certificate of Merit this year.

Mr. J.M. Richard, Managing Director, Moon Rock Ages, smiles with the Certificate of Merit in his hands.

M/S. MOON ROCK AGES (P) LTD., BANGALORE

Decorating the world with Indian granite.

Capexil has decorated Moon Rock with its Certificate of Merit for having decorated the world trade with Indian granite. Moon Rock is the single largest exporter from the port of Tuticorin to European countries. It converts the ordinary building material into a valuable foreign exchange earner and caters to the world's need of different types of coloured granite.

Moon Rock will shortly go in for a large and sophisticated granite processing unit with foreign collaboration. At home, the Governments of Karnataka and Tamil Nadu have encouraged and promoted this trade, which could take a major part in solving India's foreign exchange imbalance.

Mr. K. Subba Reddy, Managing Partner, Pallava Granite Industries, receiving the Certificate of Merit.

M/S. PALLAVA GRANITE INDUSTRIES, MADRAS

Modernising the grand Pallava legacy.

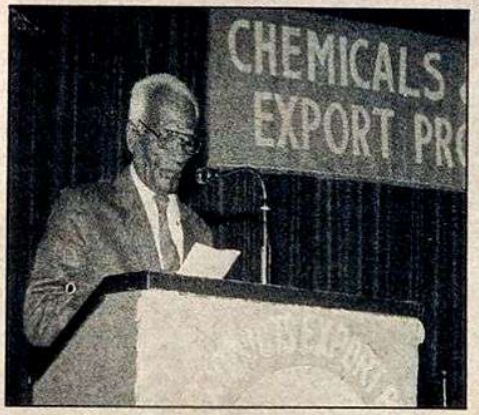
This unit of the Pallava Group has established its name internationally in the field of granite for over 18 years as exporters of rough blocks. It is one of the pioneers in commercially exploiting granite deposits in Tamil Nadu, rightfully deserving Capexil's Certificate of Merit.

A 100% export-oriented unit was commissioned in 1988 at Pondicherry for the manufacture of monuments. Two more for the manufacture of building slabs and tiles are on the anvil, one each in Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh. With these futuristic plans Pallava is poised for further substantial growth in exports, committed to uphold the great tradition of stone architecture developed by the ancient Pallava dynasty.

Other Top Export Award Winners

1) M/s. Ashapura Minechem Pvt.Ltd.
2) M/s. Bata India Ltd.
3) M/s. Hitachi-KK Manufacturing Co.
4) M/s. India Gelatine & Chemicals Ltd.
5) M/s. Jaya Shree Insulators.
6) M/s. Macmillan India Ltd.
7) M/s. P. Subbaraj & Co.
8) M/s. Pix Transmissions Ltd.
9) M/s. U.K. Paint Industries.

Other than these there were 72 Certificate of Merit Winners for 1990-91.



Mr. N.B. Patel, Chairman of CAPEXIL, congratulating all recipients.

Other Special Export Award Winners

1) M/s. Arasan Fertilisers Pvt.Ltd.
2) M/s. The Associated Cement Co.Ltd.
3) M/s. Ballarpur Industries Ltd.
4) M/s. DCW Ltd.
5) M/s. Dr. Beck & Co. (I) Ltd.
6) M/s. Enterprising Enterprises.
7) M/s. Goodlass Nerolac Paints Ltd.
8) M/s. Graphite India Ltd.
9) M/s. Imkemex India Ltd.
10) M/s. Indian Rare Earths Ltd.
11) M/s. Jg. Vacuum Flasks Pvt.Ltd.
12) M/s. J.K. Industries Ltd.
13) M/s. Kerala Chemicals & Proteins Ltd.
14) M/s. London Rubber Co. (I) Ltd.
15) M/s. Micro Abrasives (India) Ltd
16) M/s. Pee Aar Rubber Mills.
17) M/s. Pond's (India) Ltd.
18) M/s. Prints India.
19) M/s. Smruti Pottery Works.
20) M/s. Tamil Nadu Minerals Ltd.
21) M/s. Tan-India Ltd.
22) M/s. Thomson Press (India) Ltd.

Mr. P.K. Jana, Executive Director of CAPEXIL, announcing the names of the award winners.

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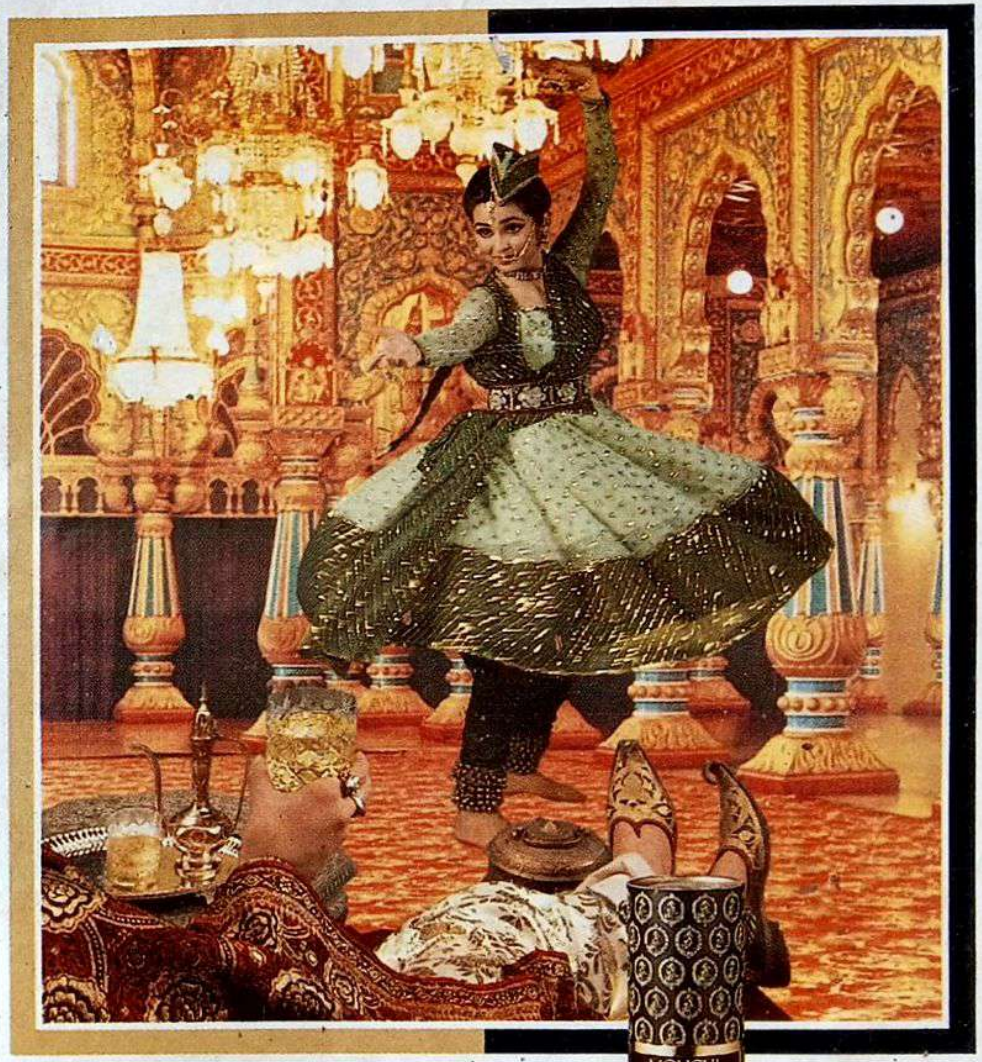

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